



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

P282.5



Thomas Miles Restell.

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE FUND OF
CHARLES MINOT
CLASS OF 1828

P. 916

916

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

VOL. 91.

L O N D O N :

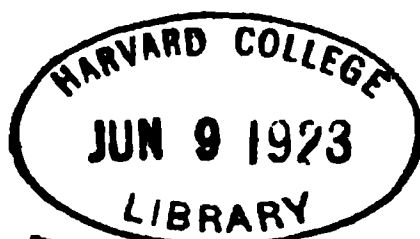
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY

(LATE 186, STRAND).

MDCCCLI.

P 282.5

✓



Minot fund
(91-102, 104-111,
113, 115, 116, 120)

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEELE. BY THE DEAN OF YORK . . .	1
BISHOP TOMLINE AND THE BOILED HARE	14
THE RUSSIANS IN WALLACHIA	17
THE VOICES OF NIGHT. BY J. E. CARPENTER	40
A GALLANT APPEAL TO THE LADIES. BY MR. JOLLY GREEN	41
POEMS ON A TOUR. BY JOHN OXENFORD	50
TREGAGLE. A CORNISH LEGEND. BY FATHER POODLES, P.P.	53
TASSO	62
DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA AND THE DUKE OF GUISE AT NAPLES	79
THE SPECTRE HAUNTED. BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE	93
ALARIC WATTS'S LYRICS OF THE HEART	103
THE NORMAN DENTIST. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	109
SOAPY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR	115, 224, 314, 480
ENCROACHMENTS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH	125
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207, 333
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE	263
ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE; OR, WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851	269, 395
LAVENGRO	290

	PAGE
CLARISSE DE MAULEVRIER	299
NOTES IN CORNWALL	310
THE MONEY BANKS FIELD	327
ON THE LITERATURE OF THE TROBADOURS	343
OSCAR AND GLANNETTA. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	360
RUSSIA AND THE DANUBE	362
THE THREE DRAGONS. BY JOHN OXENFORD	371
THE GREAT FORESTS OF ANTIQUITY AND OF PRESENT TIMES	378
MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF URBINO	425
TIME WILL SHOW. BY J. E. CARPENTER	435
GOLD	436
BORROW AND LAVENGRO	455
THE FATE OF CHARLES DE ST. LÉGER	462
MAJOR EDWARDES'S YEAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER	475
'DANDY NAT'S' COURTSHIP. BY ALFRED COLE	494
RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY	498
NOTES OF THE OPERA	511
THE KEANS"	515

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY.

	PAGE
MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL. BY THE DEAN OF YORK	1
BISHOP TOMLINE AND THE BOILED HARE	14
THE RUSSIANS IN WALLACHIA	17
THE VOICES OF NIGHT. BY J. E. CARPENTER	40
A GALLANT APPEAL TO THE LADIES. BY MR. JOLLY GREEN .	41
POEMS ON A TOUR. BY JOHN OXENFORD	50
TREGAGLE. A CORNISH LEGEND. BY FATHER POODLES, P.P. .	53
TASSO	62
DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA AND THE DUKE OF GUISE AT NAPLES .	79
THE SPECTRE HAUNTED. BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE	98
ALARIC WATT'S LYRICS OF THE HEART	103
THE NORMAN DENTIST. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	109
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXII., LXIII., and LXIV.	115
ENCROACHMENTS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH	125

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions whatever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINES, will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should invariably keep copies.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY THE DEAN OF YORK.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Peel and Mr. Simeon—Anecdote.

MR. PEEL was hereupon, as is well known, rejected from being member for Oxford; but not long afterwards, his brother, Mr. William Yates Peel, became a candidate to represent the sister university; and in that object he was successful principally through the assistance of the famous Mr. Simeon, of King's College.

I went to Cambridge to give my little aid to the cause. The poll-books showed that the issue was very doubtful, as much was known to depend upon the side which Simeon might adopt. Mr. William Peel being ill, Colonel Peel and I went to canvass Simeon, when he said that he had not quite determined how to act; that he admired the eldest brother, the right honourable secretary, and greatly approved his public conduct respecting matters of religious legislation; but that he (Simeon) had heard that Mr. Peel's brother frequented Newmarket, and kept race-horses. "Now," said Simeon, "I cannot be quite satisfied to have a sporting man the representative of our university." Colonel Peel said, he hoped that his wickedness, if wickedness it was, might not be visited upon his innocent brother; that he was the person who amused himself on the turf, but that his brother, the candidate, never had a race-horse in his life.

Simeon said, with a polite bow, "I really beg pardon, sir, for having unintentionally given you a slap in the face, not knowing who you were; but I will return you the satisfaction of knowing that you have removed from my mind the only objection which I had to Mr. William Peel. I have ascertained that he conducted himself in the most exemplary manner while resident at St. John's, and hoping that he agrees with his illustrious brother on religious subjects, I will certainly support him; and will write this very evening to many friends in the country who may possibly be induced to attend to my recommendation."

Simeon kept his word—and the consequence was that we received promises of support from at least fifty fresh voters, and the election was secure.

Thus it appears that the same conduct on the part of the right hon. brother which lost one university gained the other.

Who can foretel what the consequences of any action will be? It is sufficient that we do our duty.

Simeon never appeared to me to be a man of much talent or learning; but he was an eloquent preacher, with a strong and melodious voice. He

was, also, I doubt not, a really good man, completely convinced of the truth of the doctrines which he taught, and honest in pursuit of proselytes. By persevering steadily through life in the same course, he became at length the leader and guide of a larger number of followers than any clergyman of the Church of England ever collected, except, perhaps, John Wesley. No person since Simeon's time has appeared anxious to follow in his footsteps, or desirous of forming a large band of fellow-worshippers who should bow to his opinion in all things. I wonder that it has not been oftener attempted, since such deference is most grateful to the subtle pride that lurks in the heart of man.

CHAPTER VII.

The first Sir Robert Peel's Opinion on Paper Currency—His Letter on the Subject.

THERE are some other matters connected with Peel's well-known public life which became domestic anecdotes, in consequence of the lively interest which his father took in them, and the many discussions which they occasioned in the home circle.

The first Sir Robert had grown rich, and had seen Manchester and Bury, and all the neighbouring towns, extending and flourishing in the highest prosperity during the reign of one-pound notes. He imputed to this ample paper currency a great part of the happiness of the empire. His maxim was that all commercial gain depended upon the return cargoes, as our imports are called. "Suppose," said he, "that a merchant buys cotton goods for 100*l.*, and sells them at Petersburg for 70*l.*, you would say that he was a loser, and so he would be if he brought back the money; but if he bought with the 70*l.* a quantity of cheap tallow, which in the high-priced country of England fetched 150*l.*, here would be sufficient gain, and this would vary according to the quantity of money in circulation."

Impressed with this idea, Sir Robert strongly remonstrated against the many attacks which were made upon his favourite theory by his favourite son. He repeatedly pointed out, that in calling in, *suddenly*, these paper moneys to which we had been so long accustomed, and in which we had so much confidence, a great change would take place in the value of all property, and a shock be given to commerce. So when the panic came in 1825, and the country was really in great distress, he imputed all the mischief to his son not following his advice. At that alarming moment, too, the people were generally of Sir Robert's opinion, condemning the forced return to a metallic currency. But Peel had long studied in the school of Horner, and being convinced that the course which he was pursuing would ultimately contribute to the public benefit, he could not be turned from his purpose.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Nec fulminantis magna manus *Jovis*—
Mente quatit solida.

The old baronet never altered his opinion while he lived. As late as the year 1826, I have a letter from him in which the subject is alluded to.

That letter so completely speaks the kindness of that benevolent heart—the most benevolent that ever beat in human breast—that I indulge myself by publishing the whole of it.

"MY DEAR COCKBURN,—Before your letter arrived, I had promised myself a better account of the health of dear Eliza, in consequence of your visit to the sea, than your report gave. I expect you all in your way to Sidmouth, and then you may arrange James's journey to Cambridge, and allow me to contribute to the expense of that part of his education. You will make Drayton your resting-place, and we will do our best to comfort our dear invalid. The papers say much of an improvement in commercial distress; but my correct information does not banish depression. If the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool had stated in their places, that *want of a circulating medium* adapted to the necessities of the country, and not excessive trading, had occasioned our distress, they would not have misled the country and aggravated our misfortune. Make my best love to the boys, and believe me, affectionately, yours,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"Drayton, Aug. 22, 1826."

There are still some old persons who sigh after one-pound notes, and grumble at the shackles on trade imposed by a restricted currency; but the complaint is nearly worn out. Indeed, the late discoveries of precious metals in various parts of the world lead to an opposite apprehension, namely, that the value of all real property will again be materially affected by the running over of the Bank coffers and the too abundant supply of gold. If money should become so plentiful that only 2 per cent. could be got for permanent loans, rich capitalists would fly to invest their surplus cash in the fallen funds. The Consols would get up to 120, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would, with smiling face, propose to pay them off, or would lower the interest to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or ultimately to 2 per cent. What a complete confusion then in the value of jointures, mortgages, leases, and annuities! Oh, from too much gold may Providence protect us!—Strange prayer! How strange would it, indeed, appear to old Sir Robert, if he could revive and behold this dreaded return of the golden age.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peel's Motives for advocating Free Trade—Ecclesiastical Commission.

ANOTHER important step taken by the late Premier brought upon him the opposition of almost all his relatives. I allude to his advocacy of *free trade*. Although approving the measure myself as taught in his father's school, I ventured to point out to him that, by his bringing forward the bill, he would lose the friendship of many good men whom he valued; that he would be called a traitor by his party, and that the fame which, as a political leader, he had acquired, would be sadly tarnished. He made this characteristic reply:—"I have been a long while in making up my mind on this subject. I long thought that free trade was unwise and injurious; but, after a serious and unprejudiced investigation, gathering information from many quarters inaccessible to any but to a minister of the Crown, I am convinced that the happiness—perhaps the existence—of thousands and tens of thousands depend upon having a free interchange of the necessaries of life. Can I allow any consideration of consequences which may or may not happen to an individual to have the slightest weight in determining a matter of such universal interest. *Ruat cælum!*"

Here, again, we see that firm determination to pursue the course of

which he approved, in despite of every opposition, which marked his whole character through life.

Sir Robert Peel, with respect to the two most important laws which he caused to be enacted, turned completely back from the line which he had strenuously defended. He turned against himself. But this very circumstance (strange as it is to affirm) much increased the public confidence in him. "Here is a man," they said, "*integer vitæ*. We may always safely follow him; for if experience tells him that he is leading us wrong, he will instantly turn back. We see clearly that he is always disinterested and true in all he says and all he does, and no consideration for his own fame or character, no fear of the displeasure of friends or foes, will induce him to swerve from the path of duty. He goes backwards or forwards only as the interests of his country seem to lead him." These tergiversations (acknowledged by Sir Robert) to a less tried patriot would have been a disgrace. They were a crown of honour to one whose head was already beyond the reach of suspicion.

It is amusing to see the absolutely opposite consequences already ascribed to this enactment of free trade by persons who still differ in opinion concerning its ultimate effect. At a meeting of Protectionists, every speaker alarms us with accounts of ruin and destruction which overhang our country. Impoverished landlords, starving labourers, trembling tradesmen, fill up society. But go to a Cobdenite assemblage, and there you will be told that, in consequence of free trade, every interest is looking up, poorhouses are tenantless, peace and plenty crown the land, *et soles melius nitent*. Neither party intend to deceive, but the orators travel about the country and assiduously seek for some few facts favourable to their theory, and from these few facts draw general conclusions.

The Grand Exhibition of 1851 is intended as a garland for the brow of free trade; but its votaries look to it not without apprehension. It is a noble conception, originating in a lofty mind. Its motto should be the song which angels sung, too sacred for me to quote, but not too sacred to be used when nations meet together in harmony and love.

I mention one more of the late Premier's acts, the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, because it had something of a domestic origin. Lord Henley, Sir Robert's brother-in-law, was the first suggester of the propriety of inquiring concerning Church property. He published a little volume, showing the unjust distribution which prevailed of such property, and the facility with which its value might be increased. Sir Robert perused this book with much attention, talked of it on many occasions, and obtained from me an accurate account of the management of our cathedral property. He became easily convinced, as is obvious to almost every one, that the leasing by fines, as customary among all clerical bodies, is the most unwise mode of raising a present income, or even of robbing posterity. The tenant of such leases never improves the estate—nay, prevents all improvement, lest the fine should be increased at the next renewal. Thus the land gets from bad to worse, till it is scarcely worth having. Sir Robert considered these things maturely, made many minute inquiries, and became satisfied that, under better management, there was sufficient ecclesiastical property in the kingdom to allow 300*l.* a year for every living, without materially interfering with the revenues of the bishops.

Hence arose the Ecclesiastical Commission, which Sir Robert established, with the one, simple, pure, and charitable object of benefiting the poorer clergy. How these commissioners have fulfilled the duty imposed upon them it becomes not me to inquire; but now that the commission is new modelled, I confidently expect that it will realise all the benefits which Sir Robert expected from it.

I am quite convinced that the property of the Dean, and Dean and Chapter of York (independent of the prebendal revenues), might be made worth 20,000*l.* a year. Upon an average of fifty years they have not received 6000*l.* a year. How many small livings might the difference augment? And if all ecclesiastical property be under similar circumstances, what immense sums might be receivable from such a source.

Some persons suppose that the lessees receive the benefit of this great difference. But it is not so. The constant deterioration of the property prevents any one from having the benefit which better management might, and will, produce.

Neither let it be thought that the clergy and their lessees are alone interested in this question. Greatly would the public benefit by having in every part of the country a respectable resident clergyman with a competent income, exercising charity, and exhorting to similar acts. In a more worldly view, consider also how much more human food could be procured from many thousands of acres, when drained and fenced and richly cultivated, than can now be expected from rough commons, donkey pastures, and rabbit warrens, which constitute the general character of chapter lands.

If it be desirable, as it certainly is desirable, to increase domestic produce, and to become less dependent upon foreign nations for the necessities of life, it is to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners we must look for the most extensive assistance in our efforts to increase the produce of our land.

CHAPTER IX.

Will of the first Sir Robert Peel—His Death—Tribute to his Memory—Remarkable Sagacity of the old Baronet—His Opinion of Insurance Offices—Unostentatious Character—Anecdote of his Early Life, as related by himself.

THE first Sir Robert Peel had many years ago determined on a scale by which he would distribute his great wealth among his children—and his will was made accordingly.

A little while before his death a person by chance made a remark to him which occasioned him to reflect upon his will, and to remember that though he had left specific legacies therein, he had said nothing about the residue, which might be of some importance. A codicil, or new will, was therefore made, whereby the residue was ordered to be divided among the sons only, and that the eldest should have four times as much as any other. I have some reason to believe that this arrangement put 200,000*l.* into the pocket of our lamented friend—and this happened by chance.

What is Chance?

The reader must answer the question for himself. To attempt a reply would impose upon me the necessity of a disquisition which he will readily spare. I may, perhaps, be excused, however, for remarking that the mighty Ruler of the universe might possibly have interfered to try what was in the heart of Peel, as he tried what was in the heart of Hezekiah, by giving him precious things, silver and gold—or possibly he

might have bestowed this additional wealth upon him because he knew that it would be used in employing, civilising, and instructing the poor.

The old baronet died in May, 1830. His son announced the event to me in the following feeling language:—

“MY DEAR COCKBURN,—I cannot doubt that the sad intelligence which met us on our arrival here last night has already reached you. My father breathed his last about half-past five yesterday, and the loss of life was so easy that it was difficult to determine the moment when it took place.

“He told Lawrence shortly before his death that he was quite happy in his mind; and it is a consolation to think that death was never accompanied with less of suffering, mental or bodily.

“Give my kindest regards to your boys, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

“ROBERT PEEL.

“May 4, 1830.”

And here let me be forgiven if I offer a tribute of respect to the memory of that good old man. He had the clearest head and the warmest heart of any one whom I have met with in the world. To him we owe, in fact, the celebrity of his son. If Philip had not lived, Alexander would not have conquered the world; and William Pitt would not have been prime minister at twenty-four years of age if he had not had Chatham's example before him. So to the wise instruction and paternal solicitude of the first Sir Robert Peel I ascribe the success of the second.

In all the common concerns of life the father exhibited the clearest judgment, and never seemed to make a mistake. “How is it,” I asked him one day, “that you never insure any of your numerous buildings; fires are constantly taking place among the factories, but you persevere in not insuring?” He said, “I long ago ascertained that where the insurance offices charge 2s. 6d., government lay on 5s. But out of the 2s. 6d., upon an average of numerous cases of many years, the offices gain 6d., or one-fifth. The risk is therefore covered for 2s., whereas the insurer pays 7s. 6d. Having ascertained these facts, I said to my partners, instead of paying 7s. 6d. for what is really worth but 2s., let us put by the money every year which we should pay for insurance, and in fact become our own insurance company.

“Now, our workmen knowing that we are not insured, are more careful about fire, and the proprietors daily inspect the premises to see that all is safe. In fact, in thirty years we have had such few casualties from fire that our insurance fund has increased to a great amount.”

Similar proofs of his remarkable sagacity occurred every day. But it was not for the shrewdness of his intellect that I mourned his loss, but because he was friendly, hospitable, kind, and ever ready to serve those who needed his services.

He was sometimes blamed for not living in a more expensive style, proportionate to his great income. But he lived in moderate splendour, not for the sake of saving money, but because grandeur was troublesome and uncongenial to his nature; and, moreover, because he often said that if he accustomed his children to a superfluous display of wealth, they would think the comfortable competence that he should leave them a sad state of degradation.

"I wish them," he said, "to live so with me, as they may live without me, and thus to be happy by not feeling any deprivation of present enjoyment when I am gone."

What good sense is manifest in this sentiment! What a fine example for those who have large incomes and also many children!

One more anecdote of old Sir Robert, and I have done. Methinks I hear the reader say, "What a succession of gossiping tales is this memoir composed of!"

I plead guilty; yet I must indulge myself by telling one more short story which I have heard my old friend himself tell with much glee.

"When I was a lad," he said, "two of my brothers and I were invited to visit a friend in London. Having but little money, we determined to walk from Lancashire. A bundle or carpet-bag contained the baggage of all the party. We agreed to carry it in turns, but being rather heavy, it soon became more troublesome to the bearer than all his bank-notes.

"When we came to the first town, my brother's pride revolted against being seen by a number of persons carrying a bag on the shoulder. I instantly proposed that I should carry the bag through the towns, and they alternately through the country. To this they gladly agreed, and as I knew that the distance through all the towns could not be five miles, while each of them had 100 miles of toil, I was content that they should save their dignity (such as it was), and that I should save my labour."

Farewell, old friend! you lived a happy life through fourscore years, succeeding in all your pursuits, and meriting all your success. It will be long ere we look on your like again.

CHAPTER X.

Sir Robert Peel comes into Possession of a vast Property—Rebuilds Drayton Manor House—History of the Old Mansion—House-Warming—Reasons for considering Drayton Manor-House a Mistake.

THE second Sir Robert Peel came into possession of immense revenues on the death of his father, and his first step was to pull down the house which his father had partly built, and to erect a more stately mansion.

That old manor-house afforded many historical recollections. It was originally built by the first Devereux, Earl of Essex, who married Lettice Knowles, the first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and the most beautiful woman of her day, rivalling the attractions of her aunt, Anne Boleyn. Lord Essex sold Drayton Manor to Lord Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and upon the death of the former lord in Ireland, the latter married the beautiful widow, and settled the domain upon her. Here Queen Elizabeth often visited her favourite and her beautiful cousin. In a few years, Lord Leicester finished his remarkable career, and Lettice Knowles, taking to herself a third husband in the person of Sir Walter Blount, reared up the son whom she bore to Lord Essex at Drayton Manor. This was the unfortunate nobleman who, trusting too much to the partiality of his queen and cousin, brought his head and that of his father-in-law to the block.

He, however, left a son, and Lettice Knowles, now a third time a widow, reared up this, her grandson, at Drayton Manor.

This third Earl of Essex, being offended with James I. for robbing him of his betrothed wife, joined the party in opposition to the court, and willingly availed himself of the offer made by the parliament to lead their armies against the sovereign. From Drayton Manor he is supposed to

have gone to command at Edgehill, and to that house he constantly returned during the civil war. He died childless, and the title became extinct. But Lettice Knowles still lived on, and exercised hospitality in the great hall at Drayton, till extreme old age—not dying before the time of William III.

When the first Sir Robert Peel purchased the estate, he pulled down the old house, except the venerated hall, in front of which he built a square brick house of little architectural beauty, but very comfortable and commodious. His son and successor levelled all to the ground, and, effacing every memorial of Lettice Knowles, erected a splendid palace on the spot in the style which prevailed in her young days.

This mansion, the most perfect of its kind, exhibits to all admiring eyes what wealth can effect when guided by the highest and most exquisite taste, but what wealth alone should never attempt.

When the new house was finished, and the furniture nearly completed, Sir Robert invited all his near relations to spend a week with him by way of house-warming. There was assembled on that occasion Lord and Lady Henley, Sir Joseph and Lady Fuller, the Dowager Lady Floyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Peel, Mr. and Mrs. John Peel, General Yates, the Dean of York and Mrs. Cockburn, Miss Fuller, Miss Peel, Mr. Edmund Peel the younger, Mr. Robert Cockburn, and some other of the nephews.

The party spent a pleasant week together, amid splendid hospitality; and on the last day, being Sunday, Sir Robert proposed that such as chose should go with him and his wife to Drayton Church and receive the sacrament. Nearly all went.

This was a beautiful sight—to see so many attached friends, brothers and sisters, parents and children, kneeling round the holy table of communion, and petitioning with one heart and voice to share the benefits of Christ's passion.

So—and so well—ended the festivity of Drayton house-warming.

That house is certainly the finest specimen of taste and talents that I ever beheld or can imagine; but still I am, I hope, not impertinent in calling it a mistake. When Smirke was building it, he showed me his drawings and his plans. I said to him, "You are ruining Sir Robert's grandson—no estate can long bear the expense of so immense a fabric." Smirke said, "That Sir Robert had ample funds, and that he desired to have so large a building. It is my duty only to carry out his wishes."

But let us consider the matter maturely.

I have often seen the rent-roll of the first baronet, and his stock-book, but I forget the precise particulars. I fancy that he died worth 60,000*l.* a year. But he left more than 20,000*l.* a year to his younger children.

Suppose, then, that the last Sir Robert had 40,000*l.* a year. He, also, as lately appeared by his published will, left 20,000*l.* a year away from his heir.

Suppose, again, that there were some savings and accumulations, and that the present heir has 25,000*l.* a year. If he marries, as he most probably will, and has a family, he must again give, perhaps, 10,000*l.* a year among his younger children, and thus once more diminish the inheritance. The reader will understand that I give these figures merely to illustrate my argument, but without knowing anything of the facts. I merely mean to show that there is almost a necessity for every family estate to decrease, unless you throw the younger children on the parish, or unless some tradesman or miser gets into possession.

Look at Blenheim, Castle Howard, Stowe, Chatsworth, and a hundred other large mansions. Their owners cannot keep up the state of their grandsires. The very window-tax is a burden to them.

The first Sir Robert said, "I have built a house in which a man may have twenty guests to dine and sleep as often as he likes, and in which he *may* spend the largest income possible. Champagne and Burgundy may be quaffed in these rooms as well as in larger saloons. But this is, also, a house where a man of moderate means, if such should be among my descendants, may find himself extremely comfortable, and not overburdened with servants and taxes."

Some future Sir Robert Peel may think, perhaps, that the founder of his baronetage had more worldly wisdom than some of his successors. Be that as it may, the present edifice is, at this moment, perfect in every way—full of the choicest specimens of art, and most worthy to attract the eyes of every passer-by. Here, however, let me again presume to comfort the tenants of more lowly habitations, by assuring them that the owner of a show-house is not an object of unmixed envy. If he shuts his house against the public, and refuses access to strangers, he is called a churlish Nabal, an opposer of the progress of public taste, a selfish tyrant, and every other opprobrious denomination. If, on the other hand, he opens his doors to all passers-by, as he probably will do—for the pleasure of possessing fine things is principally in showing them; no lady would covet a diamond necklace if she were obliged to keep it always in a box—if, then, the possessor of Drayton Manor-House admit the many eager sight-seers, he will find himself and family driven about from room to room and never enjoying peace. His house will be like Ben Lomond—delightful to the traveller, enchanting to the tourist, but no eligible place of constant residence.

Thus let every poor and envious mortal know that there are drawbacks to all human enjoyments. There is something bad in every good—and something good in every evil.

Give us, kind Providence, this day our daily bread. All else beneath the sun is vanity and deceit.

The room at Drayton Manor which the crowd will most desire to see is the new gallery, in which are portraits (large as life) of the most celebrated contemporaries of the late Premier, particularly of those distinguished persons who were members of his administration. These are all men advanced in life, and a few years will make this collection a memorial only of excellence past away.

The dead body of the founder was laid in useless state, on the day of the funeral, at the door of this gallery. It seemed to say to those within—"I have escaped from among you, but as I led you in the busy scenes of life, I lead you now in tranquil hope to Heaven."

CHAPTER XI.

Peel becomes the Mæcenas of the Age—Uncommunicative in Society—His Letter to the Dean of York in reference to the "New System of Geology," by the latter.

SIR ROBERT, having finished both his town and country-house, now became the Mæcenus of the age, in addition to his other high titles. He was the friend and patron of all men of learning and talents; whoever distinguished himself in any art or science was a welcome guest at his

table. Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Lawrence, Chantry, and many others known to fame, were proud to be received by him, and he was always most proud to receive them.

He was sometimes accused of being dull and uncommunicative in society; but this generally proceeded from his mind being so much occupied with important objects, that the common topics of conversation excited no interest, and could not draw him from himself. On returning once from Norfolk, he stopped to dine with his brother, Colonel Peel, at Newmarket. The conversation, as may be imagined, about weights and riders, and honest and dishonest jockeys, did not much interest the right honourable visitor. But, by way of introducing a discussion in which he might take a part, he remarked to a gentleman opposite, "That the contests then raging in Spain and Portugal would much affect the interests of all Europe." One of the company called out, "Sir Robert, I will bet you a pony—the two fillies against the two horses." The baronet had no pony to stake, and did not clearly understand what fillies were meant. He, therefore, declined the bet, and declined, also, all attempts at further conversation.

This was certainly rather an extreme case; but something similar happened in every company. Sir Robert, as a minister, could not communicate his thoughts on matters of public interest, and conversation on other subjects was seldom interesting to him or his guests.

Sir Robert, however, employed whatever leisure he could command to investigate the discoveries of this all-discovering age. He corresponded readily upon all topics of scientific research, and applied his powerful mind, with all the ardour of youth, to enable him to understand the most difficult problems, or the most abstruse subjects.

The reader will, I trust, forgive me for laying before him a letter which I lately received from Sir Robert a few days after I had sent him a little publication on a question of geology. The letter is far, very far, from being complimentary to me, and I may, therefore, hope to be more easily excused, if I introduce it, merely in proof of the readiness with which Sir Robert wrote on every subject submitted to his notice:

"MY DEAR DEAN,—I have no wish to enter into a controversy upon subjects to which I have not given that mature consideration which alone can qualify a man to pronounce very positive opinions. I have been content to adopt generally the conclusions to which the most eminent men of all countries have gradually arrived, after unremitting inquiry and profound reflection; first, from deference to their authority; and, secondly, from the belief that those conclusions are more in harmony with admitted facts, and the logical inferences from those facts, than any other.

"You ask me, as an act of friendship, to read your 'New System of Geology,' and particularly the last two pages of it, and to send or to procure for you some rational answer to those two pages.

"I have read your publication, and, in complying with your further wish that I should send you some answer to your arguments, must assure you that I am speaking for myself alone, prompted much less by zeal in the cause than by unwillingness to withhold a reply, which would be in your estimation an act of friendship.

"I must leave it to the professors of the science whom you have addressed collectively through the medium of Professor Sedgwick, to deter-

mine for themselves, whether they, or any of them, will accept your challenge.

“Adverting, then, especially to the two last pages of your publication, which profess to contain the summary of your arguments, I must own to you that you have failed altogether to make any impression on my mind in favour of your conclusions.

“I find in the two pages a great many assumptions briefly and emphatically conveyed in the phrases, ‘must have been,’ and ‘must be,’ and, with the exception of the first, ‘that stones containing the fossil remains of sea-fish must once have been at the bottom of the ocean,’ there is not one that may not be denied or contested as being completely gratuitous. You assert, for instance, ‘that land plants, and animals, and birds mixed with the fish, must have been brought by currents of water into the sea, and, if they floated into the sea, they would also float upon the sea.’

“I not only find no proof of either of these assumptions, but I deny the supposed necessity in each case. In the first place, the land plants and animals might have been deposited on the land, upon the surface, or in the strata in which they are found; and that land might have been submerged, either by the gradual depression of the land, or the rising of the sea above its accustomed level. In the second place, it does not follow that the remains of animal or vegetable life, or inorganic matter brought into the sea, floated into it by currents of water, would necessarily float upon the sea.

Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentes Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpisque raptus et pecus et domus
Volventis unâ, non sine montium
Clamore vicinæque silvæ
Cum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes.

“The lapides stirpis raptus, pecus, domi, that floated into the sea by the violence of the current, would certainly not float *upon* the sea, after their escape from that influence which had for a time counteracted the force of gravity—nay, the river cum pace delabens in medio alveo, the Ganges, or the Mississippi, will daily bring, in the quietest time, millions of tons of suspended matter which, sinking after their discharge into the ocean, will form bars at the mouth of rivers, or form the bed of the sea for many a square mile beyond the mouth.

“You say again, that, at the time of the deluge, ‘volcanic eruptions must have thrown up stones above the surface of the water,’ which stones, in descending, would carry down the floating things delivered by currents of water. Surely these volcanic eruptions, at the time of the deluge, are gratuitous assumptions.

“What is the authority for them? The breaking up of the fountains of the deep does not necessarily imply that those were volcanic eruptions.

“I confess to you I have read nothing more wild in the dreams of geology than your land animals of all sizes, from a megatherium to a mouse, floated into the sea by currents of water, floating upon the sea afterwards as a matter of course, until they were severally knocked on the head by a stone discharged from a submarine volcano, and sunk to the

bottom in friendly connexion with the stone, by the force of gravity. If this be true, I will presume to offer no opposite theory, but content myself with exclaiming with Ephraim Jenkinson, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain.'

"But apart from objections to specific assumptions on your part, I think your theory wholly insufficient to account for the phenomena that are observed in every part of the globe, being the slow product, some of chemical, others of mechanical agencies. Take a coal-field, for example, presenting fifty or sixty different strata of coal, extending horizontally, or at an equal angle of inclination, over a widely extended region—with evident indications of a vegetable origin for each—these strata separated from each other by strata of a totally different character—each like the coal of an almost unvarying thickness, and each distinguished from the other by some peculiarity in its structure or the organic remains imbedded in it.

"I cannot reconcile such facts as these, or a thousand others of the same kind, with the conclusion to which you have arrived, 'That there has only been one great convulsion which altered the condition of the world, and left it as it is.'

"Believe me, my dear Dean,

"Very affectionately yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

When I had made my comments upon this long and obliging letter, Sir Robert informed me that he had not time to write more on the subject, but that we would discuss it when we met.

Alas! alas! we never met again!

CHAPTER XII.

The Funeral—Private Character of Peel.

THE funeral was very splendid. Oh, idle vanity, how opposed to sober reason! Can anything be more irrational than to decorate a cold and senseless body with velvet and gold, and to carry it with mocking plumes to the damp and mouldering tomb. Absurd as it is, the custom is so universal of paying unnecessary honours to the dead, that we must trace its origin in the deep recesses of the human heart. The Nile runs through a street of splendid tombs; the ancient poets tell of funeral games; our barbarous ancestors, who lived ere history begun, have left memorials of themselves in the huge stone coffins which defy the tooth of time. The Romans decorated their graves with beautiful sculpture, and, when poverty prevented other gifts, they gave their tears to the beloved dead. Without the walls of York we discover the Roman burial-ground; and in one poor coffin of stone lately dug up I have seen a bottle containing some transparent liquid, which, when shaken, emits phosphoric sparks. The phosphorus shows its former connexion with the human body—it was a bottle of tears. This in some measure explains a passage in the Psalms (lvi. 8), "Put thy tears into my bottle,"—that is, weep for my death. It exhibits, also, the most simple and natural mode of show-

ing affection for the dead. But, in some mode or other, it appears that regret was and is always shown by the living to departed friends, by some act which, the more unnecessary, is thought to be the greater proof of affection. Thus, the rich man lavishes his wealth in superfluous display; and even the pauper contrives to make a little feast on the day when his beloved child is carried to the tomb. In vain we reason against such idle ostentation or such ill-spared waste; the broken heart hears not the arguments of philosophy nor the suggestions of economy. Man is more a creature of impulse than of rationality; and while human nature is alive to the strong emotions of love and affection, splendid funerals will sometimes be, though few perhaps so splendid as the funeral of Sir Robert Peel.

It may be expected that, in concluding such a memoir of a decidedly great man, some account of his private character should be given by one who knew him so long and so well. Sir Robert Peel was a pious Christian, a firm believer in revealed religion, scrupulously attending public worship and encouraging private prayer. He was exemplary in all domestic duties, a dutiful son, a kind husband, an indulgent father; brave, gentle, placable, honourable, true; and all these in the highest degree. Had he, then, no faults? Nothing in this world is perfect; but the faults of Sir R. Peel were the almost necessary consequence of his position in the world. He was cold, unfriendly, proud (no wonder!). He was selfish—no, not selfish, as coveting the blessings of others, but he seemed doomed to live by himself and for himself. His great talents, his extensive learning, his immense wealth, his high station, raised him above the common race of mortals. He stood like a statue on the top of a lofty column, for men to gaze at but not approach.

Dido says, that the remembrance of her own sorrows made her assist the sorrowful. Sir Robert had no sorrows to remember. His career was uninterrupted prosperity. Married to a lovely woman with whom he lived in sweet affection—parent of a numerous family, all of whom he saw grown up in comfort and respectability—himself enjoying constant and unusual health, and every blessing which wealth and honour could give, he seemed separated by fate from the cares and troubles of mortality.

Goldsmith, in describing an amiable man, says that

His pity gave ere charity began.

The very contrary was the case with Sir Robert Peel. He gave from a sense of duty, not from feeling. The head dictated, not the heart.

Sir Robert built churches, endowed schools, gave money to hospitals, joined all public subscriptions.

Reason and revelation both assure us, that such donations, produced by genuine Christian charity, are far more beneficial to society than the mere ebullitions of pity; but such donations proceeding from no sympathy, they excite no sympathy. They fill no eyes with tears of gratitude, no mouth with shouts of praise. Thus stood this great and good man, alone amidst an astonished crowd, surrounded by many followers but few friends—universally admired, but rarely loved.

BISHOP TOMLINE AND THE BOILED HARE.

A PASTORAL INCIDENT.

NEAR a deep bay-window, in a large, low-roofed, and gloomy apartment, crowded with antique and cumbrous furniture, littered with books and papers, and studded here and there with faded portraits of eminent churchmen in their episcopal attire, sat two gentlemen, neither of whom seemed much at his ease.

The former—from his dress, a prelate—was a stiff, stern-looking personage, who spoke with an air of visible dissatisfaction, which in no way served to lessen the harsh expression of a countenance never handsome, and which now exhibited many of the deep furrows of advancing age.

The other was a gentleman, ruddy, good-looking, and rather jovial in appearance; but, for the nonce, indisputably and inconceivably bothered.

"There are several points," said the bishop, speaking slowly, "on which explanation would be desirable; but on this, in particular—the sermon about the boiled hare."

"My lord," said the younger party, looking up in his superior's face with an air of the most good-humoured but ungovernable surprise, "I never heard of such a thing. A boiled hare—boiled! I give your lordship my word of honour, as a gentleman, that I never met at any table with a dish of that description. Never—never!"

"I'm not talking of dishes," said the bishop, testily, "but of sermons. You certainly have preached more than once recommending hunting and a boiled hare. I have had several letters to this effect. Recollect yourself, Mr. Yerbury; recollecty ourself."

The party so addressed was a gentleman of the most marvellous activity. He was always ready to take *any* duty; in *any* direction; for *any* clergyman; in *any* emergency; at *any* notice. Distance to him was immaterial. The weather he never heeded. Roads were matters he at no time took into consideration, as his was invariably a cross-country course. Mercurial and active, Sunday was little of a day of rest to him. He was reading or riding from cock-crow to sunset! What varieties of psalmody did he not hear! What varieties of somnolency did he not face! And himself, happy man, marvellously exempt from fatigue! apparently at the close of his day's toils as fresh as when he commenced them. And such toils! To four distinct duties he confessed as his "usual allowance." But he has been known, on a pinch, to compass five: and there is a tradition extant touching one memorable twenty-first of June—it was, to be sure, the longest day in the year—when he undertook and accomplished six. "But that," he was accustomed to observe, "was an extraordinarily pressing occasion; *then*," he "must premise," he "strained a point!"

How he fulfilled these manifold engagements puzzled every brain but his own. And yet no one ever charged him with indecent haste in reading the service, or with unusual and improper brevity in his sermon. The former his hearers allowed to be unaffected, distinct, and dignified; the latter pithy, intelligible, and full of matter. The rock that wrecked him was his "cross-country course." The farmers could not be brought to fancy the speed and wind of his black mare, or to tolerate the short

cuts he made to save her. Another short-coming was his. He was singularly obtuse touching the law of trespass. He would ride, without remorse, at right angles across a potato field; and dash through a little wheat-close with the most obdurate indifference. The tenant-farmers grew savage, and complained to the bishop. The prelate promptly seized an opportunity to call upon Mr. Yerbury for an explanation. His lordship observed, that, "putting aside higher considerations, those relating to the calm, and deliberate, and methodical discharge of the duties of the day, it was neither a seemly nor a satisfactory spectacle to see a clergyman racing from church to church; one instant in the pulpit, the next in the saddle. I cannot," added the bishop, "be a consenting party to such an arrangement; it must be discontinued, and forthwith."

Mr. Yerbury replied, in a calm and sorrowful tone,

"My enemies, my lord, malign me. I preach slow, if I gallop fast."

"Pray understand me," interposed the bishop. "No complaint—the boiled hare excepted—has been urged relative to your doctrine, or to the mode in which the duty is done."

"That, my lord, is consolatory."

"But," resumed the bishop, in a pondering tone, "I do not see how the space can be got over, much more how the duty can be deliberately and efficiently performed. North, east, and west, do your engagements lead you. Thus, nine miles are to be ridden in one direction; five in another; eleven in another; and seven in another; and this in all weathers, and subject to all contingencies. It cannot possibly be done—I repeat, it cannot possibly be done."

"Ah, my lord!" returned Mr. Yerbury, in a most diverting tone, a tone in which compassion for his lordship's ignorance, wounded feeling for the slight passed upon his steed, and amazement that the inquiry had taken this turn, were drolly blended, "*Ah, my lord! you do not know THE BLACK MARE!*"

The bishop, a stiff, erect, decorous-looking old gentleman—the muscles of whose mouth seemed rigid from age and study, and who had apparently long since ceased to smile—turned black in the face from his earnest but abortive attempt to preserve his gravity. Twice did he turn to address Mr. Yerbury; and twice did his habitual seriousness fail him.

At length, looking purposely away from that reverend equestrian, as if not daring to trust himself with another glance at his laughter-moving countenance, the bishop murmured, in a very muffled tone,

"You shall hear from me, sir, in a day or two on this matter. A letter shall convey to you my final decision. You shall hear from me."

Mr. Yerbury bowed low, and made a step or two towards the door, apparently with the intention of withdrawing; then suddenly reversing his course, he advanced towards the bishop, with the remark,

"My lord—I mean it very respectfully—but let us have the round out. Pens and ink never agreed with me. Writing letters tries my eyes—always did from a boy; and reading them bothers my brains bitterly. With your lordship's good leave we'll conclude the matter now. Having been out at the burst, I should like to keep my seat to the finish."

Again his lordship averted his face, and busied himself among his papers. There was a convulsive kind of motion among the muscles of his back. Grief the bishop, certainly, was not indulging, though he

more than once assiduously wiped his eyes. After a pause, the speaker, carefully looking away *from*—not at—Mr. Yerbury, said,

“Have you, sir, a sermon—unfortunately I have mislaid all the documents referring to it—have you, sir, a sermon on a verse in Proverbs which you are in the constant habit of preaching—a sermon in which the word hunting occurs with singular frequency?”

“A beauty, my lord,” replied the other, briskly; “an acknowledged and admitted beauty all over the country.”

“Do you remember the text?”

“‘*The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting.*’”

“That’s the sermon,” said the bishop—“the offensive, objectionable, and oft-repeated sermon. I now express my wish to see it in manuscript.”

“My lord!” cried the agonised Mr. Yerbury, “that sermon has been preached at W—st—ne, by an eminent dignitary of our church, to the great content of an admiring congregation, and to the special delight of the squire, his brother. Objectionable, my lord! It’s an unmistakable sermon, and fit for the ears of the most refined lady in the land.”

“I shall be better able to support or negative that remark after a dispassionate perusal?” said Dr. Tomline, coolly.

“And that they call the boiled hare, do they?” ejaculated the younger speaker, with a face expressive of the most vehement indignation.

“It must be laid before me, and at once,” returned the bishop, firmly. “The probability is I shall retain it; at any rate it must be preached no more!”

“My lord! My lord!” said Mr. Yerbury, with a piteous and deprecatory gesture.

“A positive promise to that effect is indispensable,” said the prelate.

“Well, my lord, I submit,” said the other, mournfully. “The discourse in question has done its duty. It could hardly hold together. I could have preached it blindfold. Now, its day is over.”

“And our conversation,” said the bishop, with a courteous, but decisive gesture, not to be evaded or misunderstood.

Not so terminated Mr. Yerbury’s regrets. They were lively, and long continued. “Bishops are awful beings,” was his remark; “give ’em a wide berth while you can. ’Twas but last week that young Bambury, finding himself at —, went to the palace to pay his respects to his diocesan. ‘What may be your business, sir?’ said the bishop, sharply.—‘I only called, my lord, as a matter of ceremony, and to ask after your lordship’s health, in person.’—‘Oh! how many duties have you in your church on a Sunday?’—‘One, my lord.’ ‘Then go home, and for the future do *two*.’ Imagine that young man’s surprise and feelings at such an issue to his interview! And imagine *mine*, when called upon to surrender my pet sermon—my unexceptionable and treasured companion for twenty years—to hear it abused, and called to my very face ‘*The Boiled Hare!*’” A *sobriquet* which Mr. Yerbury retained to his dying hour.

THE RUSSIANS IN WALLACHIA.

THE diplomatic war which has been raging for some time between the political forces of the Sultan and the Czar in the Danubian Principalities has assumed of late a different aspect from that which it had previously borne, in consequence of a hot engagement, in which the belligerent representatives met in deadly strife. The town of Bucharest was the field of battle; the honours of the day were fairly won by the sovereign of the country, and its *soi-disant* protector suffered a signal defeat. The energetic and clever defence made by the Ottoman commissioner against the formidable attacks which the Russian agents have for several months been concentrating on him alone, has at last completely foiled their subtle strategy. The campaign has closed with the satisfaction of merited success on one side, and the confusion of unexpected discomfiture on the other; for it is a new feature in Moldo-Wallachian affairs that Turkey should triumph over Russia; and no attempt to rally for a fresh assault can be made until the loss and damage now sustained shall have been repaired. A striking proof has thus been furnished of the undeniable fact that Turkey is not a power which can be browbeaten and trampled upon with impunity in her own dominions, as is supposed by some writers, who have taken a most erroneous view of her actual condition, and have formed a palpably incorrect estimate of the relative positions and respective strength of the two great rivals in the East.

The object aimed at on this occasion by Russia was a practical demonstration of the paramount necessity of her continued occupation of the Principalities; and the Porte was equally anxious to show how utterly superfluous it is that the army of that obnoxious intruder should any longer remain in the Ottoman Empire. Fortunately for the latter, the Russian cause was not supported by justice. The treaty of Balta-Liman, it is true, authorises the stay of the foreign troops, if necessary, for seven years, only two of which have as yet elapsed; but the existing state of the Danubian provinces is such as to leave no doubt of the facts that the presence of the Russians is not required for any legitimate purpose, and that their withdrawal would be productive of no evil consequences, while the fiscal burdens imposed on the country for their maintenance are becoming intolerable to the inhabitants. The agents of the Czar at Bucharest, however, were determined that the army should remain, and their only resource in this dilemma was to concoct a revolution, which would convince all parties of the danger to which the Principalities would be exposed if they were deprived of active protection from abroad. They therefore strained every nerve to excite the dissatisfaction which always exists more or less in the capital of Wallachia on account of the corrupt administration of public affairs, and to induce the usual malcontents to make some display of popular feeling against the government which might sanction the use of Russian bayonets. But all their efforts proved abortive, and not even the most remote semblance of an insurrection appeared. They then resolved on offering a dramatic representation of a revolutionary scene in default of the reality. Mysterious consultations were held among the band of intriguers, both official and officious, ostensible and occult; ominous interchanges of visits took place at the

country-houses, where some of them were passing the hot season; and everything was arranged for the projected performance. Actors had been easily procured at so much a head, and each had learnt his part; clubs and committees had been instituted to plan the barricades with a degree of publicity that betrayed the truth; and couriers were seen hurrying about in the most frequented streets of the town, and at the hours when they were always crowded. Reports arrived from the interior of the provinces, which announced an approaching revolt of the peasantry against the authorities, and the prognostics of what seemed to be an impending popular movement on a most extensive scale were daily becoming more and more apparent. Yet no preventive measures were adopted by the ministry. This was the only part of the comedy which was not well played; for the ministers, being devotedly attached to Russia, and closely connected with the plot which they had themselves perhaps devised, should have taken their cue with better tact, and shown some degree of activity in their preparations for the defence. On the contrary, they almost all continued enjoying in the country the cool breezes that descend from the Carpathian Mountains. The prince, however, either really alarmed, or supposing that he was obliged to lend himself to the game which Russia was playing, and to take a share in her stakes, seemed to consider the situation of the country as having become critical in the extreme, and he suddenly left Bucharest on a tour of pacification in the districts. The Russian commissioner also disappeared. Under the pretext of a pleasure excursion in Transylvania, where he passed only a few days, he followed the prince, step by step, on his way back, marking the effect produced on the population by the presence of the head of the government, and propagating the idea that he is kept in leading-strings by Russia. The Turkish commissioner alone remained at his post. Calm and imperturbable amid the brewing storm, he was apparently unconscious of what was going on, and indifferent as to the course which affairs might take; but an almost imperceptible smile with which he listened in silence to all the dark insinuations and portentous hints of imminent political and social convulsions that were addressed to him, proved to those who observed him closely that he at least was wide awake.

One night at a late hour the native executive authorities, who were divided between the two classes of accomplices in the scheme, and panic-stricken Boyards, rushed to Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, and besought him to take upon himself the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Bucharest, and to save the country from the rabid revolutionary enthusiasts who, they said, were at that moment on the point of putting their sanguinary purposes in execution. The commissioner replied with perfect composure, that it was his duty, as the representative of the sovereign of the Principalities, to use his best endeavours in their favour; and that he would never shrink from the fulfilment of that duty. He was then requested, in the most earnest manner, to give them the necessary instructions for the security of the town.

"Je le ferai avec plaisir, messieurs," answered the Ottoman agent, who is thoroughly master of the French language; "je le ferai, et mes ordres sont que vous alliez tous vous coucher à l'instant, car il se fait bien tard."

"Mais votre Excellence oublie que nous nous trouvons sur un volcan."

"Dormez-y en paix," rejoined Ahmed Effendi, with an expression of good-humoured mockery playing on his features as he wished them a good

night; and they left him with the conviction that they would never be able to make anything of him, as he was evidently not a man to be trifled with—more especially as he had an efficient army of Turks at his beck.

The confederates then gave up their little theatrical amusement, and they allowed the curtain to drop before the actors had even appeared on the stage. But they did not abandon the hope of being able to find some means of proving the necessity of a Russian army of occupation in the Danubian Principalities.

The prince returned, and the Russian commissioner immediately after him. The secret conclave conceived the idea of working upon the former in such a manner as to induce him to acknowledge the unsettled state of the country by some public act; and his ministers, several of whom were inwardly opposed to him from a spirit of rivalry, and would gladly have seen him commit himself in the hope that he might fall, and thus make room for them to step into his place, were better pleased with this project, which promised to effect both the purposes of Russia, to whom they were attached, and their own schemes of personal aggrandisement. All the engines were therefore set at work, and the object was attained. A proclamation was issued, in which the prince declared, that his constant desire had been, as it still was, to open his arms to all without exception, and successively to call every one to take a part in the service of the state; and that he had employed to that effect every means of conciliation, as was publicly known, and had given undeniable proofs of the sincerity of his intentions, and of the invariable sentiments which animated him. He went on to state that he had admitted into the Principality those who had been banished in consequence of the events of 1848, supposing, that when they should see the still bleeding wounds of their country, they would deplore the hallucinations which had drawn down such evils upon it, and that they would consider an irreproachable line of conduct to be their first duty. He complained, that notwithstanding all his efforts he perceived, with regret, that there were individuals who trifled with public security, and who sought to disturb it by all kinds of manœuvres. He added, that his paternal solicitude, and the advances he had made towards all of them, had been regarded as weakness; and that, instead of endeavouring to realise the expectations of the government and to deserve its confidence, they did not discontinue their attempts to plunge the country into new convulsions. And he concluded by announcing that, as head of the state and as a Wallachian, he could not prolong his indulgence in presence of such conduct; and, for the interests of public tranquillity, of which he would have to render an account to the Almighty, he would consider it his duty in future to adopt energetic measures against all those who might venture to disturb the public peace, and trifle with it through their intrigues and machinations, to whatever class they might belong, and without distinction.

This document, countersigned by the competent minister, was an official confirmation of all that the Russian agents, whether in or out of the Wallachian cabinet, desired to verify; and they thought the victory won on the 5th of September, when it was published. But they had underrated the vigour of purpose and unbending resolution which were opposed to them, and they had miscalculated the strength which is always derived from the consciousness of having an upright and straightforward line of conduct to pursue, which, together with universally acknowledged personal

ability, rendered their opponent too much for them. The Ottoman commissioner, in conformity with the system of moderation and forgiveness adopted by Turkey in her treatment of political delinquents, had been instrumental in enabling several of those who had been banished to return to their country; he well knew that none of them had so ill-requited his generous interposition in their behalf as to employ the conceded privilege of living at home for the purpose of conspiring against that public tranquillity which the high authority, whose clemency had been extended to them, was more particularly anxious to preserve, and which they had themselves assumed a special engagement to respect; and he was fully aware of the utter falsehood of the current assertions, that an incendiary and insurrectionary spirit was growing among the people in general, for he was thoroughly acquainted with their pacific and innocuous disposition. He could not, therefore, see with indifference so open and unprovoked an insult offered to those who had so lately returned from exile, and so unfounded an imputation of rebellious intentions publicly made against them. He would not stand by in silence when the population at large was insidiously maligned by ambitious intriguers and anti-national partisans, and when a degree of plausibility was given to their calumnious allegations by conveying them through an official decree. He had said that he would not shrink from the fulfilment of his duty, however painful it might be to himself; and he now boldly faced it by making a frank declaration that the persons, whose intrigues and machinations tended to disturb the public peace, were neither the revolutionary party of 1848, nor any other party among the people of Wallachia, but that they were the agents and adherents of Russia, several of whom might be found, he said, in the prince's own cabinet. He then demanded that those persons should immediately be deprived of office in execution of the threat, by which the prince had publicly pledged himself not to spare any one, to whatever class he might belong, and without distinction; he pointed out which of the ministers had rendered themselves amenable to this just retribution by their designing machinations; and he insisted that satisfaction should be offered to the outraged honour of the pardoned exiles of 1848, and to the insulted innocence of the people, by dismissing the real culprits. Loud were the deprecations, and long the remonstrances; desperate were the attempts to outflank the enemy, and active the fencing to parry this homethrust; but all their efforts were in vain. The determined Turk held his ground, unmoved and immovable. He was armed with justice and right, and he was fully capable of making the best use of the weapons in his hands. Every argument met with the same answer—the ministers must be dismissed; and they were dismissed. The greatest dismay spread through the Russian camp at this untoward issue of their elaborate manœuvres. The bravest and most trusty champions of their cause had fallen. Intrigue succumbed beneath the resistless force of rectitude, and the ascendancy of the wily usurpers of undue influence in the country had been overruled by the dauntless and skilful conduct of the delegate of the legitimate sovereign of Wallachia.

But the spirited operations of the Sultan's agent in the Danubian provinces, and the line of policy followed there by Turkey, must be strenuously supported by those powers whose interests are identical with hers, as regards the predominance of foreign counsels in the administration of any part of her empire, if it is expected that the sequel to these events in

Wallachia should offer further instances of success in repressing the groundless assumptions of Russia; for the game is not equal, and the paramount hold which the latter has obtained over the ambitious and mercenary Boyards will again throw it into her hands, unless prompt and vigorous measures be taken in other quarters for the purpose of strengthening the just and beneficent cause which has triumphed on this occasion. The Ottoman authorities have made a step in the right direction, and they should be cheered on to re-establish the fair balance of influence by overthrowing the unjustifiable preponderance of one power: they have shaken the hitherto firm foundations on which the overwhelming superstructure has been raised; but formidable efforts will soon be made in the hope of recovering the lost ground, and of retaliating on the Turkish commissioner and the native prince, which the unbounded allegiance of the higher classes towards that power will furnish ample means of effecting, if they be not frustrated in time. The fallen ministers and their friends intrigued actively when the former were still in office,—their endeavours will be infinitely more enterprising and violent now, because the part imposed on them, as well as on most of the class of Boyards, by their attachment to Russia, will henceforth be played with all the additional rancour and animosity arising from a thirst for personal revenge which their sudden fall cannot fail in exciting. Already, in the formation of the new cabinet, has the Russian influence proved that it still exists, and, if it was unable to accomplish the appointment of its own adherents, it effected, at least, one great object, in the imposing of several persons so unpopular in the country, that the utmost dissatisfaction was created by their elevation to the ministry, which is a result ardently desired by Russia under all circumstances. It would, however, have been altogether impossible to supply the *personnel* of an unexceptionable administration, for the law requires that the members of the council shall be of a certain rank, which is not only exceedingly circumscribed, but also notorious for the inefficiency of those composing it; they belong, almost exclusively, to one of three classes,—the inapt, the dishonest, or the unpatriotic—the latter characteristic being also frequently united with one or both of the two others, as most of the Boyards are sold to Russia, and few of them possess the requisite qualifications to become candidates for the ministerial office; and all that could be done to diminish the evil was to distribute the *portefeuilles* of the new cabinet in such a manner as to ensure the least possible degree of harm accruing from the unsuitableness of the individuals. Some of the Russian partisans even went so far as to vaunt the formation of the ministry as being a greater triumph than the dismissal of their predecessors was a defeat, and to assert that their interests would be as well served now as they had been previously. But a remarkable fact most signally refuted that boast, not two days after the change: a full pardon was announced to those who had been kept in detention at the instigation of Russia ever since the revolution of 1848, one of whom, especially, was the object of her peculiar ill-will, on account of his having intercepted certain very embarrassing despatches of her agents, and having made them known during the political movement; and the Turkish commissioner has acquired by this act another title to the confidence of the country in the salutary spirit of his counsels and inspirations.

If the views of Ahmed Effendi should continue to prevail, there will

indeed be a chance for the future prosperity of the Danubian Principalities. The pernicious army of Russians would then be withdrawn, the usurpation of power by their civil agents in the administration of public affairs would be checked, and the quarantine establishment, by which the Czar commands the whole course of the Danube from the boundaries of Hungary to the Black Sea, would be abolished. That establishment is the most glaring instance of unwarrantable interference in the concerns of another that exists in Europe, and it would serve as an advantageous *arena* for the next struggle between right and might, for it is the weakest point of the Russian position; and, if it were once boldly attacked, what assumption could be more untenable than the employment of a body of police agents round the frontiers of a foreign country, under the plea of a sanitary *cordon*, against the plague which no longer exists in any part of the Levant? What usurpation could be less founded on reason and justice than that by which Russia holds the key of the communications between two provinces of the Turkish Empire and the remainder of the Sultan's dominions, closing and opening them according as her own policy may require, intruding a corps of foreign officers in the Principalities, for the purpose of watching the political health of their inhabitants, and intercepting their commercial intercourse at will, to the great detriment of their material interests? And yet this flagrant injustice is tolerated, and scarcely even complained of. If astonishment is expressed by a stranger visiting the country, and gaining an insight into these nefarious proceedings, he is told that they are sanctioned by the Treaty of Adrianople, and all discussion is thus curtailed; but the existing state of the quarantine establishment is far from being consistent with the text of that document, which only concedes to Russia the right of co-operation, while an absolute monopoly in the direction of this branch of the public service, and a positive deviation of its functions and practice from the legitimate purpose for which it was instituted, have been actually introduced; while another clause of the same treaty, in the fifth article, is expressly contradictory to this assumption, for it is there distinctly stipulated that Wallachia shall have "*une administration nationale indépendante*." These are facts which cannot escape the observation of those who may undertake the most desultory investigation of the circumstances, and there can be but one opinion on the subject. Such is the traditional respect for Russia, however, that her many illegal acts in the Danubian Principalities are hardly noticed, excepting when statesmen, like Ahmed Effendi, have the frankness and the courage to point them out.

The servile submission of the Moldo-Wallachians to the Court of St. Petersburg must appear somewhat strange, and well-nigh inexplicable, until an opportunity of appreciating it in all its bearings has been enjoyed, and several unfounded conclusions are generally formed with regard to its cause and origin. Some adopt, undisputed and even unexamined, the views which are so pertinaciously propagated, that the Emperor of Russia has an incontestable right of protection over the Danubian Principalities, based on treaties, sanctioned by long exercise, and recognised by other powers; that right is arrogated, but it rests on no legal titles; it has been practically enjoyed only through bold assumption on some occasions, and stealthy intrusion on others, while it is denied, with more or less insistence, by most of the European cabinets.

It is also conjectured that palpable advantages are derived by Wallachia and Moldavia from their forced connexion with Russia, which cover its irregularity, and induce their inhabitants to suffer without complaint encroachments that bring material benefits in their train. Such cases exist in Europe; and there is an example of this kind in the conduct of Great Britain herself towards a state, smaller than these Principalities, it is true, but somewhat similarly situated, with the exception of the one great fact that there the principle of protection is just, while here it is unfounded. The Ionian Islands are protected by England, and their respective positions are different from those of the Danubian provinces and Russia in this, that the Ionians owe allegiance to no other sovereign as the Moldo-Wallachians do to the Sultan, and that the islands were formally placed under the protection of Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris, whereas the Principalities can derive no legal protection from any power but Turkey; their respective condition, however, is parallel, in so far as the British influence is unpopular among the Ionians, and it is accused by them of grasping a degree of authority which is not conceded by that treaty. Yet the admirable roads, splendid pontifications, and flourishing schools, besides many beneficial institutions which the English have there established, not to mention a growing debt incurred towards them without importunity for payment, amply supply a motive for the acceptance of that influence, however undue and exaggerated it might be. But in Wallachia and Moldavia the contrary is the case with regard to Russia: she has made no roads, she has even destroyed the fortresses, she has founded no schools or other advantageous establishments; and, instead of being a generous and convenient creditor, she extorts vast sums for the support of her troops, which also rob and ruin the people with whom they are brought into contact. It cannot, therefore, be in favour of the profitable nature of the connexion that it is allowed to subsist. Others infer that a long continuance of amicable relations and disinterested habits of sympathy, and an uninterrupted series of friendly acts and immemorial tokens of kindly intercourse, have rivetted the bonds and cemented the alliance which unite Russia and the Danubian Principalities. But how does history speak? The intercourse between them has in all ages been prejudicial to the latter. These provinces have not been sufficiently conspicuous in the course of European events to enable their antecedents to become thoroughly understood, excepting by those whose attention has been especially directed to the subject; and a brief retrospect may not be considered inopportune for the better appreciation of their present position in the great questions now at issue between Turkey and Russia, for the singular circumstances in which Wallachia and Moldavia are placed have arisen from a long concatenation of incidents comparatively obscure, and necessarily absorbed in the more engrossing interests which have been called up in their train, and the immediate local effects of many notorious historical events have naturally been lost sight of by most persons in the greater results which they have ultimately produced. It will not, therefore, be irrelevant to the consideration of the actual policy of Russia, with regard to the Turkish Empire, cursorily to trace the outlines of the political career of this portion of it.

The Danubian Principalities formed part of the ancient kingdom of Dacia, whose inhabitants were of Thracian origin. They were remarkable for their warlike and independent character many centuries before

the people of Russia had ever been heard of in history, for they successfully combated the armies of Darius and Alexander the Great. Under their renowned king Decebalus, they made frequent excursions across the Danube to ravage the Roman province of Moesia, and, having been at last definitively repulsed by the Emperor Trajan, they were attacked by him in their own country; the remains of the celebrated bridge, built by Apollodorus of Damascus, by means of which the Romans crossed the river, are an existing token of their expedition, and its crumbling arches perpetuate on the banks of the Danube the memory of that campaign, whose sculptured records still surround the splendid column in the Imperial Forum; and it is remarkable, how strikingly the figures of the Dacians, on Trajan's Pillar at Rome, resemble the modern Wallachians in features, person, and costume. Dacia was conquered; Decebalus would not survive his defeat, and he fell on his sword; his subjects set fire to his town of Sarmizequethousa, and emigrated in great numbers to Sarmatia, and ancient Moldo-Wallachia was annexed to the territory of the Roman Empire. The victorious legions were established there, and colonies were founded, bringing with them the laws and civilisation of Rome; towns were built, roads constructed, and fortresses raised; the proverbial solidity of all Roman works being such, that traces of this connexion between the Danubian states and the then conquerors of the known world, are visible to the present day in their remains, as in the habits and language of their modern population. Their inhabitants had previously led a nomadic life, their only dwellings were covered carts, from which circumstance they were styled Hamaxobii, or livers in wag-gons, as the word implies in Greek, and their sole wealth consisted in flocks and herds; but they were enticed by the Romans to return to their country, and to settle in towns and villages; and a populous city which they erected on the ruins of Sarmizequethousa, the capital of Decebalus, soon arose to commemorate their subjugation, under the name of Ulpia Trajana. The Emperor Hadrian, however, adopted a different policy with regard to the more remote of his provinces, and he determined on not sustaining the influence of Rome over her wide-spread conquests. He destroyed Trajan's bridge, in order to impede the communications which had been established; the Dacians, thus cast off, repudiated their allegiance towards Commodus, and they were finally abandoned by Aurelius. They had attained in the mean time a degree of prosperity which had been hitherto unknown in these regions, and the ancient Russians, commencing even then to exercise their baneful influence, were destined to deprive them of it, and to restore the half-savage state in which they had lived before the era of Roman colonisation in Dacia.

In the end of the third century the barbarians of the north invaded the Danubian provinces. Then, for the first time, appeared on these fertile plains the lawless ancestors of those rude Cossacks who may now be seen galloping through the streets of Bucharest with their lean ponies, carrying the forage which the terror of their long lances obtained for them from the timid and submissive Wallachians of the present day. The Roman legions, which had remained three hundred years in Dacia, soon retired before the resistless impetuosity of the assailing tribes, and crossed the Danube. They rallied for a time in the province of Moesia, which afterwards changed its name to that of Bulgaria, on account of the subsequent settlement of these fierce wanderers from the Volga, also

on the right bank of the Danube; and gradually the extensive and rich valley enclosed by the Carpathian and the Balkan ranges of lofty mountains was completely overrun by the enemies of civilisation. The first relations that existed between the Russians and the Moldo-Wallachians were thus of a hostile nature, and they were signally disadvantageous to the latter; for, besides all the customary evils of a predatory invasion, the loss which befel them through the retreat of the Romans, who had partly civilised them, and had materially enhanced their national prosperity, must also be ascribed to those northern foes now so unaccountably regarded as friends.

The Goths and Huns came next, and they were soon followed, in the general *remue-ménage* of the middle ages, by the Lombards and other warlike rovers, who fell upon the Danubian states and held them successively for several centuries, after having driven back the ancient Russians to their Scythian *steppes*. The Tartars appeared at last, and the remnant of the Dacians which still lingered in the country took flight, crossed the Carpathian Mountains, and settled on their northern slopes, as tributaries of the Hungarian kings. The strangers from the East commenced a gradual evacuation of the provinces, however, in the eleventh century, and their original inhabitants progressively returned to them; but so slowly was this change effected, that it was not until the year 1241 that the latter were definitively established in Wallachia under their chief Radu Negru, and in Moldavia under Bogdan Bragosh. But the Principalities were not founded as they now exist before the end of the thirteenth and middle of the fourteenth centuries: at the former period, in the southern part of Dacia, which had then derived the name of Wallachia from the Slavonic word *wlach*, bearing the double signification of *Italian* and *shepherd*; and at the latter epoch, in the country lying between the Carpathians and the river Puretus, now called the Pruth, which had received the general designation of Moldavia, from the river Moldawa, whose waters traverse it and fall into the Danube near its mouth. Although divided into two independent states, Wallachia and Moldavia still continued undistinguished by the habits, language, and religion of their inhabitants, and unsevered by any feeling of estrangement or of hostility against each other. Being important on account of their position, the alliance of both was eagerly sought by the kings of Poland and Hungary, in the general league which was projected, as a bulwark to protect Europe from the dreaded invasion of the Turks; but when the Principalities were threatened with subjugation by that rising power, they received no assistance from their allies, and their internal weakness and exposed situation offered no means of successful resistance. Mirtsha, Prince of Wallachia, after vain attempts to combat Badjazet I., therefore acknowledged the sovereignty of the Sultan in the end of the fourteenth century; and Bogdan, Prince of Moldavia, soon afterwards became the voluntary vassal of the Ottoman Porte. In virtue of their treaties of surrender, they secured, however, the undisturbed exercise of their religion as members of the Eastern Christian Church;—they stipulated that no mosques or places of Mussulman worship should be erected in their country, and that every native abjuring the Christian faith, to embrace Islamism, should lose his rights in his respective province; and they retained for the Moldo-Wallachians the faculty of electing their princes by the votes of their Boyards and bishops, and of making alliances

with all foreign powers not the declared enemies of Turkey. These several privileges were conceded in consideration of an annual tribute to the Sultan, and of an engagement to sell to the Turkish government, when required, all the produce of the Principalities which they could export after having supplied the internal consumption.

The barbarians of the north, meanwhile, had risen to the rank of an organised nation. They were formed into a regular state in 862, by Rurich, Prince of Novogorod. His widow, Olga, brought Christianity from Constantinople, which capital she had visited, and she was canonised for it, under the title of St. Helen, as she had taken that name at her baptism. The Christian creed thus appeared in Russia later than in any other European country; and it was not until the end of the ninth century that it spread amongst the people, through the mission of an archbishop, by the Greek Emperor Basil, and by Ignatius, the Patriarch of Constantinople; while it was generally adopted by the Russians only in the following century, when their reigning sovereign, Vladimir, was converted by his wife, who was a sister of the Emperors Constantine and Basil of the Lower Empire. The Russians first distinguished themselves in the history of the middle ages by the war waged by Sviatoslaus, the son of Rurich, against the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, whom he forced to pay him a tribute; and the Danubian provinces then suffered, for the second time at their hands, all the horrors of rude warfare, without deriving any other result from the struggle than that of rapine and desolation whenever their country was the field on which it raged.

The sovereigns of Russia first took the title of grand dukes; they next proclaimed themselves as kings, or, in Slavonian, czars; and finally, in the year 1721, Peter the Great assumed the dignity of emperor. Before the latter epoch, the Russian Church was governed by a patriarch residing at Moscow; but Peter abolished that ecclesiastical rank, and appointed a synod of bishops, of which he announced himself to be the head. This circumstance exercised a powerful influence on the Moldo-Wallachians, whose sovereign was then the chief of Islam, for they were easily brought to regard the Czar as the protector of their religion, although he was, in fact, a schismatic; and bigotry blinded the right judgment of the Sultan's Danubian subjects, estranging them from the legitimate sovereign, in whose hands their welfare lay, and drawing them towards a neighbouring potentate of similar creed with themselves, but of widely different secular interests.

Peter the Great radically changed the aspect of internal affairs in Russia, and gave her a degree of importance in her foreign relations which she had never previously possessed. A people, barbarous and unruly, was wrested, as it were, by force and in spite of itself, from its rudeness and rapacity; a country, scarcely inhabited and ill-cultivated, was enriched by agriculture and trade; towns were raised and colonies planted where there had hitherto been nothing but marshes and forests; comparative enlightenment and order succeeded to blind ferocity; a regular, though absolute, administration took the place of a capricious and cruel despotism; and reason arose, to a certain degree, on the ruins of ancient prejudices. All this was accomplished in Russia by the meritorious exertions of her spirited emperor, Peter the Great. The mere power of his will overcame every obstacle at home; and no reformer ever had greater difficulties to contend with. Surrounded by powerful foes,

the Baltic commanded by Sweden and the Black Sea in the hands of the Turks, he understood that the first elements of greatness abroad must be the possession of seaports, from which he might successfully struggle against both these warlike states for the acquisition of political importance. The Swedes were then greatly superior to the Russians in civilisation and military strength, and they were governed by one of the most distinguished captains of Europe—Charles XII.; the Turks ranked amongst the most formidable nations of the world, and the German Emperor, Leopold, had been driven out of his capital, not long previously, by their army of 200,000 men; and the Czar foresaw that all his efforts to combat them would be fruitless, unless he could succeed in making Russia a maritime power. He, therefore, made the attempt with his usual energy and daring, by building a few ships on the river Don, and sailing down it to attack Azoph, which then belonged to the Sultan. His first campaign failed, but he soon commenced another, and it was successful. He thus gained the object of his ambition—the possession of a harbour. He fortified it, and ordered the construction of fifty-five ships of war, as the *nucleus* of a future fleet. He next declared war against the warlike young King of Sweden. Charles XII. proved to him that he had much to do before he could cope with the old monarchies of Europe;—60,000 Russians were totally defeated at Narva by 9000 Swedes.

“They will teach us how to beat them at last,” said Peter; and his prediction was fulfilled. He took Narva by storm. Favoured by Mazeppa, Byron’s hero, who had deserted from the Czar’s army, Charles penetrated into the Ukraine, and laid siege to its capital with 20,000 men; Peter rushed to the relief of Pultowa, and destroyed the Swedish force. This was one of the most important battles in modern history, and its consequences will be felt for ages to come, in so far as the destinies of Russia involve those of the whole of Europe. Had Peter the Great been routed, or even had he fallen victoriously, his subjects would probably have sunk back into that state of barbarism, from which they were emerging only through his personal efforts. His good fortune was not invariable, however, for he soon afterwards met with serious reverses on the renewal of the war with Turkey, and he could only conclude a treaty of peace by restoring the town of Azoph. He afterwards extended the Russian territory still further when the peninsula of Crim Tartary was annexed to it, and the river Pruth became the boundary between his empire and that of Turkey, approaching thus the Danubian Principalities which were then conterminous with his dominions. He also undertook a Persian campaign, after finding a pretext for a quarrel, and he obtained possession of several provinces to the south of the Caspian Sea.

“It is not land I want, but water,” was his frequent exclamation. He attained his object both on the shores of the Euxine and on those of the Baltic, of which he made himself almost the sole master by the appropriation of Ingria and Carelia. When he died in 1725, he left to his successors an empire containing 280,000 square miles, and formed of eighty distinct nations, speaking forty different languages; nor was his work ill seconded by his descendants, for the area of Russia has since been extended to 340,000 square miles; and so rapidly has the population augmented, that its whole amount has now reached 63,000,000, and Dupin calculates the annual increase at no less than 1,200,000. Ever since the accession of that great prince, the ambition of the Russian

government has thus tended towards the acquisition of territory, and that policy instituted by him has been followed by the subsequent heads of the nation with undeviating constancy, ability, and caution; its results having hitherto been the formation and consolidation of an empire equal in extent to the whole of Europe, and the largest state now existing in the world, being nearly 10,000 miles in circumference, 4000 in a straight line drawn from the frontiers of Sweden to the shores of the Caspian Sea, 2000 from its northern to its southern extremities, and stretching across the globe from west to east, without interruption, from the German boundaries to Behring's Straits.

Beside this colossal and still increasing power lay the Danubian Principalities, like pigmies at the feet of a giant. In extent not greater than England, possessing a population only the fifth part of that which they could support, and that population containing none of the elements of national strength—for it is divided between two classes, the affluent and the indigent, the rich being solely addicted to luxury, ostentation, and political intrigue, and the poor being indolent, miserable, oppressed, and degraded—Moldo-Wallachia looked forward to her ultimate incorporation in the growing empire of Russia. Her fertile soil, still as productive as it was when the Emperor Trajan obtained supplies from his 30,000 Roman colonists for the army which he sent against the Scythians and Sarmatians, was a bait for the covetousness and ambition of Peter, for he foresaw of what advantage might be to him the possession of such a resource in his wars with Turkey, so varied are the articles produced in the wooded and picturesque tracts of country near the Carpathian Mountains, and on the bare, flat, and marshy plains towards the Danube. Grain of different kinds, wool, butter, honey, wax, tallow, salt, timber, and salted provisions, were already exported in great quantities to the market of Constantinople; and horses, oxen, hogs, and hides were poured into Germany to a vast amount. Peter did not overlook the importance of monopolising these rich productions for Russia, and he resolved on appropriating them as soon as possible.

The object to be obtained by founding the new capital of Russia at St. Petersburg was in course of realisation by the progressive subjugation of Finland and Bothnia, and the only enemy to be feared in that direction was no longer formidable after the defeat of Charles XII. The enterprising Peter must extend his empire still further towards the south and the east; Constantinople and Calcutta arose in his dreams as the substitutes for St. Petersburg, as the latter had supplanted Moscow, the ancient capital of his ancestors, when they were merely the obscure dukes of uncivilised Muscovy. The rising Russian giant was cramped in his bleak plains and inland *steppes*. He must extend his huge arms towards the sea, to make room in his growing adolescence for the prodigious dimensions of his future maturity. The monarchies of the East—Persia, Khiva, and Bokhara—were rapidly becoming dependent on the Czar, and the feeble bulwark opposed by the Tartars was evidently crumbling to pieces. Asia was doomed, in his visions of almost universal domination. India was marked as an ultimate prey, and European Turkey became the object of his immediate views. He deluded himself into the belief that the Ottoman Empire was crouching powerless before the inevitable and triumphant advance of his own or his successors' arms; and the singular document which he left to them as a political will

proves the authenticity of his grasping and insatiable ambition with regard to the extension of his dominions. A century and a half has hardly elapsed, and it has already been demonstrated to them and to the world how much the power of Russia had been overrated in one respect, and how ill appreciated were the resources, moral and material, of the vigorous Osmanlis.

Peter again went to war with Turkey. Constantine Brancovano, the Prince of Wallachia, agreed to assist him with 30,000 men, and to realise his scheme of drawing supplies for his army from that province. This was the first open act of alliance which grew out of the attachment of the Danubian Principalities to Russia, founded on the sympathies of their common religious persuasion. The faithless prince, alarmed by the military preparations of the warlike Sultan Achmet, soon betrayed the emperor, and the latter was ultimately saved in that disastrous campaign of the Pruth by the address displayed by his wife Catherine in gaining the Grand Vizir, to whom she despatched all the objects of value in the Russian camp, enabling the rash invaders thus to retreat from the once celebrated Jassiorum Municipium, now called Jassy, which they had occupied. Brancovano was arrested at Bucharest, dragged with his family to Constantinople, and beheaded there, together with his four sons. Prince Cantemir of Moldavia, who had openly declared in favour of the Czar, escaped into Russia, and thus eluded the vengeance of the Sultan. The Porte then determined on placing Greeks of Constantinople at the head of the two provincial governments; and, two years after these events had taken place, a new era in the history of the Principalities commenced by the installation of these skilful politicians in the office of Hospodar, as they were now called, from the Slavonic word "gospodin," or lord, and by the formal disfranchisement of the Moldo-Wallachians of their right to elect their own princes.

Here, then, was a direct result suffered by the Principalities in consequence of their attachment to Russia, and it was a most prejudicial result to them; for, from this time forward, they were oppressed and degraded in every possible way through the misrule of the Greeks, who obtained their posts by bribery, and repaid themselves by extortion. The ordinary assessments were arbitrarily raised to an indefinite amount; custom-house duties were levied on the produce of the interior in transporting it to the market, without following any fixed principle; the taxes on live stock were charged ten and fifteen times higher than was legally established; forage was collected for the stables of the Hospodar and his Greek favourites, and for the service of the posts, in proportions which appear quite fabulous; forced labour was imposed on the peasantry to a most vexatious degree, in order to induce them to purchase exemption; grain was required from the wooded districts, and timber from the open plains, for public use, to oblige the villagers to pay their value in money; thousands of patents of nobility were sold; privileges granted according to a tariff; justice was in the market; the inspection of schools, the direction of hospitals, and the charge of beneficent funds, became profitable speculations; and, to complete the demoralisation of the government in all its branches, rank in the police militia was conferred on the highest bidders, who were generally the very malefactors whose detection was the most necessary. This notoriously corrupt administration on the part of the Greeks was encouraged by Russia, who

hoped to see disaffection towards the Sultan arise from the wrongs suffered at the hands of his unworthy nominees; and for a whole century this deplorable condition of the Principalities was maintained by the combination of venality and rapacity which characterised the Greeks, who, feeling no sympathy for the population, served their own corrupt interests, at the same time that they realised the malevolent purposes of Russia, to whom most of them were sold.

At last the Treaty of Kainardjik furnished to the Court of St. Petersburg, in the year 1774, an opportunity of revenging itself on the Ottoman Porte for the humiliation of the Treaty of the Pruth. The Russian government then acquired the right of intervention in the affairs of the Principalities. But that right was, in point of fact, infinitely more limited than its subsequent mode of exercise would lead one to suppose, for it was merely stipulated on this subject that "*le ministre de la cour impériale de Russie à Constantinople aura le droit de parler en faveur de ces Principautés, et la Sublime Porte aura égard à ses représentations.*" These were the feeble and slender foundations on which were afterwards raised the formidable superstructure of active protection and armed occupation. It appears that the Empress Catherine II., who signed that treaty, had formed the project of creating an independent kingdom for Constantine, the second of her grandsons, or for her favourite, Potemkin, which should consist of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia; but the annexation of the latter province to the Russian Empire, which soon took place, gave another turn to the traditional ambition of the Czars.

The revolt of Pasvand Ogler, Pacha of Widin, who ravaged Little Wallachia, drew forth that violent retributive reaction on the part of the Sultan which drove Prince Soutzo and most of his Boyards to take refuge in Transylvania; and Russia then interposed. The result was the publication of the Hatti Sherif of 1802, negotiated at Constantinople by the Russian minister. That document, after recapitulating the previous stipulations with regard to the Danubian Principalities, establishes the right of the Court of St. Petersburg "*de surveiller l'intégrité des privilège garantis.*" This was another step in the career of Russian diplomacy on the banks of the Danube, and she now appeared categorically as a guaranteeing power, and not as the protector which in her conduct she assumed to be.

The peace that ensued between the two great empires did not last long, for the continual and unjustifiable interference of Russia in the affairs of the Principalities called forth from the Porte the spirited measure of closing the Bosphorus to her ships. An army advanced to demand satisfaction, and the Moldo-Wallachian territory again became the seat of war, Russia thus exposing its population to incalculable loss and injury for the purpose of supporting her right to take their part, forsooth, against their lawful sovereign. The latter refused to treat, and determined on accepting the appeal to arms. General Michelson crossed the Niester, took Bender and Chotzim, and entered the capital of Moldavia. He next marched on that of Wallachia, and routed the Ottoman force under Mustapha Bairactar. The inhabitants of Bucharest, deluded by the fair promises of their *soi-disant* protectors, rose against the Turks, and, joining Michelson's advanced guard, drove them from the town. The Russians thus obtained possession of the Principalities. Another army was raised by the Sultan at Adrianople, and he attempted to

recover his lost provinces. He failed, however, and they were occupied by the Russians until the year 1810, when the hostile troops were increased to 35,000 men. The war then became more serious than ever. The pretended friends of the Moldo-Wallachians crossed the Danube, and attacked Rustchuk, a fortified town of Bulgaria. They were there repulsed, with a loss of 6000 of their troops. Shumla, which is called the key of the Balkan, was also besieged and successfully defended. The Turks in their exultation published a bulletin, in which they stated that the number of their enemies' heads which they had cut off was sufficient to build a bridge for them to go to the next world. The contending armies soon met again, however, on the field of battle, and the Osmanlis were obliged to retreat; 20,000 of their soldiers were killed, and Rustchuk was at last taken. The Sultan sent a fleet to attack the Crimea, while the Russians followed up their successes in Bulgaria until they forced his army across the Balkan. Machmoud had, meanwhile, ascended the Ottoman throne, and he speedily retrieved the losses sustained by his more feeble predecessors, Selim and Mustapha. He levied a large force, which he placed under the command of the renowned Achmet Aga, and he sent it to attack the equally celebrated Kutusoff, at Rustchuk. The latter, being unable to save the town, transported the inhabitants to the left bank of the Danube, and set fire to the place. The Turks entered it, and extinguished the flames. They followed the Russians across the river; but Kutusoff, by an able manœuvre, despatched a division of his army to turn their flank, and attack the camp which they had left on the right bank. Being thus cut off from his reserve, Achmet Aga was obliged to capitulate, and the Russians were glad to make peace, as their own country was then invaded by the French, Napoleon Bonaparte's desire to obliterate the recollection of his defeats in Spain by victories in another quarter having led his army across the Niemen. The Treaty of Bucharest was concluded, and the empire of the Czars was extended by the acquisition of all the territory lying between the rivers Niester and Pruth which had hitherto formed part of the Danubian provinces. Moldavia Proper and Wallachia were then evacuated by their dangerous friends, after a disastrous military occupation of seven years, which was the only effect produced on the Principalities by the officious alliance and protection of Russia on this occasion. The traces of the calamities caused by the war were visible long after hostilities had ceased. Pestilence and famine were at the peasant's door; fear and uneasiness invaded the palace. The Turks became an object of dread, on account of the bad faith which had been displayed towards them, and the Boyards expected daily to see their treachery punished. The fortresses were dismantled, and the villagers were obliged to work gratuitously to repair them; and for several years the material prosperity of the provinces was retarded, while the sufferings of their inhabitants were enhanced by a casual mortality among the live-stock, which formed the principal source of their wealth.

The Treaty of Bucharest repeats the expression of the Hatti Sherif, and confirms "*les privilèges garantis aux Principautés du Danube par la cour de Russie.*" Other diplomatic stipulations place the relations between Russia and the Danubian Principalities on the same footing, and none exists of any kind which gives the former the right of *protection*. Facts, also, as well as documents, prove that the assumption of that right on the

part of Russia is unfounded and unjustifiable. Wallachia and Moldavia pay her no tribute or protection-money, as is customary with protected states; they are not bound to assist her in her wars; they are not included in her alliances; and the avowed system of their government is in nowise similar to hers. Russia is, therefore, nothing more than a guaranteeing power; and, as such, she acquires no right to herself. According to international law as interpreted by Vattel—the first authority on the subject—the only duty or function of a guaranteeing power is to maintain the rights of the state to which security has been given; and a treaty which receives the support of such foreign security cannot confer any privileges on the state which grants it, for that state would then become a contracting party, and would cease to be a guaranteeing power. A cabinet, arrogating other functions under these circumstances, openly violates international law, and presents the spectacle of arbitrary interference in the affairs of other states, exercised by usurpation and tolerated by weakness.

The result is prejudicial to the Moldo-Wallachians and injurious to their acknowledged sovereign, the Sultan; the interests of those two parties are identical; and were it advantageous to the former, it would be so likewise to the latter; but the intrusion of an unauthorised protector between a sovereign and his subjects can never be a matter for congratulation; and it cannot, therefore, be called robbing Peter to pay Paul—it is robbing both Peter and Paul to pay another who is no friend to either, and in a species of coin which enjoys the most favoured currency with that other, as there is nothing more agreeable to Russia than a little meddling and mischief-making in a neighbour's dominions. A remarkable illustration of her taste in this respect is afforded by the next historical phasis of any importance in the existence of the Danubian Principalities, which took place about nine years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Bucharest.

When the Greek revolution broke out in 1821, the Wallachians, secretly instigated by Russia, again revolted against their sovereign, in the hope of recovering the independence which they had enjoyed previously to their submission to the Porte. Their attempt resulted in total failure, principally through the inefficiency of their most prominent leader, Prince Alexader Ypsilanti, who was the son of one of the Greek Hospodars, and who held, at the time of the insurrection, the rank of brigadier-general in the Russian army. His jealousy and distrust of a native partisan, who simultaneously took up arms in the cause of his country, and who soon attained equal, if not superior authority in the insurrection, was also instrumental in frustrating the exertions of both chiefs, for, had they acted in unison, they might have obtained some concessions at least from Turkey; but, when the latter perceived that no accord existed between them, she found no difficulty in suppressing the rebellion, and in re-establishing order on the terms which appeared to her most favourable to the interests of Wallachia. The native leader was an officer of Pandours, by name Theodore Vladimiresco, who had served in the last campaign against Turkey; as soon as he heard of Ypsilanti's advance, he went with about fifty Albanians to Little Wallachia, where he succeeded in raising a few thousand men, and then he marched on Bucharest. The Hospodar, Alexander Santzo, had died suddenly, and the Porte had named Prince Callimachi to succeed him. Delegates from the latter, who was still at

Constantinople, arrived in the Principality, and made amicable overtures to Vladimiresco; but he replied that he would not allow the new Hospodar to cross the Danube until a constitution should be granted. Anarchy and confusion ensued; the timid Boyards fled to Austria and Russia; trade and agriculture were abandoned; and malefactors took advantage of the circumstances of the country to commit crimes of all kinds. Russia had thus attained the main object of her policy. Ypsilanti, meanwhile, approached the capital of Wallachia with a band of followers, belonging chiefly to the celebrated Greek conspiracy, known by the name of the Hetairia, and he took up his position at Colintina, the country house of the Ghika family, within a mile of the town. The two chiefs met, but they did not come to any understanding with regard to the future direction of the revolution. They were guided by different motives, and, although they had the same immediate aim in view, there were many points on which they could not agree; Vladimiresco was only desirous of improving the corrupt system of government which had oppressed the Principality, and of raising it from the abject position in which it had lain supine under the abominable rule of the Greeks; Ypsilanti, himself a Greek, and son of a Hospodar, felt no sympathy in such a cause, and was, in fact, employed by Russia for the express purpose of precipitating Moldo-Wallachia into serious difficulties; the Wallachian was by no means hostile to Turkey, provided the fate of his country were ameliorated under her; the Greek was a member of that secret society, whose purpose was the overthrow of the Ottoman power in Europe, and he was the agent of Russia, who was straining every nerve to embarrass the administration of the Sultan in any part of his empire where he could succeed in doing so. The disunion of the two leaders was, therefore, a natural result of the conflicting nature of their respective missions and interests. Vladimiresco withdrew to the convent of Kotrotcheni, and Ypsilanti fell back on Tirgovist, the ancient capital of Wallachia. Russia, following her usual system of conduct in such circumstances, disavowed the operations of her general, after having encouraged him to embark in the enterprise, and Turkey prepared to put down the insurrection. An army of 30,000 men was sent across the Danube under the command of Kiaia Bey, Governor of Silistria. Vladimiresco retired from Kotrotcheni towards the small town of Pitesti. Ypsilanti, seeing this movement, suspected that the Wallachian leader had submitted to the Turks, and that he was endeavouring to cut off the retreat of the Greeks by intercepting them in the rear with the view of assisting the Ottoman force; he, therefore, had him seized at Golesti, on his way to Pitesti, and he ordered that he should immediately be conveyed to Tirgovist. A semblance of a trial took place there; the patriot was condemned without defence or evidence against him, and he was put to death by his rival. Some of his troops joined the Hetairists, and the remainder were disbanded. The rebels were soon threatened with an overwhelming attack on the part of the Turks; their provisions were failing them, and their feeble chief resolved on seeking security in a hurried retreat. The Sacred Battalion alone—formed of enthusiastic young men, belonging to the first families, who had taken that classical title—was eager to meet the enemy. Their desire was consummated at Grageshan, a spot where laurels should spring up spontaneously as at Virgil's tomb, for they fell to a man without once breaking their ranks. The revolutionary army was totally routed, and its general escaped into

Austria, where he died in prison, after lingering several years in confinement.

Thus ended the second episode of Russian benevolence towards the Danubian Principalities, which were left in a state of complete disorganisation, overrun by brigands from among the disbanded Pandours and Arnaouts, the towns deserted, and the country uncultivated. It had one advantageous effect, however, as the provinces were relieved from the corrupt, tyrannical, and arbitrary sway of the Greeks, who were no longer employed by the Turks; and the Moldo-Wallachians have since then been allowed to elect their princes from among themselves; but this boon was not due to Russia, and, indeed, it was contrary to her interests and policy, for the servile and venal Greeks were more useful to her than the native heads of the provincial governments. The Sultan restored this privilege to his subjects, notwithstanding their having revolted against him, and in spite of the opposition of Russia; all former errors were condoned, and the Principalities were reinstated in their pristine enjoyment of native administration. This act of clemency on the part of the Ottoman Porte offended Russia, and a coolness existed for some time between the two cabinets in consequence of it. Prince Gregory Ghika was quietly ruling, meanwhile, in Wallachia; and Prince John Sturza in Moldavia, although neither of them was recognised by the Court of St. Petersburg as a legitimate Hospodar. The misunderstanding between the two great rivals became embarrassing, and at last the Treaty of Ackermann was concluded in 1826, with the view of defining their relative positions. A separate deed was annexed to it, in which the rights of the Danubian Principalities were recapitulated, but nothing material was changed in the conditions of their political existence; and then the long-continued ill-humour of the Czar only procured him another opportunity of professing a friendship towards them, which was invariably belied by his acts.

The peace lasted only two years, however, as war again broke out in 1828, in consequence of the battle of Navarino, that memorable "untoward event," as it was felicitously styled. A Russian army, under the command of Count Wittgenstein, hastened across the river Pruth. On their approach the native princes resigned their authority, and Count Pahlen assumed the reins of government, under the title of President of the Divans of the two Principalities. The unpatriotic Boyards sang pæans in honour of the change; but the people judged truly that it was merely a change of masters without any benefit to them, and the substitution of an imperious foreigner in the place of a lenient native—King Stork had succeeded to King Log—the country was not governed, but militarily occupied; no sufferings were alleviated, and the few remaining prerogatives of the provinces were abrogated; it was the same tale of bricks without providing straw. The great name of the Emperor of Russia was thrown as a cloak over every abuse; his mysterious power, wielded by occult intrigues and secret agents, inspired respect not unmingled with awe, and enhanced the terror of his invading arms, as a mist magnifies the moon. Their success was complete. The Wallachian fortresses of Ibraila, Giurgevo, Turno, and Kalé, held by the Turks, were ably besieged; and several advantageous engagements took place between them and the Russians in Little Wallachia, the native troops of the Principalities being embodied in the ranks of the latter. The operations of the

first campaign terminated with the fall of Varna; in the next, the army, commanded by the notorious Marshal Diebitsch, crossed the Balkans and entered Adrianople, that second capital of European Turkey. Negotiations commenced, and a treaty of peace was concluded. Its fifth article is exclusively on the subject of the Danubian Principalities, and, with its annexed clause, it offers a singular specimen of praiseworthy principles vaunted in theory, which have ever been repudiated in practice; every kind of liberty was nominally secured to the provinces on paper, and none was allowed to them in fact by the self-appointed guardian of that liberty; the northern bear, as usual, played the part of the wolf in the fable taking care of the lamb. An organic law was framed by the Russian dictator, Count Kisseleff; a general and radical reform was proposed; the ancient and defective modes of administration were condemned; a new system was planned. A *soi-disant* representation of the people was instituted, the ministers were declared responsible, a disciplined army was to be enrolled, and regular tribunals, just and immaculate, were to be established. All this was most admirable; but strangers were in possession of the Principalities. An army of occupation and a foreign provisional government were the only practical results, which the Moldo-Wallachians realised after so many illusory projects and promises which had been held out to them; and these two real afflictions were suffered for five years.

In the year 1834, Alexander Ghika, a brother of the last Prince of Wallachia, was placed at the head of the government. Although corruption and oppression still continued to be the principal characteristics of the administration, and little or nothing was altered in the system in spite of all the sonorous phrases which had been uttered on the subject of reform, the new Hospodar was generally admitted to be the best who had ever ruled in Wallachia. His career was, however, cut short by the intrigues of an artful and ambitious Boyard, by name George Bibesco. Favoured by Russia, and backed by a numerous band of partisans who hoped to enrich themselves through his promised connivance at malversation and abuse of office, this bold schemer succeeded in inducing the Assembly of Boyards to sign an address exposing the manifold grievances of the country; these were certainly neither small nor few, and they were undoubtedly far from being unfounded, but they did not then exist to a greater extent than they had done under other Hospodars, and it is undeniable that they had not reached so enormous a degree as they did subsequently, when the principal complainant himself became the Prince of Wallachia. Russia promptly took advantage of a clause in the Treaty of Adrianople which sanctions the dismissal of a Hospodar who has been found guilty of such faults; and she obtained the concurrence of the Porte for the removal of Prince Ghika from his post. George Bibesco was appointed to it in his stead.

An absurd affectation of national enthusiasm, the most profound hypocrisy, and a well-sustained and continual display of a high order of dramatic talent in all his actions, were the most salient features of Prince Bibesco's character as Hospodar. Patriotic pilgrimages to the tomb of Michael the Brave, one of the ancient princes who had distinguished himself by a chivalrous love of his country, and the assiduous distribution of prints of himself in the costume of that warrior chief, were affairs of state with George Bibesco; but, while he was meditating over the ashes

of a dead hero at Tirgovist, like Charles V. in the mausoleum of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and fancying himself a small Napoleon Bonaparte apostrophising the mortal remains of Frederick the Great, the people who had been committed to his charge were examining his conduct towards the living Wallachians, and weighing him in a balance in which he was found wanting. A number of young men, several of them of high rank, who had received their education in the west of Europe, and had drawn a sad comparison, on their return to Bucharest, between the actual state of their country and the results of the enlightened government which they had witnessed abroad, had set themselves apart from the low standard of society in Wallachia, and were canvassing the means of raising the Principality from its deplorable ruins. The consideration of the rich endowments which nature has so prodigally lavished on that favoured land, and the examination of the eminently fortunate disposition of its population, fired their enthusiastic minds with bright hopes of future national prosperity; while the review of the unprofitable manner in which the soil is occupied, and the investigation of the unfair condition of the peasantry, roused a generous indignation in their disinterested hearts against the iniquitous conduct of the majority of the Boyards. The undue influence of Russia, too, became an object for their serious reflection, and they soon conceived the most inveterate abhorrence of that obnoxious power. Gifted with no mean talents, which had been successfully cultivated, supported in their arduous task by untiring perseverance and by indomitable personal courage, and several of them possessing considerable private fortune which they willingly sacrificed in the common cause, they became a formidable party in the state, whose collective enlightenment and individual sagacity were more than a match for the weak, ignorant, and corrupt intellects of those in power. They boldly accepted the mission which seemed to have been assigned to them by the miserable lot of their suffering fellow-countrymen and by their own peculiar circumstances, and they commenced their political crusade with ardent anticipations of success. The first step in the healing art is to lay open and probe the wounds; for this purpose they devoted themselves to journalism, before proceeding to action. They turned over and thoroughly sifted the rubbish of the middle ages, produced by the crumbling fabrics of obsolete institutions, which choked and stifled the growth and development of the prodigious resources of Wallachia. The truth was displayed in an irresistible light, and converts flocked to their patriotic banner. An insurrectionary spirit was spreading rapidly in the country. When Prince Bibesco became aware of it, he was vain and silly enough to suppose that he could guide and use it as a means of personal aggrandisement. In the political convulsions and social wars of 1848, he saw elements of the complete overthrow of both the Turkish and the Russian Empires, and he indulged in the fond delusion that he was the chosen instrument for the foundation of an independent state, of which he would be proclaimed king. His almost open encouragement was the spark which fired the train; none were ignorant of the existence of crying evils, both social and political; a few were known to be active in the search for their remedy; no steps were taken to oppose them; and all were thus prepared for a sudden change. A revolution took place. Its chief cry was "*Faire du fruit du travail un droit de propriété*;" and of a truth, if there be a country in Europe in which such a principle is required, that is Wallachia, where the peasants

are ground down by forced labour for the government and cultivation for their lords, without the faculty of possessing an inch of soil for themselves. Besides this, the correction of flagrant abuses in the administration; a proper and *bonâ fide* representation of the people; the abolition of privileges; and, above all, the expulsion of Russian influence, were aimed at by this movement. A constitution was drawn up with the view of realising the reforms proposed; it was presented to Prince Bibesco by a crowd of the inhabitants who collected around his palace, under the guidance of those who had composed it; and he signed it, accepting all the conditions which were offered to him, in the belief that the change would place a crown on his head. He was soon undeceived, however, when he perused, on the following day, a violent protest which the Russian consul-general, Monsieur de Kotzebue, lodged in the name of the Czar, and, fearing the consequences of assuming the responsibility of what had occurred, he resigned the authority with which he was invested. Perceiving that the game was lost, he threw up his cards, and suddenly left the country in despair. A provisional government was formed by the authors of the revolution; and the herculean labours of reform were commenced.

M. de Kotzebue, meanwhile, had struck his flag and retired from the capital, declining to recognise, or hold any communication with, the new administration; and his colleague, M. de Titoff, the Russian minister at Constantinople, had addressed the most urgent remonstrances to the Porte on the bloodless collision between the people and their rulers at Bucharest, which he denounced as a puerile imitation of the recent rising up in judgment of the paving-stones of Paris, where the streets were strewn with corpses. The philanthropic scheme of abolishing Wallachian servitude by apportioning the land in freehold tenure to the extent which the serfs were respectively allowed to cultivate on their own account, as was the case in many enlightened countries when the feudal laws of the middle ages were abrogated, was represented as a violation of the rights of property; and a horrible picture of the complete disorganisation of society was portrayed in vivid colours to alarm the Sultan, because the pusillanimous Boyards had followed their traditional habit of taking to flight on the first appearance of a violent change. The Ottoman government, therefore, resolved on despatching a delegate to watch over the welfare of the Danubian Principalities, and Solyman Pasha was intrusted with this mission. When he reached Giurgevo, the revolutionary party, anxious that he should receive accurate information with regard to all that had passed, applied to Mr. Colquhoun, the British consul-general, whom they earnestly begged to meet him, as they were well aware that in such hands their cause would be treated with strict justice and impartiality, and their conduct represented with perfect integrity and good faith. Mr. Colquhoun considered it to be his duty to accede to their request, as the agent of England, who is ever ready to mediate in the hope of preventing bloodshed; and he proceeded to Giurgevo. The particulars of his interview with Solyman Pasha did not transpire, but it cannot be doubted that matters were placed in their true light, for a long residence in the country, and a thorough knowledge of the people, enabled Mr. Colquhoun to form a more correct estimate of the facts than any other foreigner at Bucharest, while his neutral position as a disinterested eye-witness of all the recent incidents rendered his testimony more

dispassionate and trustworthy than that of any native; his account of the revolution could not be garbled and distorted like that of the Boyards; and his advice to the Sultan's emissary would not be dictated by any secondary motive, as that of M. de Titoff to the Porte must have been; and, from a British gentleman, Turkey could neither fear to receive the artful misstatements of unprincipled venality, nor the insidious counsels of false friendship. Whatever may have been the tone of their conference, its result was that the existing government of Wallachia was formally recognised by Solyman Pasha in the name of the Ottoman Porte; and, as the representative of the sovereign of the Principality, he addressed circulars to the different consulates inviting them to transact business with it. Russia refused to do so; it did not suit her views that an administration should exist in Wallachia, which was likely to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants; it did not suit her views that a portion of the Turkish Empire should advance in prosperity; and it did not suit her views that liberal institutions should be established so near the frontiers of her own empire. M. de Kotzebue, therefore, still remained at Galatz, whither he had retired, and M. de Titoff renewed his manœuvres at Constantinople with increased energy. He went so far as to suspend amicable relations with the Sultan's government. The latter, unwilling that a war should ensue without having, at least, attempted further to arrange matters, appointed Fuad Effendi, a distinguished statesman, commissioner in the Danubian Principalities, and recalled Solyman Pasha. The new representative of the Porte soon arrived in Wallachia, and he was accompanied by General Duhamel, a Russian diplomatist, who had been employed on two former occasions at Bucharest, and who now returned as commissioner of the Czar. They were backed by a strong Turkish force, under the command of Omer Pasha. The convent of Kotrotcheni, on the outskirts of the town, was selected as a suitable place for their headquarters, and the members of the provisional government were invited to meet the commissioners there for the purpose of considering the state of the country. The presence of the Russian agent precluded the possibility of Fuad Effendi coming to a satisfactory understanding with the reformers; and, after a short discussion, in which it soon became evident that a compromise was hopeless, Omer Pasha marched into the town with the troops. Some resistance was offered by a corps of Wallachians, but it was soon overcome; and the career of the revolutionary party was cut short, after existing only three months. Constantine Cantacuzone, a Boyard in the Russian interests, was named Caïmacam, or Regent of the province; the old system was again installed; and a furious persecution commenced against those who had sought to better the condition of their fellow-countrymen. Some of them took refuge at the British consulate, and many left the Principality under the protection of passports granted to them by Mr. Colquhoun; in this he only followed the invariable policy of England, who extends a generous and fearless hospitality to political exiles of every class, from every country, and in every cause; but the Russian party were so exasperated by it, that they did not scruple to spread the most malignant and calumnious reports on the subject. The British consul-general, however, seems to enjoy that unfeigned respect of the great majority of the Wallachians, as an individual, which so well becomes the representative of a power like Great Britain, and he probably treats with truly English indifference, which is inspired by self-respect,

the idle gossip of a small proportion of them, and the too transparent stratagem of Russian detraction.

Another treaty was concluded between Turkey and Russia, known by the name of that of Balta-Liman; it sanctioned the armed occupation of the Danubian Principalities by Russia, and the residence of her commissioner at Bucharest to further her schemes in concert with her consul-general. The latter returned to his post with the hordes of Cossacks, who immediately rushed across the frontier, and with the herds of Boyards, who eagerly regained their luxuriant pasturage as soon as it was secured by foreign lances from the inroads of the ravenous wolves; disinterested patriotism, liberal institutions, and enlightened administration were then lost; and the previous mode of exercising and undergoing predominant influence was resumed, old abuses were revived, and the prosperity of the country, which had for a moment struggled to rise into existence, again succumbed under the incubus of former years.

A Hospodar was appointed in the person of Barbo Demetrius Stirbey, the brother of the last Prince George Bibesco, and he continues to direct the affairs of Wallachia, with the assistance of the two imperial commissioners. It was never an easy task, but now it has become still more embarrassing, on account of the conflicting interests of the rival courts; it was always a great difficulty for their most serene highnesses the Moldo-Wallachian helmsmen to steer clear of the Russian scylla of usurpation and the Turkish charybdis of open opposition to the Czar, which has been their constant bugbear; but at present it is an absolute impossibility, because the spirited conduct of the Ottoman commissioner obliges them to take a decided course, and the *vis inertiae*, with which Prince Stirbey strives, at the eleventh hour, to combat the dangers of his position, is but the effort of the drowning man to save himself by grasping a straw. The opinion of the most clearsighted is, that the actual state of affairs in the Danubian Principalities will result in a war between Turkey and Russia, and that another and more deadly struggle than any that has yet taken place will soon commence, in consequence of the critical position of these provinces.

History, therefore, proves that the connexion which has existed between the Moldo-Wallachians and the Court of Russia has never been otherwise than most eminently prejudicial to the former; but, in justice to the Czar, it must be admitted that all the evils arising from the exercise of influence by Russia in the Principalities cannot be traced to St. Petersburg; and however unfavourable may be the broad facts of the case, still the imperial cabinet must be acquitted of many charges which are often brought against it, and which might be more equitably preferred against its agents individually, for they naturally keep it in ignorance of those manoeuvres which have merely the personal acquisition of wealth or the indulgence of vice for their object. Thus, the faction of intriguers, who wield at Bucharest the powerful weapon of reputed favour with the emperor, are instrumental in producing great detriment to the welfare of the province, even when they have not the interests of their employer in view; some for the purpose of sacrificing to the Moloch of gain by shamelessly selling their influence to the highest bidders for office, and others in the still baser pursuit of unprincipled profligacy by purchasing complacency with the current coin of patronage; both classes being totally regardless of fitness to enjoy it, and of respectability in the country on the part of

those whom they protect. Besides the baneful effects thus occasioned in the general condition of Wallachia, the tone of society, intrinsically so corrupt that, like the Cities of the Valley, Bucharest seems to be awaiting the fall of fire from above, although there certainly may be more than one just Lot to single out from its inhabitants, is evidently still further lowered by the example of those powerful partisans, who rarely wear that conventional mask of hypocrisy which is the involuntary homage of vice to virtue even in the most depraved communities. Gambling, too, is also encouraged to an inordinate degree by the Russians and their adherents, most of whom are notoriously addicted to that demoralising folly, and, with the aid of ostentation and extravagance, it has reduced almost all the principal families of Wallachia to a state of impending ruin. Of all this it would be unjust to suppose that the cabinet of St. Petersburg is fully informed; but still a degree of responsibility must always rest with it on the score of apparent indifference as to the personal conduct of some of the highest of its agents in the Danubian Principalities; and if, as is contended by many, that indifference be not merely apparent but real—if it be positively the wish of Russia to create disorders of every kind in Wallachia and Moldavia, political and social, material and moral—why, then the proportion of culpability is only the greater.

THE VOICES OF NIGHT.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WHEN the lonely woods are still,
 Oh! how sweet to rove at will,
 When the night-bird's plaintive song
 Floats the ev'ning breeze along,—
 List'ning, in their onward flight,
 To the voices of the night,
 That seem whispering to the flowers
 From a brighter world than ours!
 Hark! what music greets mine ear
 On the breeze, so loud and clear;
 Softer now—yet sweeter still—
 'Tis echo from her distant hill.

Oh! ye voices tell us where
 Dwell ye? in the upper air,
 Or within the caverns deep,
 Are the dwellings where ye sleep?
 Come ye from the coral caves,
 Hidden by the moonlit waves;
 From your regions dark or bright
 Answer, voices of the night?
 Hark! a sound—'tis echo still
 That replies from yonder hill;
 'Tis echo, echo—still,
 Answers from her distant hill!

A GALLANT APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

BY MR. JOLLY GREEN.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehension of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life.—*Gulliver's Travels*.

It may not be forgotten—indeed, I think such a thing scarcely possible—that about three years ago (when some sensation had been excited by the letter of an illustrious Field-Marshal on the practicability of a French invasion) a plan for the defence of my native land was matured and presented by myself to the British public. I then suggested that it would be well for the government to adopt immediate measures for fortifying the Goodwin Sands, and placing that important outwork in such a state of defence as would effectually prevent an enemy's force from landing there, and thus becoming masters of the key to our whole military position, by threatening, or, I may say, blockading, the river Thames in one direction, the British Channel in another, and the German Ocean in a third.

This proposition was not attended to! *Why*, I leave the intelligent reader who remembers the neglect experienced by Columbus, by Galileo, and by Captain Warner, at the courts to which they respectively accredited, to guess. Unfortunately for the welfare of mankind, the history of scientific discovery affords only too many examples of the unworthy jealousy which actuates all governments in throwing cold water on the projects of enlightened individuals; and that I should be another victim to this paltry feeling can excite but little surprise. It is not, however, of my own wrongs, though, in point of fact, they are the wrongs of the Nation, that I desire to speak. The blood that now boils in my veins owes the rapidity of its current to another cause; a tenderer chord has been touched; a softer emotion awakened; it is no longer for ourselves, *as Englishmen*, that I lift up my voice, but for something nearer and dearer to us than ourselves—for our *better* selves, in short—that I now draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. If we seek a motive for preserving our hearthstones, if the lustre of our dining-tables is not to lose its polish, if the buttons on our shirts are still to retain their places, if the rosy wine that we sip is not to lose its flavour, if the tendrils of the vine are still to cling round the oak, if we don't mean tamely to surrender the dearest privilege bestowed on man—that of drinking the healths of “THE LADIES,” whether in the solitude of our chambers or in “the halls—the halls of dazzling light;”—if we care for all or any of these things, if we reverence and cherish, and bless and adore the beaming eye, the ruby lip, the “light fantastic toe” of WOMAN;—then, I say, that the manly hearts of England are called upon to fuse themselves into one mighty agglomerate, whose pulsations shall alone strike terror to the souls of the ruthless invaders who have never yet had the audacity to make their appearance.

My pen being, I will confess it, slightly out of breath, in consequence of the violence of my feelings, I pause before I resume it to explain the reason of the eloquent explosion to which I have just given utterance.

Having wiped the dewdrops from my forehead and renewed the

Bouquet aux Dames with which I scent my pocket-handkerchief, I now proceed, calmly and philosophically, to develop the cause of the mental agony which the reader has just witnessed.

Owing to my prolonged absence on the Continent, I have, for the last month, been sedulously engaged in bringing up any leeway in literature; "reading-up," in fact, to the exigences of the hour, in order that, to use a familiar expression, I might not be behind the time of day. As may easily be supposed, with so much literary food—a good deal of which I have been forced, in a manner, to bolt—my powers of digestion have been pretty well exercised; and were it not that I am a kind of human cassowary or dromedary, able to swallow anything, I might have sunk under the attempt. I pass over the majority of the works which constitute my "cram," to speak of one the contents of which have so rivetted my attention, that, since I read it, I can think of no other subject.

As the historian Gibbon has permitted himself to describe the spot on which he sat when he put the finishing touch to Milman's edition of the "Decline and Fall," so, perhaps, I may be allowed to mention that I was standing before the fire in my study, warming myself after the manner of the generality of English gentlemen, when, amidst a pile of books that had just arrived from Cawthorn's, my eye fell upon a volume arrayed like a bride in the purest virgin white. I concluded that it was a volume of poems, probably dedicated to myself, by some struggling aspirant for fame, and I handled it with the respect which I always show towards the fair sex, and with the sympathy which I instinctively feel for vellum. In opening the book I accidentally missed the title-page, and fell upon that which followed it, bearing the following inscription, laid out in the long and short lines—here a word only, and there a complete sentence—which indicates that one is in the presence either of a dedication or a tombstone.

"To that half of the community, whom it is our happiness to regard, our duty to defend, and who, under the blessing of an almighty power, have, as yet, only read of war, this volume, making known their present unprotected condition, is faithfully dedicated and inscribed by the writer."

"Oh, ho!" said I, when I had got safely through the paragraph, "this is something new, and apparently very pleasant. 'That half of the community'—lovely woman, of course—hm, hm—'regard'—I should have said 'love'—'duty to defend'—very right—'only read of war'—yes, yes, I see—Polybius, Cormontaigne, Vauban, the 'Articles of War,' feminine works all of them—'making known their unprotected condition'—a good idea, well meant, very well meant, frighten 'em to death and then come in gallantly to the rescue—'unprotected'—hm, hm,—'inscribed by the writer.' The writer! One of the *Punch* men, I suppose, woodcuts by Leech, text by Tom Taylor—let's see what's on the title-page."

I turned back and read as follows :—

"The Defenceless State of Great Britain, by Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Dedicated to the Women of England. John Murray, Albemarle-street."

I paused for a moment to consider. A ray of light soon broke in upon me. The subject upon which an illustrious Field-Marshal and myself had already exhausted our inventive faculties, was once more brought before the public! The imminent danger in which we formerly stood, when the French threatened to invade us, because we considered ourselves "done" in the affair of the Spanish marriages—that danger was, then, considerably

augmented, was more imminent still. Nothing was more likely. I had been absent from England for some months. I don't mean to say that war was on the point of breaking out on that account; on the contrary, my return would, in all probability, oblige the enemy to think twice before he set his armies in motion; but what I wish to convey by this allusion to my own movements is, that having been occupied with other diplomatic matters, I had not had the opportunity of inquiring what we were now on the eve of going to war about.

The condition of affairs in Germany was bad; and perhaps it followed as a matter of course, that if France wished to take advantage of the struggle, and recover the Rhenish provinces, the most direct and obvious conduct on her part would be immediately to cross the Straits of Dover. The preparations for war which she was making on the plain of Satory were evidently directed against England; for what other motive could the President of the Republic have in view, when he caused to be distributed among his ferocious troops so many thousands of sausages and cigars? Invaders, now-a-days, understand their business much better than they formerly did; and, instead of pointing to the promised land, like Moses or Hannibal, and desiring their soldiers at once to go in and win, they now stimulate their energies with champagne, and excite them to battle with smoke—at a very respectful distance. So secret, also, are they in their plans, that, so far from giving the slightest hint of their intentions, they allow it to be insinuated that the President's object in smoking and drinking with the *Jeune Garde* is merely for the purpose of attaching the army to his person, and—while in a state of inebriety—hoisting him up on the Imperial throne. But this, no doubt, is what is well understood by the diplomatic world to be, emphatically “gammon.” An army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, “well in hand,” as Sir Harry Smith says, can be moved as readily in one direction as another. Inspired by champagne, and fortified by sausages, what is to prevent the *Prætorian cohorts* of Paris from marching upon Boulogne? And if, as the French themselves say, the President has no chance of becoming emperor there, why should he not make the attempt to put on the purple in London? There is only one reason against his doing so that I am acquainted with—his fear of being dunned by the English tailors, having worn *their* purple too long without paying for it. But, possibly, he might intend to clear his score after another fashion, like his predecessor, Brennus; and if so, I, for one, should scarcely be sorry; for I have paid too many tailors' bills to care much about what befalls the whole tribe. There is another reason also why, for the last three years, the chances of invasion are so great: and this is, the profound tranquillity which France has enjoyed during the whole of that time, and which, as the President's late message assures us, is so likely to last; particularly when we consider how firmly united all parties are,—how fond the Republicans are of the Legitimists, and how sincerely attached to each other the partisans of the *Comte de Paris* and Louis Napoleon. There never, indeed, was a period in the history of the two nations when England had more to fear from her enterprising rival; and this is precisely the view of the question that is taken both by Sir Francis B—— Head and myself.

Our cordial agreement on this point renders what I have to say of “The Defenceless State of Great Britain” a pleasing and agreeable undertaking, though the subject of which it treats is so much the re-

verse. I must, however, do my duty; and if it should happen that, from the stores of my experience, I should add to the fearful illustrations adduced by Sir Francis B—— Head, I can only plead Bottom's apology, and say,

We do not come as minding to content you.

Our author's volume is a bulky one; as indeed it ought to be, being so full of ominous portent; but with the earlier sections it is not my purpose to deal, as the immediate object of the present notice is to bring home to the bosoms of "Belgravia," and other polite quarters of the metropolis, the more immediate dangers that are likely to accrue from the occupation of London by a French force. This is, indeed, the strong ground of Sir Francis B—— Head, and it shall be mine.

Passing over, therefore, those divisions of the work which treat of military and naval warfare in general—though I think I could throw in a few strong touches, if I deemed it advisable to do so—and merely noticing with respect an admirable suggestion by Sir Francis, that this inscription—"Men-traps and spring-guns are set on these premises"—should be written on the cliffs of Dover, in very large characters, which might have the effect of deterring the invaders;—I suppose, with Sir Francis, that the project of invasion has been entertained, and the execution carried out with so much secrecy, that not a single human being—not even the Paris correspondent of the *Times*—shall have been aware of the fact till it proclaimed itself. As the amount of the invading army is set down by Sir Francis at 150,000 men, and as an express train from Paris to Boulogne accomplishes the distance in about five hours,—that is to say, *during the dark, at any season of the year*,—it is obvious that there could be no difficulty in transporting the invading force to their own coast. Sir Francis B—— Head does not state of what troops this force would be composed; but I am disposed to believe that the National Guards of Paris would form a large proportion, so many of them having already visited London, and acquired not only the language of the inhabitants, but an ardent desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with their property.

When once the French army reached Boulogne, they would have nothing to do but cross the Channel. Sir Francis does not say *how*, exactly, merely observing that the 150,000 men "would probably be transported at repeated intervals of six or eight hours," leaving the mode of doing it entirely to the imagination of the reader; the very safest course to adopt when the object is to appeal entirely to that faculty. From my knowledge, however, of the aquatic habits of Frenchmen, who take the water like ducks, particularly when it is salt, and who have no word in their language for sea-sickness, I should say, that if they did not swim across, like Cæsar, with their muskets and swords between their teeth, they would come over in steam-boats, the French government having always two or three hundred vessels of this description ready for such a movement, but lying *perdus* till they are wanted in the capacious harbours of Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe.

It is possible, as Sir Francis says, that when it was known at Portsmouth that the French armament had put to sea—the whole proceeding being based on the principle of a surprise—(an "agreeable surprise," like the farce of that name)—our ships in ordinary might go out to attack it; but, as he justly observes, this would be "utterly useless," when we remember that the ammunition which is served out to the

British navy consists of nothing more than "chalk, stable manure, salt-water, and potash," all "mixed together." While on this branch of the subject, it strikes me that, as soon as parliament meets—if it is ever permitted to meet again—it would be advisable that Mr. Cobden, Mr. Hume, or some other eminent national reformer, should move for a committee to inquire into this fact, and report upon the explosive qualities of the mixture. These gentlemen—as ministers are well aware—are perfectly acquainted with the whole art of blowing-up, and their conclusions would necessarily be invaluable. If the adaptation of the materials referred to should be found to arise from any deficiency of gunpowder in its natural state, I would recommend that the method should be resorted to of the Laputian philosopher, whom Mr. Gulliver found very busy at work calcining ice into that valuable combustible.

The crossing of the invaders without interruption, and their landing without the slightest casualty, being accomplished, the French general, having "no force to oppose him," would march to Blackheath, where, as soon as he arrived, he might exclaim with *Lord Grizzle*,

Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For though we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal!

While, on the other hand, Sir Francis B—— Head, or anybody else equally on the alert, Myself, for instance, might echo the words of *Foodle*, and say,

At length the enemy advances nigh,
I hear them with my ear and see them with my eye.

"From Blackheath," continues Sir Francis, "the French general might offer to the British people peace, or rather dictate to them terms of submission; he would, however, most probably prefer, *à la Napoleon*, to do so in the enemy's capital; and, accordingly, with drums beating, bands playing, trumpets resounding, and colours flying, he would continue his march to London." While the bands are playing "The Rogue's March"—a favourite air with the French troops when set in motion, particularly in a foreign country—I shall be asked, perhaps, what our fellows are doing? I answer, as every man of sense—including our author—would answer, in his own words:

"The wisest course that could be adopted, would be for the army and sovereign to retire to some of our fortified dockyards, or to such other points as should be deemed advisable, and thus to abandon the palaces, the Houses of Parliament, the public buildings, the docks, the shipping, the Bank of England, the press, bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers; in short, the wealth and property, the lives and persons of the inhabitants—men, women, and children—of London, TO THEIR FATE."

Just so—only, for our better security, I think it might be as well for deputations of the bankers, merchants, and others, to wait upon the French general with their latch-keys, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of having their street-doors blown in with real gunpowder. A certain number, also, of wealthy citizens—members, for instance, of the city companies—who felt that they were too rich and had enjoyed themselves too long, might request to be made examples of, and thus add to the general *agrément*. Patriotic individuals of this description, restoring the Paris shopkeeper's placard to its original meaning, might assemble in groups at stated places, with labels round their necks, inscribed, "Here they spike the English;" and that the French soldiers would be

obliging enough to accommodate them, we are fully assured by Sir Francis B—— Head. To attempt a defence like Zaragoza, with a population of only 2,000,000, opposed to an army of 150,000 men, fresh from Blackheath, would be a manifest absurdity; for Sir Francis lays it down as a military axiom, which I, for one, should be sorry to dispute, that no number of undisciplined men can make head for a moment against a military force. The whole of Barclay and Perkins's draymen, for example, if they had not been drilled, *secundum artem*, would be no better than so many sacks of grains; and this formidable force being all we have to rely upon in the event of a row (as we have recently seen), what opposition could the sturdiest population make with only the weapons which chance threw into their hands? Personally, I might feel disposed to select my antagonist, and call him out, after the fashion of *Captain Bobadil*, or poniard him at the risk of my own life; but, on a general principle, this would never do. It is the custom of the inhabitants of captured cities, at least ever since the siege of Calais by Froissart, to go out to meet the conqueror with ropes round their necks and wooden shoes on their feet—in token of slavery and submission; and neither I nor Sir Francis B—— Head see any reason why the old practice should be discontinued. According to all the rules of war, you are beaten even if you don't know it; and nothing is left for you but to grin and bear it.

Here is the actual picture of the situation of this country, painted by the prophetic pencil of Sir Francis :

“The nation would be completely at the mercy of the French general. His demands, whatever they might be, must be complied with. Whatever sums he named, we must pay—whatever colonies he demanded, we must surrender; if he asked for the whole of our fleet in ordinary” (stable manure and all) “we must give it to him; and as it would be utterly impossible for the British people to raise, organise, equip, and officer an army sufficient to overpower him in less than two or three years, he might, during that period, continue his occupation of London.”

It is clear, from the above, that all the French general would have to do would be *to get to London*, and then, like a great spider in the centre of his web, he could sit down perfectly at his ease, with a lease of London in his pocket, and not the slightest chance of being starved out, or burnt out, or kicked out, or being exposed to the least thing that was uncomfortable. He would divorce the lord mayor—perhaps marry the lady mayoress—shave with rose-water, eat plum-pudding and turtle-soup, and for his amusement revive the national drama.

Sir Francis B—— Head does not, indeed, mention these probable events, which to my mind's eye are only too plainly visible; but what he says on this point we shall see, when he has described the manner in which London will be occupied by this formidable French general, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but which, if known, would be like that of Tom Thumb—so terrible, that “giant nurses” would “frighten children with it.” The reader, however, may fancy any name he likes, from “Old Bogey” downwards.

“On arriving at his goal,” observes Sir Francis, “his arrangements, according to the usual system of military occupation, would be, probably, somewhat as follows:—With a view of establishing a *cordon* of close confinement, the bulk of the army would be encamped in the most open, con-

venient, and commanding points in the vicinity of the capital, such as—
1. St. James's and Green Parks; 2. Hyde Park; 3. Regent's Park;
4. Any convenient open ground about Hackney and Bow, and between those and Regent's Park; 5. Deptford Dockyard; 6. Clapham and *Camberwell*; 7. *Brixton* and *Battersea*."

It will at once strike the reader why an immense force should be located in *the neighbourhood of Peckham*. Sir Francis sees the necessity for it, and so, no doubt, will the French general. The former proceeds:

"All large buildings would be occupied—first for hospitals, and then for barracks; efforts would especially be made to obtain cover for all the horses; and as it is quite usual for churches to be taken for such purposes, they would no doubt be so applied. Every officer would be billeted in the nearest and best houses; he would require from two to five rooms, according to his rank, and on exceedingly easy and familiar terms to live with the family."

It is not my desire to add to the apprehensions of my timorous countrymen, but my fair friends in Belgravia must clearly perceive that their part of the town is distinctly pointed at in the preceding paragraph. The *Pantechicon* is the largest building in the vicinity of the parks, unless the French general has an eye to the Crystal Palace; the empty churches—or those that soon will be, when the Decoratives are disgarnished—are St. Barabbas and others; and the nearest and "best" houses are, of course, the Belgravian mansions. Sir Francis is too modest in his estimate of the French officer's wants. I, who know something about those gentlemen, feel satisfied that nothing less than the run of the whole house would content them; and as to the "easy and familiar terms," I am unable to bring myself to contemplate what they might not be made to imply.

Sir Francis then details the precise localities which would be occupied, in order to maintain a communication throughout; he enumerates, I regret to say, every public place of interest, from Millbank Penitentiary (whose present inmates would, of course, be sent back again on the town) to the London Docks, all of which, he says (paying a silent compliment to our architecture) are "admirably adapted for barracks." I need not say that, amongst them, he includes the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square. He then continues:

"These preliminary arrangements having been completed, and with the additional power, by a few shells, carcasses, and rockets, of *burning the whole town to the ground*, if necessary, the French general would, probably, proceed to business."

In order to "lubricate" the lower orders—a French method of giving them the benefit of baths and washhouses—the general would issue a proclamation, announcing that he had come to bestow upon the English people "parliamentary reform, the downfall of the oligarchy, all the objects which the English republicans had at heart, and the liberation of Ireland." But, as these "objects" would scarcely suffice to fill the bellies, or otherwise "lubricate" the lower orders, a share in the plunder of the metropolis would, of course, be added, the permission to enjoy which would, no doubt, be taken advantage of by the population who reside in what Cardinal Wiseman calls his "slums,"—abodes not quite so classical, but almost as full of vice and misery as those which congregate around his own pontifical church of St. Peter at Rome. We see by this arrange-

ment the whole scope and purpose of the invasion, which is not so much to conquer England as to republicanise it, beginning in Belgravia, and ending (let me hope) in Tyburnia. The chief operator in the affair will, says Sir Francis, be a commissary, and if he acts up to what my gallant friend suggests, Belgravia, typifying the fair sex in general, may use these lines—taken from a French version of the song of the “Unfortunate Miss Bailey”—as her epitaph:

Le commissaire fut trop sévère
Envers une fille si grêlée.

After providing food and comforts (!) for the army, by levying taxes at the point of the bayonet, and emptying the shops of Gunter, Farrance, Fortnum and Mason, Morel, &c., the commissary will send for the editors of the leading journals, and briefly inform them that it will be requisite that they should state in the leading article of an immediate second edition, “that although the *aristocracy* are suffering severely, the *people at large* offer no complaint, and that, on the whole, the ‘*morale*’ appears to be favourable to the new system.” In the event of the editor of the *Times*, and the rest, declining to insert this paragraph, even as an advertisement, observe what follows. I have no doubt that it would be performed to the very letter.

“If these orders are not complied with, the commissary, either by word of mouth, or by a *very slight movement of one eye*, directs that the offender be made an example of. Accordingly, with the butt-ends of muskets, the invaluable printing apparatus is smashed, the type cast into the street, and the editor, falling into the hands of the soldiers, undergoes treatment which nothing but the ingenuity, ferocity, and frivolity of a Frenchman could devise. For instance, they will, perhaps, first of all, cut off one or both of his moustachios—strip him—plaster him over with thick printer’s ink—curl his hair with it—dress him up in paper uniform, and ink boots made from the broad sheet; if he open his mouth—‘*Tiens, petit, tiens!*’—feed him with pica; in short, by a series of innumerable and ever-varying strange methods of what they call ‘*joliment arrangé*’ any refractory subject whom they may wish to victimise—our military readers will, we are confident, considerate these *facts*—they would so intimidate the press, that, like every other person in the country, it would be obliged to bend to the storm.”

This picture is no less graphic than faithful, and its fidelity is strikingly apparent to those who are behind the scenes, like myself, and know for a *fact* that all the editors of the London papers wear moustachios. I need not say that they do so to preserve the *incognito* which is so necessary in their position. There is one slight error, however, in the above description. It is not with “*pica*” that their mouths will be stuffed, but with something still more difficult of digestion—they will be forced to eat *their own words!*

Sir Francis has made use of the term “*joliment arrangé*.” I agree with him that it is a most expressive one, and that it will be extensively applied, not only to refractory shopkeepers, who are to have the benefit of the *plat de sabre* on their most vulnerable parts, but to recalcitrant dames, who are to be subjected to the Lord knows what—the motto of the invaders being, “*Booty, Beauty, and Revenge*”—a motto inscribed on the banners of all great conquerors, from Napoleon at Marengo, to

Widdicombe at Astley's. Amongst those who are to profit by these "arrangements," will be "the Chief Commissioner of Customs, and the principal cashiers of railway, water, gas, and all other companies, to each of which the commissary will appoint soldiers to take all the receipts, and out of them to pay wages and salaries sufficient to keep up the supply." There are one or two omissions here, but *when the time comes* I shall be happy to supply the commissary with the names of a few individuals, whose plethoric state demands a touch of the French lancet. I allude to certain directors, bankers, and others, a list of whom I have in preparation.

The section which follows Sir Francis B—— Head's description of the prospective capture of London is devoted to the treatment of women in war, more in a general than in a particular sense. I am no Cossack, and shall, therefore, "imitate the honourable Roman in brevity," observing merely that enough is left unsaid to make the ladies shiver in their shoes; but whether with curiosity or dread, I leave them to discover in the book, which so admirably answers the purpose for which it was written—a purpose which may be inferred from the speciality of the dedication. In reference to this—the author's great object, viz., to instil a wholesome fear into the breasts of the *softer* part of the community, the entreaty of the mad prophetess, *Cassandra*, ought, in my opinion, to be implicitly obeyed:

Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of woe to come;

and for this particular reason, which is singularly applicable to the present (or future—it is all the same) state of affairs,

Our firebrand brother *Paris* burns us all.

The "Groans of the Britons" occupy a portion of the volumes of Sir Francis, which, I confess, I have not had nerve enough to read. Indeed, if any one could see the piles of cambric which have this week been conveyed to my *blanchisseuse*, or get a glimpse at the colour of my nose (which is *Rubens* all over), they would be astonished at the fortitude which I have shown in reading thus far. What I have written has been in the most admiring spirit of the author, whose eloquent imaginings I should have been proud to acknowledge as the brightest thoughts of one who calls himself JOLLY GREEN! But, though agreeing with him in the main, I must say that I do not altogether approve of the plan of defence with which he concludes. It is a question of mere men and money: the horse-marines are to be called out and taught to shoot round corners—the mouth of the Thames is to have a new set of teeth—India is to be fortified—*real* ammunition is to be served out—262,000 able seamen-gunners are to be trained and provided with comfortable lodgings in the dockyards, where they are to sleep with only one eye shut;—these and proportionate equipments in the land-service are to be made, and the whole cost is not to be more than a few millions per annum, which, in the present flourishing state of our finances, will be given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer before they are asked for. Indeed, without having recourse to an increased income-tax, Sir C. Wood has, I understand, the sums requisite at this moment in his possession, for I am credibly informed that the amount of conscience-money that has accrued

since the publication of the last budget is so great, that he entertains the idea of paying off the national debt with it. I do not, therefore, absolutely disapprove of Sir Francis B—— Head's scheme, which I know will give so much pleasure to my friend Mr. Cobden,—but I have an amendment of my own to propose, which forms the gist of the present article, and has supplied me with its title.

Instead of raising so many hundred thousand men—mere lubbers, as Sir Francis has clearly shown—let ministers at once make an appeal to the ladies !

Most of us, in our early days, have read of the AMAZONS. What is to prevent us from going back to the dreams of those early days, and realising them on the spot? In a word, LET THE DEFENCE OF ENGLAND BE INTRUSTED TO THE LADIES. With Frenchmen as their antagonists, no one can doubt on which side victory would speedily declare herself.

One word more. Sir Francis B—— Head has satisfactorily proved that we are to have an invasion. “The French nation,” he says, “under a tempest of violent passions, has for some time been playing a game of desperate expedients, the last card of which—*it matters not who holds the game—must* be the invasion of England.”

This is explicit enough as far as it goes ; but although there can be no doubt that the event will come off, Sir Francis has not told us *when*.

I am happy to have it in my power to be able to state, from *exclusive information* which I happen to possess, that the invasion, whenever it is determined on, will take place ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

POEMS ON A TOUR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF “FREDERIC HALM.”

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.—FAREWELL.

I've seen the maid I lov'd once,
Clasp'd by another's arm;
I've seen the lip I kiss'd once,
With other kisses warm.

I've seen the hand I press'd once,
By other fingers press'd;
The glance that on me beam'd once,
Upon another rest.

Beloved, I must tell thee,
My love for thee was true.
Now, go where'er thou pleasest,
For ever, love, adieu.

II.—WINTER'S NIGHT.

There's darkness all around me,
And in my heart still more;
There's icy cold around me,
And in my heart still more.*

The spark of fire poetic,
The spark of starry light;
Can make the night no warmer—
They only make it bright.

III.—FULL MOON.

One evening we were grieving
That we must part so soon,
Then, as a lasting keepsake,
My love gave me the moon.

And said: “My eyes remember,
Whene'er she nightly beams;”
And said: “My tears remember,
When mist her lustre dims.”

I gazed upon the pale moon
For many a long, long night;
I thought upon her sorrows—
Upon her eyes so bright.

* This repetition of the same word for a rhyme is in the original.—J. O.

But, ah! my love, what did she,
While thus I sat and sigh'd?
She left me in my moonbeams—
Became another's bride.

IV.—BY THE BROOK.

Little brook, whence comest thou?
"I know not whence I'm flowing."
Little brook, what stream seek'st thou?
"I know not where I'm going."

Heart, my heart, what troubles thee?
"I know not what can tease me."
Heart, my heart, what wishest thee?
"I know not what would please me."

V.—IN THE MINSTER.

Within the vaulted minster,
Where lamps so faintly shine,
I saw a woman kneeling
Before a holy shrine.

Her eye—that bright blue heaven,
Was tow'rd's the image rais'd;
Like pearls upon her eyelid
Tears trembled as she gaz'd.

Her cheek was slightly redden'd,
Her soft lips lightly play'd,
Her hands, devoutly folded,
Upon her heart were laid.

She knelt, to pray'r abandon'd,
By rapture overcome,
In pilgrim's garb, an angel
Who sought a heav'nly home.

But I—a thought came o'er me,
A thought like Eden's bliss;
"Oh, surely she must love well,
When she can pray like this."

VI.—IN THE WOOD.

Birds upon green branches swinging,
Poets on the moss so green,
Both their merry songs are singing;
Birds upon green branches swinging,
Poets on the moss so green.

All their songs of love are telling,
And the sound is soft and sweet
Through the air so lightly stealing.
All their songs of love are telling,
And the sound is soft and sweet.

Merry bird and poet-lover,
Ah! you only sing in May;
May, alas! so soon is over.
Merry bird and poet-lover,
Ah! you only sing in May.

VII.—ON THE LAKE.

Now comes the hour of evening,
The Nixy seeks repose;
Her bed's beneath the waters,
The mists above her close.

Along the bank to light her,
The gentle moonbeams creep;
The evening bells are ringing
The weary one to sleep.

Now hark!—around the waters,
How whispers softly play;
The sleepy waves and rushes—
"Good night—good night"—they say.

VIII.—IN THE GARDEN.

Against thy door I'm knocking,
Come out, my dearest, come,
And find for me a nosegay
Of all the flow'rs that bloom.

Take mignonette and lilac,
The bright narcissus, too;
Then tulips add, and jasmin,
And violets so blue.

Take all excepting roses,
For those elsewhere I seek;
I pluck them from thy lip, love,
I pluck them from thy cheek.

IX.—SERENADE.

Ye clear blue eyes, good night, good night,
Be clos'd for some fair dream,
And clearer wake, when morning's light
Adorns the clouds with golden seam;
Ye clear blue eyes, good night, good night.

Ye rosy lips, good night, good night:
Its cup of glory shuts the rose,
Whene'er with stars the heav'ns are
bright;
Thus, thus, in lovely silence close,
Ye rosy lips, good night, good night.

Thou lovely face, good night, good night,
For how should we day's absence feel
While still thy beauty is in sight;
In pillows soft thyself conceal;
Thou lovely face, good night, good night

X.—MEADOW AND WOOD.

See, bright-green is the meadow,
And darksome is the wood;
And still I love the meadow,
And still I love the wood.

The fair one or the brown one,
Which lov'st thou most, pray tell;
Nay—much I love the brown one,
And love the fair as well.

XI.—IN THE CONVENT.

She stands within the cloister,
Blossom-white is her gown,
The monk is standing by her,
Clad in his garb of brown.

Young spring with all his lustre,
Seems on her cheek to glow,
The monk looks like the winter,
With beard of driven snow.

With youthful hope and gladness,
Her soft eyes brightly gleam;
But oh! no more with pleasure,
The monk's dull eye can beam.

A smiling, careless infant,
She greets the days to come:
He's weary of life's desert,
And longs to rest at home.

She kneels; against his garment
Her fervent lips are press'd,
His aged hands to bless her,
Upon her fair head rest.

They form a perfect picture:
But I—I cannot bear
To see life's rise and setting
Together brought so near.

XII.—AFTER A STORM.

From the gloomy mountain hollow,
Now the storm at length has pass'd;
Mist, like curling smoke arising,
Over all the vale is cast.

Gently folding o'er the landscape,
As it were a sleeping child,
While the morn looks down upon it,
Like a mother's eye so mild.

Now the clouds of night conceal her,
Now I hear the rippling stream,
Like the kiss with which the mother
Leaves her infant—does it seem!

XIII.—BEFORE A SAINT'S IMAGE.

Batter'd by storms and broken,
Its head a pillar rears,
From yonder gloomy forest;
A garb of moss it wears.

A holy image sadly
Looks from that resting-place;
Maim'd are its limbs, no longer
Its features can we trace.

Too many suns and winters,
By turns that image bore;
The rustic passes by it,
And moves his hat no more.

The pilgrim hangs no garland
On that dishonour'd stone,
Devotion has departed,
The Saint's old glory's gone.

Yet man's forgotten off'rings
Kind Nature has replac'd;
With ivy and wild roses
The image she has grac'd.

XIV.—BY THE RIVER.

Upon the sand I wander,
Along the stream I go;
I see the glassy waters
Before me swiftly flow.

I see the mighty vessels
As they rush proudly by,
And in the meadow's bosom
I see the green spring lie.

While all is life around me,
I linger on the strand,
The waves are wafting others:
I cleave to the dull land.

XV.—RECOVERY.

I lov'd, but whom I know not,
Her form is lost to me;
Still two black eyes that sparkle,
Methinks I yet can see.

And two red lips beneath them,
That smiling, seem to say,
"Poor youth," with tone of pity,
And pearly rows display.

A pair of tiny feet, too,
Before me tripping, pass,
And this—of my beloved,
Is all that's left—alas!

I lov'd, and then I fancied
For ever it would be;—
Thus billows find their level,
A plain becomes the sea.

T R E G A G L E:

A Cornish Legend.

BY FATHER POODLES, P. P.

I.

THE ABBOT OF ST. NEOT'S AND HIS STRANGE GUEST.

WHEN Alfred came into Cornwall, he was taken uncommonly sick—having eaten too many pilchards, most likely—and turned aside out of his way to rest at a place now called St. Neot; and, being after a time recovered, he in gratitude founded a monastery there. Now St. Neot, who was the son of Ethelwolf, was highly favoured, according to all accounts, and, after being persecuted—like everybody else who is fool enough to benefit the ungrateful human race—was obliged to remove from Glastonbury into Cornwall, and settled himself in a little retired spot, where he might end his days in peace. The place he selected is in the hundred and deanery of “West,” about eight miles north-east of Lostwithiel (which meaneth, in Cornish, the “lofty palace”—Les-Uthiel, or Les-hual—and not, as Mr. Carew, without the slightest foundation, has been pleased to say “a Lion’s Tail!”), about the same distance from Bodmin, and about five miles “west-nor’-west-westerly” of Liskeard.

Well, it appears that the good St. Neot, and his servant, Barius, took up their abode at this place, where the people soon found the saint out, for he had such miraculous powers, that when he first arrived at the place, a spring of water suddenly burst forth for his own peculiar benefit. This spring gradually became a pool, and unfathomable, and rose and fell with the tide. (Some miserable member of the Hydrochloric-Universal-Intermitting-Consqueeing Society of Knowledge has had the impudence to assert that it is only two or three fathoms deep, and that the tide has no influence on it; but we scorn his insinuations.) Besides, he managed to get extraordinary power over a certain gentleman who shall be nameless; but this is easily accounted for; for while St. Neot was a monk at Glastonbury, St. Dunstan was abbot. Now St. Neot, it appears, was only allowed to take one fish at a time from the pool, lest he should be tempted to eat too much at once. However, in spite of all this, he fell sick, and for many days took no food. Alarmed for his safety, his servant, Barius, hastened to the pool, and caught two fishes, thinking to boil one and broil the other, to suit the sick man’s palate. The good saint was struck with horror at the deed, and desired the “briled” and the “biled” fishes to be taken back, when, to the astonishment of Barius, as soon as he threw them into the pool, they became alive, and none the worse for their warming. And we have little doubt that, if any worthy followers of “old Isaac” will fish in this sainted pool with sufficient patience, they may catch some of the descendants of these two fishes, ready broiled and boiled. One thing is certain, that Dosmerry—or, as it is sometimes called, Dusherry—is said to be never dry.

But this is only a prelude to our legend.

Many years after the good St. Neot had been gathered to his fathers

the great Earl Alric, at the instigation of his wife, Ethelfleda, founded a religious house at Eynesbury, in Huntingdonshire, and nothing would satisfy the earl's lady but she must have the sainted bones of St. Neot; but how this was to be managed was not so easy, for the monks of St. Neot would rather have died than lose the remains of their founder.

It was late at night. The holy fathers had long retired to rest, save one or two delinquents, who, for some act of disobedience, had been sentenced to remain on their bare bones in the chapel till morning. The superior was snug in bed, having taken a composing draught, which, though generally believed to be a nauseous compound of herbs, had still a miraculous power of always leaving in the silver flagon a most enticing perfume of mulled wine and spices—a delusion of the Evil One, no doubt, in order to bring scandal upon the holy abbot. Attempts of the Old Gentleman are by no means uncommon. It is passing strange, how often during Lent the monks smell of roast shoulder of mutton! Such delusions should never be attended to, as every one is perfectly aware that the holy fathers mortify themselves, during that portion of the year, upon fish, eggs, and vegetables. Suddenly the gate-bell of the monastery was violently rung, and the porter for the night, brother Ambrose, hastened to the wicket and demanded who was there.

"One who asks food and shelter for the night. You shall be paid well for it."

"We do not receive pay for hospitality," answered brother Ambrose; "but who are you?"

"A stranger from foreign parts," was the answer, "wet and cold."

"Our door is never closed against the houseless and wanderer," said brother Ambrose, unlatching the wicket, and holding up his lantern to obtain a view of the visitor.

A rude push sent poor brother Ambrose staggering against the wall, and, to his surprise, a knight in complete mail entered. The stranger's visor was down, and his armour from head to foot was black.

"Give me some food, good brother," he said, "for I have not broken my fast."

"Follow me, sir knight, to the refectory, where your wants shall be supplied."

The clanking of armour, as the knight followed brother Ambrose, echoed in the cloisters. Such a martial sound had not been heard for years in that peaceful abode.

The Black Knight was then supplied with refreshment, and conducted to the dormitory set apart for travellers; but on that night no sleep visited the eyes of brother Ambrose. Who could the stranger guest be? He was evidently not one devoted to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, for the symbol was absent from his shoulder. And the wind, as it rushed over the turreted roofs of the monastery, and whirled in every nook, and howled through its long dark passages, seemed to the frightened Ambrose a supernatural voice.

At noon the next day, the Black Knight was introduced to the abbot.

"By what name shall we call thee, sir knight?" replied the abbot. "We well know it is the custom of gallant warriors, whilst remaining under a vow to perform a gallant deed, to conceal their real name for a time; but, nevertheless, there is some appellation by which they are distinguished, and I would fain crave that of my guest."

"Why," replied the knight, in a careless tone, "I'm pretty well known, though by various names. The people of this country call me 'Gwenz,' that is, 'the wind,' as you well know."

"Well, Sir Gwenz, since that is your title for the sake of the honour of having so noble a guest, I will relax somewhat from my usual austerity; but this being a day dedicated to St. Anthony Lephtusaull, who bequeathed, in his will, all his property to our holy house, I may not relax my usual observance of the day till after vespers, when, as I know you gallant knights love good cheer, I will show you that our house is not niggardly on befitting occasions. Meanwhile, if you wish to join in our devotions, a place shall be assigned you in the chapel."

The knight was heard to mutter something about "burnishing his armour, and looking after his horse."

"Nay," said the abbot, "I do not enforce our rules upon our guests; and till the time of evening refection I will leave you to yourself. There is much to admire in the surrounding country—at least, there used to be, for I have been too infirm, from following the rigid rule of our house, to leave it for these many years."

The Black Knight bowed and retired to the apartment appointed for his use, and shortly the bell of the monastery was heard summoning the brethren to prayer.

II.

SHOWS WHY THE POPE WILL NEVER HAVE POWER IN CORNWALL.

THE night was dark, and mists were rising from Dosmerry Pool. The monks were still at their devotions, when two persons, approaching from opposite sides, drew near to the edge of the water. A flash of lightning showed them to be the Black Knight, and Tregagle, the steward to Trevordor.

"Thou hast kept thy trysting," said the Black Knight. "It is well for thee."

"I know not whether it be well or ill."

"Thou hast gone too far for consideration," replied the other.

"Give me but revenge on the proud monks who would not have me for their steward, and I care not."

"Well, thou knowest the terms. To-night thou must decide. Now, OR TEN YEARS HENCE."

The storm was hushed—a calm and soothing breath of air came stealing over the pool; the moon, till then hidden in murky clouds, shed her beams upon the landscape.

"Now, or ten years hence," repeated the Black Knight, in tones so different from his former voice, that made Tregagle start.

Tregagle reflected. The monks had refused him for their steward; he had been taunted with it; his pride was hurt, his spirit was revengeful.

"I will!" he answered.

The calm breath of air became a whirlwind; a flash of lightning illumined all around—a heavy peal of thunder shook the ground—and the waves of the agitated pool flung their spray on the Black Knight and Tregagle.

"Thou wilt be in the chapel at midnight?" said the former, as he departed.

Merry were the sounds that greeted the Black Knight's ear as he entered the refectory of St. Neot's. The tables were spread with many an ancient dainty; and flagons of comforting liquors stood, here and there, like sentinels, to see that each toper did his duty. Wax-lights were placed in sconces against the wall. At a cross-table, on a dais raised from the other portion of the refectory, sat the abbot in a high-backed and softly-cushioned chair. On his right hand was a vacant seat.

"Thou art somewhat late, 'sir knight," said the abbot, testily; for, like most elderly gentlemen, he was of the opinion of the renowned Dr. Kitchener, that "it is better for the guests to wait for the dinner, than the dinner to wait for the guests."

It so happened that among the lay brethren who attended in the refectory, were two men, natives of the county. The one was tall, with a very large nose, and for some reason or other had been termed the Doctor. He was very good-natured generally, but withal of a quick temper. The abbot and the monks put up with his peculiarities, and were rather amused with them than otherwise. The other was a thin, weasened old man, never in a good temper, and, as he well knew, was never a favourite with the brethren; always suspicious, and, above all, hated the Doctor. His name was Bodrane, which means, in Cornish, "The thorny dwelling."

The abbot rose from his seat, and each monk, crossing his arms upon his breast, stood in profound silence.

"Agimus tibi gracias, pro his, et ceteris, beneficiis tuis, per——"

The knight, in the performance of his devotion, bowing down his head too low, upset one of the huge flagons before him. He hastily apologised, and the abbot and the holy brethren sat down to the repast, seemingly little heeding whether the grace had been concluded or not.

"Sir knight," said the jovial abbot, as he plunged the knife into a fat and juicy haunch, "this is a joint, I trow, thou didst not see in the Holy Land?"

"No, lord abbot," returned the knight; "but I have seen what pleased me more."

"And what may that be, sir knight?" rejoined the abbot. "The haunch of a swarthy Saracen, no doubt, whose heretical hide was worth all the venison in Christendom?"

"No," said the knight, carelessly.

"Some purty wench, I'll be bound," whispered the Doctor to his neighbour.

Just then a stir was heard at the end of the hall, and a monk approached.

"Ah, here comes Father O'Corrin," said the Doctor; "I met him on his way to Les-Uthiel, where he was going to confess the rich widow of Cairnzew. Good advice he would give her, no doubt. Did Father O'Corrin ever tell you, most holy abbot, why the 'Pope will never have power in Cornwall?' It is a strange, heretical legend; but the father affirms it is as true as the keys of St. Peter."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the abbot, knitting his brows. "We must hear the legend, and judge for ourselves. Relate it to us, Father O'Corrin; it may amuse our guest."

"Oh, yer riverince, I'm fatagued somewhat with my journey; but if it is your riverince's pleasure—it's a short story—I'll tell it. But per-

haps your riverince will jist let me have the laast taste of that cup, for I am clean gone, as it were."

The holy father received the goblet at the hands of the Doctor, and having taken a sip, to try if it were the *lac acidum* of ordinary days, swallowed a hearty gulp, which seemed much to refresh the inward man.

"Well, your riverence, there was once a blacksmith, an unbelaver in the holy church—may God forgive him, ef it's possible!—that lived at a heretic place called Carbis Water, becasse there was a dirty bit of a tin strame jist by. Well, somehow or other, by the help of the evil one, he had got a translashun of the Holy Scriptures. But it happened, one day, jist as he had turned away Father Simon, and jeered at the image of the Holy Virgin which he carried, and which was made of the best china clay from the pit not many miles from the heretic's door, that the evil one came to his forge, and said, 'Pather, ye'll jist come along wid me.' 'Whaat's tha foosing about?' says Pather. 'I'll till ye what it is, my frind,' says the decaver; 'ye've had yer run, and ye'll jist come away now.' 'Why,' says the blacksmith, 'en coose it's aal right, sure enough; but es a fitty now to go for to take a man, as it wor, from es childern, and not say, How ar' 'e? Now, es that fitty?—now, essa? Es a roight, thenk 'e? I always thoft you was a gentlemen.' 'Umph!' says the decaver—'but my frind, this won't do.' 'Well,' says Pather, 'ef a moost be, why a moost, a s'pose. But will 'e jist grant me thraa thengs like, and—and caal agen to-morra?' 'But what are the three things my frind?' 'Why, ye see, I waant a bit o' revenge like; and tha chaps do juke me about my anvil. Now, I do waant 'e to graant that whoever do sit on that anvil shaant cum foorth without I let him.' 'Oh!' exclaimed the decaver, 'I'll grant that, and I'll call again to-morrow.' Well, the very nixt day, shure enough, he came. 'Now, thin,' says he, 'off wid ye, body an' sowl.' 'Fatla ello why geil?*' said Pather, for he understood the language mighty well; and I suppose, in his ignorance, he thought that the divil didn't know Cornish; but to his surprise, he answered, 'Dah, durdalatha why, deer ubba do.†' 'Giwell gerres.‡' 'Ha! ha! dendle peath a'n heaze,§ eh?' 'I caant coom, I caant—I waant—theer now,' exclaimed the blacksmith, running round the anvil. The ould villin, to catch him, wint to jump over the anvil, an' slipped his fut, and sot upon it, an' was in course fixed by his thraty, yer riverince. Oh, how the ould one did roar! They say he was heard beyond—why——"

"I heerd him away here, yer riverince," interrupted the Doctor. "I said to Brother Bodrane here, says I—'De ye hear that?'"

"Ave Maria, ora pro nobis," exclaimed the abbot.

"Well, yer riverence," continued Father O'Corrin, "when the decaver found how he was situated, he discovered it was mighty unpleasant, and says he, 'Pather, it's a mighty dirty trick this of yours, now—it's an ungrateful bast you must be, to be sarving yer bist frind in this way.' 'Well, now,' says Pather, 'I tell 'e, yer clunked down on tha anvil, and theer ye'll stay till tha da o' judgment, ef tha dosn't agree to whaat I say.' 'Well, Pather, but what is it? I want to get off.' 'Ess, in

* "How do you do?"

† "Better left."

‡ "Well, I thank you; come you here."

§ "To get the wealth of the world."

coorse ye do; why now, I'll tell 'e. In the first place, I wish my braath ma aalways be pea-soup.' 'Well, I'll grant that.' 'And next, that my wife may never have fower-and-twenty childern.' 'Well, I'll grant that; that's two—now for the third. Be quick, Pather, I want to be off, for this cursed anvil is mighty cold.' 'Iss, s'pose a is; but esna a chaange for 'e, eh? Why, tha third. Lord-a-massey, why I've had two aalready.' 'Yes—yes; come now, what's your third wish?' 'Why,' says the heretic Pather (nivr a thing did he say, your riverince, but), 'MAY THE POPE NEVER HAVE ANY POWER IN CORNWALL!' 'You are the greatest bast I iver met with,' says the divil. 'What do you think will become of me, if I allow that? No,' says he; 'if I sit here to all eternity, I'll never agree to that.' 'Well, if you waant,' says the heretic, 'I caant help it; but here goes. I'm going to forge this shoe,' and accordingly he takes out a red-hot horseshoe, and putting it mighty close to the sitting part of the decaver, begins to hammer away, sending the sparks flying about in all directions. 'Pather, Pather, be quiet; take away that abominable horse's-shoe, it is singing my situpons' already. Eh—ah, be quiet, I'll—I'll——' 'Oh, tha needn't git in sich a foos; theest stay there shure enough—tha Pope or tha breches.' Bang went the hammer, and away flew the sparks, some into the decaver's eyes, some in his whiskers. 'I'll grant it—stop, stop!' 'You will, will 'e?' Another bang. 'Yes, yes.' Pather thin stopped, yer riverince, and the decaver took his departure, laving a mighty great smeetch of singed cloth behind him; and it's now the heretic is wanting absolution, for he thinks when the decaver comes agin he'll take mighty great care not to sit on the anvil."

"I'm very much obliged to you, holy father," said the Black Knight; "but still I don't see what this story has to do with the 'keys of St. Peter.'"

"Why, noble sir, it is jist this, that the fellow says his anvil is bether thin the kays thimsilves, for they ounly bind and loose people, but his anvil will bind the divil hisself; and as for his saying that his holiness, the Pope, should have no power in Cornwall, why the decaver can't prevint it."

"Perhaps he wouldn't if he could, holy father," said the knight.

The Doctor gave a most audible chuckle, and poked old Bodrane in the ribs.

III.

THE STONE COFFIN.

THE bell of the monastery had just struck one, when a figure was seen to emerge from a small door in the chapel, which opened into the conventual garden. The door was carefully closed, and the figure vanished. Then it was seen again, just where the clouded moon was shining through the richly-stained window above the altar.

"Yein!" muttered Tregagle; for it was he. "I've haaf a mind to——"

"What!" said the Black Knight, who was by his side.

"Oh, I——"

"Fool! there is no time to be lost. Here is the stone that covers him. Wrench it up; then bear away his bones to your patron, Earl Ulric, for he will have no peace till he has satisfied his wife, Ethelfleda."

Tregagle pulled and pulled at the stone, but could not raise it.

"Cusn't thee help?" said he to the Black Knight, who, thereupon, touched the stone with his foot, when it arose and disclosed beneath it a deep chasm.

Tregagle stared at the Black Knight, and recoiled from the damp, earthy smell which ascended from the long-closed pit.

"Descend," said the Black Knight; "the coffin lies twenty feet down."

"But, how? Does tha thenk I'll braak ma neck?"

"Look on the left, and you will see steps."

"Will you go too?" said Tregagle, half doubting whether the Black Knight would venture.

"Fool! do you think that *I* fear dead men's bones? Follow me."

"But how shall we see?" asked Tregagle. Scarcely had he spoken, when, from the top of the helmet of the Black Knight, there gushed forth a jet of light, small, but clear, and sufficient to enable them to see where they were going. Tregagle followed, with slow and cautious steps, his knees shaking, and his whole frame trembling. At last, they reached the bottom, where they beheld a stone coffin.

Around the coffin was a black and unctuous pool, and through it small things like eels were moving about sluggishly. On the lid of the coffin sat a huge black toad, grown, from old age, to a monstrous size.

Tregagle shuddered.

"A brave grave for sainted bones!" laughed the Black Knight. "Could the poor, miserable, deluded fools see this—ha! ha! ha! They kiss the relics—they hug them—they bow down and worship them—they travel far to behold them—but they never saw the rotting of the foul carcase that once enclosed them. Open the coffin, if thou wouldst have thy prize."

Tregagle, hardly knowing what he was about, approached and raised the lid. It fell over the side, and splashed into the loathsome pool. Within the stone coffin was a skeleton, covered with the dust of ancient robes. Tregagle hesitatingly put forth his hands. The instant he touched the bones, a sheet of flame burst forth that blinded him, a heavy peal of thunder rolled through the building, and the wretch sunk to the ground. When he awoke, he found himself on the floor of the chapel; slowly, for he could hardly crawl, he crept out. The moon was shining brightly, and all seemed calm and beautiful. A moaning sound was heard, and whispers seemed all around to mutter, "Gwell gerres!* gwell gerres!"

IV.

ALBERT PENKIWELL.

It was evening, and the sun had just disappeared behind the distant hills to the west of Trevorder, or Tre-vor-dour, which meaneth, in the old Cornish, "The town, or dwelling-place, by the great water." Trevorder is situated in the parish of St. Breock, who is supposed to have been born in Ireland about the fifth century. Advancing in years, St. Breock acquired such a degree of fame in the Christian church, for his opposition to Arianism—a heresy which at that time distracted the

* Better left.

Latin church—that he is reported to have been chosen Bishop of Armorica, in which part his name is no less familiar than in ours. Being, however, obliged to fly from the persecution which raged, he sought shelter in the island of Guernsey, where, according to some accounts, he died, and where his remains lie buried. It does not appear that he ever visited Cornwall.

Trevorder anciently belonged to the family of Tregago, or Treiago; and, at the time we are speaking of, it was the property of Tregagle, who lived there. A strange old place it was, with its grey low granite walls and thatched roof, for in those days tiles and slates were not over plentiful.

It was just as the last ray of the setting sun was tinging trees and hills, and tops of houses and corners of chimneys, with that roseate colour which none but Mr. Danby can paint so well, let the critics say what they will, that a young girl might be seen standing in the old porch. Her hair seemed to have been neglected, for it floated long and dishevelled in the evening breeze. She seemed uneasy, and her anxious eye glanced frequently along the pathway that led from the house in a winding direction over the distant hills.

“Oh! my poor father,” she exclaimed, “where can he be? He has never been out before all night without telling me. What can have kept him? Something has come over him lately; he is not so cheerful as he used to be. There is some mystery about it which I cannot fathom. Oh! Tom, is that you?”

“Ess, miss, ess. But whaat beest a standing here aal in tha coold like—a shevering like a quelkin. Now, esha plaze, I’d advise ’e to go in now and waarm tha.”

“But my father, Tom—where can he be?”

“Oh, ers coom to no haarm, misses. Noa, noa! don’t ’e go for to think so.” Then aside to himself. “I caan’t maakun out at aal; there’s something wraung about un, an plaze shure I’ll finden out somehow. They do say he’s been and sould hisself to tha evil one, and that his time’s near; and that’s enough to maak any one queer, shure enough. Now do ’e go in, miss, now, do ’e.”

And, as if moved by the piteous looks of the old faithful serving man, she went in.

Poor Lucy! hers was a hard lot. Her father loved money, and had strong prejudices; and, unfortunately, an attachment had arisen between her and the young Albert Penkiwell, who was in the train of the Lord Godal-gau, who was about to set out on a journey to Spain. Young Penkiwell had no money, and that was sin enough in the eyes of Tregagle; moreover, he was his superior in rank too, and Tregagle of course hated him; and when he found that he had an affection for Lucy, the steward’s rage knew no bounds. He threatened if she dared to encourage him he would turn her out of doors; he even cursed her.

The night was cold and dreary; and the rain which threatened now came down in large drops, and pattered heavily against the glass. Suddenly the quick tramp of a horse was heard.

“Oh! father, where have you been?” cried Lucy, rushing to the door; but suddenly, as the fire-light shone upon the person who entered, she exclaimed—

"Oh! Albert, why have you come; you know you promised me—— But how dreadfully pale you look! What is the matter?"

"I am come to bring you tidings of your father."

"Oh! Albert, what do you know of my father? Where is he? Oh! tell me, has anything happened?"

"You must bear up against the news I bring you, dearest," replied the young man. "Your poor father is dead. I found his body at the edge of Dosmerry Pool."

Lucy uttered a piercing cry, and would have fallen to the ground if Albert had not caught her in his arms. Alarmed by the cry, old Tom returned into the room.

"Esa coom'd to this? esa coom'd to this?" he exclaimed.

"Your master, I trust, is in heaven," said Albert.

The old man shook his head.

"Summon the women instantly to aid your young mistress!" cried Albert, impatiently, "and don't look so bewildered. Get a room ready for me, sirrah, for I have given up all idea of going to Spain, and shall take up my abode here in future. You may look upon me as your master from henceforth."

V.

DOSMERRY POOL.

Tregagle had rushed he knew not where, till he found himself on the brink of Dosmerry Pool, when, suddenly, he felt a hand upon his shoulders. He turned, and the Black Knight stood before him.

Tregagle tried to pray, but could not; he could remember no fraction of a prayer, not even of THAT prayer which his mother taught him in his lisping tongue; he raised his eyes in agony to heaven, but a murky cloud shut out his view of the once clear sky.

"It is too late now," said the fiend; "thou must come with me. See, the waters are waiting to receive thee."

Tregagle looked upon the pool, whose waters rose in unnatural waves, and hoarsely lashed the shore. The Black Knight raised his arm, and suddenly every rock, and bush, and tree seemed changed into some horrid shape, which waved its arms, and shrieked, and laughed. The pool no longer resembled water, but lurid, living fire, and, as it tossed its waves, the frenzied Tregagle was hurled into them by the demon.

A few minutes afterwards his body was cast upon the shore of the pool, where it was found by Albert Penkiwell.

Lucy and her lover were wedded, and lived long and happily together. Tregagle was buried where his body was found. But he does not rest, for through the blast, and through the storm, when the Western Ocean is flinging its foaming surges on the shore, and the winter's wind is sweeping over hill and over vale, the people hear him howling as he toils to finish his endless doom; and as they huddle around the fire, the old folks shake their heads, and fearful little ones tremble as they listen to the dismal "Legend of Tregagle."

T A S S O.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Books have their own destinies—that is, their time and place.

Even before opening the Rev. R. Milman's "Life of Tasso," we may, perhaps, be allowed to question its opportunity. The golden age of classical biography is gone by. The work of Roscoe's, Shepherd's, and Black's has been done, *bien ou mal*, and cannot, without transcendent merit, be done over again. Poor Foscolo's mission is fulfilled. Italian literature has taken its place amongst us. Its very rapid and general diffusion has had the effect of cheapening it. We have had as much of it as we wanted—as much, indeed, as we could well bear. We have laid it aside as something academical, something out of keeping with our present wants and tendencies. The Italian itself counts in our schools for little more than a dead language.

A Life of Tasso, at the present day, is an anachronism. It can scarcely be deemed worthy of greater attention than Campbell's "Life of Petrarch;" and yet the very name of the bard of the "Pleasures of Hope"—the "poet making himself interpreter of a poet"—had no power to save his publisher from heavy loss by that ill-starred speculation.

We do not mean to say that there is no room for Mr. Milman's work on the shelves of circulating libraries. We merely express our opinion that a production of this nature, notwithstanding its intrinsic value, cannot fail to render the author liable to the charge of *dilettantism*, than which nothing can well be more offensive in the estimation of our earnest and *tant soit peu* utilitarian generation.

Mr. Milman's book, however, is even of a more idle nature than the title alone would have led us to anticipate. It brings no new facts into light, draws no new conclusions from old-established facts. "He was not aware of Black's 'Life of Tasso' when he first composed his own account." An English scholar, looking no better at home, cannot be expected to have drawn very freely from more distant and recondite sources abroad. Wilde's "Love and Madness of Tasso,"† published in 1842, seems equally to have escaped his attention, inasmuch, at least, as no allusion to that work occurs in any part of the more recent publication. Perhaps, with some of our friends, he threw the American essay contemptuously aside, with the cool remark, "What should a Yankee have to say about Tasso?" The work of the American critic is, however, far more to the purpose than that of the English biographer. The point at issue between Dr. Black and Mr. Milman is the same that put asunder Tasso's earliest and most sympathising biographer, Manso, from the more accurate and painstaking Serassi. It all revolves upon the "truth of Tasso's attachment to Leonora." Black, on the evidence of Serassi, calls that attachment in question. Mr. Milman believes that the argu-

* The Life of Torquato Tasso. By the Rev. R. Milman. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

† Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso. By Richard Henry Wilde. 2 vols. New York: Blake. 1842.

ments of Gingnené, Sismondi, Ranke, and especially Rosini (Tasso's latest editor), "established this point almost to a certainty."*

The elucidation of this great fact—all-important in Tasso's biography—would seem to constitute the main object of Mr. Milman's enterprise, besides a pious and most laudable wish to "warn any youth of the dangers which attend a vivid imagination, and the indulgence of its glittering day-dreams," &c.; or, in other words, to make an *example* of Tasso.

Unquestionably, any work that could bring new light upon the subject of Tasso's misfortunes, and enable us to solve its great mysteries to our satisfaction, would be entitled to general attention. Rosini and Wilde's essays had no other hope, and they felt that they could but indifferently be helped in their task by the compilation of a complete biography. Mr. Milman was more sanguine, and did in no way dread the weariness he would inflict upon his readers by the accumulation of minute irrelevant facts, not immediately bearing on the contested point, and by the repetition of all the particulars respecting Tasso's birth, lineage, and parentage; all about "the courier's horn quartered in the family's armorial bearings," and "the badger's-skin on the frontlet of posthorses in olden times," &c.; all that, on the authority of old Serassi, we had learned from Black, and which we are made to read over again in the same words, with the very same remarks, and only with less method and perspicuity; all that, merely because Mr. Milman chose to overlook two large quarto volumes, bearing the title of "Life of Tasso," and staring at him from the shelves of any indifferently well-stocked English library.

Mr. Milman also has peculiar notions about the needlessness of quotations, which must have been "either so sparing as to be unsatisfactory, or so voluminous as to be cumbersome"—a way of reasoning somewhat akin to the arguments of that philosopher who dissuaded his friend from marriage on the plea that the woman he chose would be "either plain, and then he would not like her, or fair, and then there would be too many to like her"—a way of reasoning, at any rate, which would induce us to believe that he was not quite in earnest about his establishment of new facts; and, in that case, we are really much at a loss to understand what all his book was written about, unless he hoped to afford amusement by "his simple narrative," or to point a moral for the benefit of the *imaginative* youth aforesaid.

But whilst we refer such of our readers as are in need of either entertainment or moral edification to Mr. Milman himself, we are almost willing to thank him for the opportunity he affords us to say "one word more" upon a subject that has not been earnestly handled since Rosini flattered himself to have come to a final and triumphant conclusion, in his essay of 1835,† but about which, we apprehend, he only gathered a fog, more dense by far, and more noxious, than the mist in which time and man's neglect or malice had originally involved it.

Mr. Wilde, whose industry and diligence in collecting and sifting evidence deserves, perhaps, greater praise than his acuteness of perception

* Opere di Torquato Tasso. 35 vols. Pisa: Coparro. Rosini's Edition. 1832.

† Saggio sugli amori di Torquato Tasso e sulle Cause della sua Prigionia. Tasso, opere, vol. xxxv. Edition of Pisa.

or independence of judgment, thus sums up the opinion of various writers of ancient and modern times respecting the source of Tasso's misfortunes:—

Manso (Tasso's own friend and earliest biographer) asserts the passion of Tasso for the princess (Leonora of Este), and refers to his letter to the Duke of Urbino, more than hinting that matters of love were the cause of his punishment; and yet, moved by prudence, or falsified by the apprehension of the publisher, he attributes Torquato's imprisonment to the duke's desire of restoring quiet to his distempered imagination by the aid of medicine, to which end, he adds, pleasant and excellent apartments were assigned him in the hospital of St. Anna.

With regard to his hero's reputed madness, Manso is not free from ambiguity, and, after detailing his long imaginary interviews and eloquent conversation with a familiar spirit, hesitates whether he should be thought inspired or insane. The general scope of his reasoning, however, is, that Tasso was not mad, though his fancy was often heated and disturbed.

Serassi (whose life of Tasso, in a large quarto volume, was first published in 1785) indignantly repels the idea of the poet's mental alienation, and cites his wonderful productions as an unanswerable argument. According to him, Tasso was confined in St. Anna for false, foolish, and daring words against the duke. It does not appear to have occurred to him that the penalty of seven years' imprisonment was at all disproportioned to the heinousness of the offence, and he mentions it amid eulogiums on Alfonso's magnanimity.

Tiraboschi, in a note to his second edition, adopts all Serassi's views with less caution and reserve than might be expected from so sound a critic.

Muratori, here as elsewhere, for the most part candid and judicious, quotes Tasso's letter to the Duke of Urbino, already mentioned, and now no longer to be found, respecting amorous faults; thinks the poet not absolutely mad, though flighty; and cannot persuade himself that so heavy a punishment was inflicted by a just prince, on a disappointed courtier, for a few angry words.

Black joins Serassi in denying the love of Tasso for Leonora, but divides from him on the subject of his author's derangement. He finds numerous and conclusive proofs of madness in his conduct, and annexes learned notes on the nature, origin, and symptoms of mental maladies.

Ginguené, in his lively, ingenious, and interesting article on Tasso, shrewdly suspects his attachment to the princess was not so chimerical as Serassi pretended. But he admits the poet's insanity, and suggests, among other causes, a new one, obvious and adequate enough, perhaps, to a Frenchman.*

On the other hand, if we are to credit Quadrio, Barnifaldi, and Rosini, Tasso's madness was feigned, to avoid worse consequences from a discovery of his love.

We may add that Cavedoni, and others of Rosini's opponents in Italy and elsewhere, no less than Mr. Wilde himself, after a great waste of words, have left the question more or less in the precise position in which they found it.

Before we enter, in our turn, into a brief examination of these conflicting opinions, we must glance at the dates of the main events of Tasso's life, such especially as may appear connected with its most tragic catastrophe—his seven years' imprisonment.

Torquato Tasso arrived at Ferrara towards the end of October, 1565, and was there admitted as a gentleman in the service of the Cardinal Ludovic, of Este, brother of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara. The poet was then in his twenty-first year. Besides the cardinal and the reigning duke, Tasso found at that court their two sisters, the Princess Lucrezia, afterwards Princess and Duchess of Urbino, aged thirty-one years, and the Princess Leonora, younger by one year.

* The result of strong moral and religious restraint upon a warm sensual temperament.—*Histoire Lit. d'Italie*, vol. v., p. 248.

Tasso remained at Ferrara (with the exception of frequent and sometimes prolonged excursions to Mantua and Padua) till the year 1570, when, towards the end of the year, he travelled to France, in the suite of Cardinal Ludovic, and did not return to Ferrara till the month of April or May, 1572, after an absence of at least fifteen months.

On his setting out for France, Tasso wrote his will—a memorial to his friend Ercole Rondinelli, in which, amongst other injunctions, he charged him, in the event of his death, to collect and publish all his own love sonnets, madrigals, &c.; but with regard to those, whether *amorous or otherwise, which he had written for any friend*, he requested *that they should all* (with the exception of one which he mentions*) *be buried with him.*

Disgusted with the sojourn of Paris, or with Cardinal Ludovic, he leaves France, in the company of one of the cardinal's secretaries, and arrives in Rome in December, 1571, or January, 1572.

By the intercession of the Princesses of Este, he is taken into the immediate service of Duke Alfonso II., with a handsome appointment, and returns to Ferrara in April or May, 1572.

Tasso writes his "Aminta" in two months, between January and March, 1573. That pastoral is acted at Ferrara in the spring of the same year. In the summer, the poet is invited to the court of Urbino, by Lucrezia (since 1570 Princess of Urbino), and remains with her at Pesaro and Castel-Durante till the end of September.

Tasso completes his poem, "Jerusalem Delivered," after infinite labour, in the spring of the year 1575.

At this epoch, which may be looked upon as the acmé of Tasso's prosperity, as a poet and as a courtier, he begins to evince symptoms of dissatisfaction with the court of Ferrara, April 6th, 1575.

He is haunted by serious suspicions of being closely watched by unknown enemies, and of his papers being stealthily pried into, May 3rd, 1575.

He intends going to Rome for the solemnities of the jubilee, and for the revision of his poem, and is strongly dissuaded by the Princess Lucrezia, now Duchess of Urbino, July 20th, 1575.

He travels to Rome, notwithstanding, and arrives there towards the middle of November, 1575.

He returns from Rome, December 29th—through Sienna and Florence, January 6th—and arrives at Ferrara in mid-January, 1576.

During a short absence to Modena (in Lent, 1576), he discovers that his desk has been opened with false keys, and some of his papers abstracted.

He has an hostile encounter with a (suspected) treacherous friend, in September, 1576.

He is arrested and confined in one of the *camerini* (*cachots* or dungeons?) of the court-yard of the ducal palace, for having thrown a knife at a servant, in the apartment of the Duchess of Urbino, June 17th, 1577.

Upon his anxious solicitations he is released, and taken by the Duke Alfonso to his country seat of Belriguardo.

He is sent back to the convent of St. Francis, in Ferrara, there recommended to the monks for safe keeping, July 11th.

* "Or che l' aura mia dolce altrove spira." Sonnet 114, vol. i., p. 62.

He effects his escape from the convent, July 20th, and travels on foot, without means or effects, as far as Sorrento, where he takes refuge with his sister Cornelia.

He leaves Sorrento and repairs to Rome, where he arrives (November 1577), and hence, upon his own request, returns to Ferrara in March or April, 1578.

He departs from Ferrara, travels to Mantua, Padua, and Venice; is reported in the last-named city on the 10th of July, 1578.

From Venice he crosses over to Pesaro, whence he writes in date of July 20th.

He remains at Pesaro, or in other parts of the duchy of Urbino, till October, 1578.

He appears at the gates of Turin, in such a plight as to be, like a vagabond, refused admittance, November 2nd, 1578.

After a stay of three months at Turin, he insists upon returning to Ferrara, in contempt of the advice of all his friends, and arrives there on the 21st of February, 1579.

He is arrested and confined in St. Anna, an hospital for the sick and insane, about the middle of March, 1579.

He leaves the hospital on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586, after a confinement of seven years, two months, and several days.

He drags on a life of wandering and misery to his dying day, the 25th April, 1595.

Even from our rapid and barren enumeration of mere dates, it will be obvious that we are not always in possession of the most important particulars of Tasso's life; and the farther we carry our researches, we find our uncertainties increase in proportion to the intensity of our interest, and to our anxiety to establish facts with anything like accuracy and distinctness.

Rosini, and after him Wilde, in sheer despair of bringing into light any precise information from what may be thought neutral and disinterested sources, are eternally referring to Tasso's own writings, in prose and verse, sometimes even with utter disregard of well-authenticated and undisputed facts. Now, whilst we are willing to do the fullest justice to Tasso's loftiness of character, and unswerving devotion to truth, at least in matters of any moment, we still think it must seem very clear that the poet's evidence, *pro* or *contra*, must depend upon our own conviction of the entire soundness of his mind. Rosini, it is true, entertains no doubt on the subject; but that subject is precisely the one—the all-important point at issue. The patient's assertions, however grave and eloquent, can of themselves have no great weight with a commission sitting to pronounce on his sanity. If it results from those very writings, or from any other circumstantial evidence, that Tasso, at any time, laboured under any partial or total mental aberration; or even if the least doubt remains to that effect, it is very clear that any word fallen from him under the influence of his disorder must be received with suspicion.

Tasso's writings, too, have been sent down to us in the most egregious confusion; their dates often omitted, more often still palpably inaccurate; the titles and subjects fortuitously or designedly falsified; blanks at the most important passages; and the whole text too frequently tampered with. They may indeed afford scope for wild conjecture; and Rosini, as we shall see, has made sufficiently free with them, but they

will hardly constitute a safe ground upon which to base any plausible theory.

In the three or four volumes of lyrical poems, which constitute Tasso's "Canzoniere," in Rosini's edition, the editor finds the substance for his arguments in favour of Tasso's love romance, or romances.

Some of those poems were published in academical collections as early as 1565 and 1567; others in several more or less unauthorised editions during the poet's imprisonment in St. Anna; others finally by himself after his deliverance; a few more came out posthumously.

By a careful examination of these various collections, Rosini made out the discovery of Tasso's early love for one Laura Peperara, to whom Serassi, a churchman, and intent upon graver topics, had only made a passing allusion. This young lady seems first to have engaged the poet's affections during one of his visits to Mantua, her native city, probably in 1564, Tasso being then still a student in the university of Padua. We find her, afterwards, established at Ferrara as an attendant upon the duchess, or some other of the ladies of the reigning family; and we are told that Tasso still loved her with all the vehemence of his soul, fifteen years after their first acquaintance, in 1579; at the time of her marriage with Count Annibale Turchi, and after that event. "Such being the corruption of morals in those times," the professor remarks, "that not only did Tasso continue in his attachment to a married woman, but actually acknowledged it without disguise." He quotes a few cold, unmeaning verses* written in honour of the wedding, and also a sonnet† intended to be kept strictly private, by which the poet unblushingly consoles himself with the thought, that notwithstanding Laura's new connexion, he "would not be left to sigh in vain." This during the very few days elapsing between Tasso's last return to Ferrara on the 21st of February, 1579, and his confinement to St. Anna, towards the middle of the ensuing March; at the time, that is, that—dragged by his passion for Leonora, which was, according to Rosini, his fatality—Tasso broke out into those "false, rash, and violent words" which led to his imprisonment.

Rosini himself seems startled by the glaring inconsistency of this monstrous assertion, and tries to explain it by the "strange contradictions and deep mysteries of the human heart." But then "it were vain," he concludes, "on our part to resist evidence. It forces itself upon us in spite of ourselves."

Now, then, what does this irrefutable evidence actually rest upon? Merely on the fact that Tasso celebrated the nuptials of a Mantuan lady with one Turco or Turchi, and that this union seems, from a very clear allusion in one of the epithalamic poems, to have taken place almost immediately after the solemn entrance into Ferrara of Margherita, Princess of Mantua, and third bride of the Duke Alfonso II.—an event bearing a well-established date of the 23rd of February, 1579. It is utterly impossible, even if we would not challenge the correctness of the above particulars, to identify the bride of Annibale Turchi with that *verginella* whose impending marriage is contemplated by the poet with a guilty

* Sonnet 214th, tom. iii., p. 112. Madrigals 300, 301, tom. ii., pp. 226, 236. Edit. of Pisa. 1832.

† Sonnet 20th, Rime, tom. i., p. 15.

"Amor, colei, che verginella amai."

hope that another man's lawful possession may not preclude all chance of future happiness for himself.

Mr. Wilde, who generally evinces an almost superstitious deference to all Rosini's conclusions, begs, however, most distinctly to differ with him on this point; and by coupling that obnoxious sonnet with a *canzone* in the same strain, which was actually published in 1567,* supposes both poems to have been written at a very different period, and not by any means in honour of Laura Peperara, but "for an intended match of the Princess Leonora."

For our own part, there is no surmise, however wild and far-fetched (provided it be given as such), that we would not cheerfully admit, rather than subscribe to Rosini's *co-existence* of two passions, equally violent, and so headlong as to overstep, in the one instance, all boundaries of sheer decency, even allowance being made for the laxity of manners in the sixteenth century, and, in the other, the most obvious dictates of prudence. One love at a time, of that nature, ought to be enough for any man's fancy and temperament. By this we will not pretend to say that all that is not probable may not be true; but we contend that such opinions cannot have our assent, unless their actual certainty can be unanswerably established.

But, after all, Tasso's attachment to this Laura Peperara is only episodical in the history of Tasso's tragical life. Rosini seems only anxious to prove, by his arguments in favour of this lower *amour*, that Tasso's heart admitted of a plurality of affections at the same time, and that his love for the princess, which wrought him so much misery, was throughout neither all-absorbing nor exclusive.

Our attention, therefore, must now be turned upon the facts that may be said to go any length towards the solution of this main question. We must first see what the real nature of Torquato's devotion for this royal lady was; next, what consequences it actually had on his destinies.

Not a few of Tasso's acknowledged love poems are clearly composed in honour of the Princess Leonora. Independent of all personal feelings, the manners of the times demanded of the court poet a tribute of poetical flattery to almost any of the ladies of rank that graced the ducal palace with their presence. A certain degree of respectful, however otherwise earnest and lively, gallantry was allowed to any poet towards any lady with even a shade of pretension to beauty. It was a style of poetic homage, in which it is not difficult to recognise a relic of ancient chivalrous feelings. Petrarch had taken it from the Provençal troubadours—the poet-knights; it was perpetuated in Italy throughout a whole host of his imitators, and was quite the order of the day in the idle and profligate Italian courts of the sixteenth century. A sonnet, a madrigal, or a song to his "mistress's eyebrows," had no more meaning at Florence or at Ferrara than the glove, or scarf, or colours of the "lady of his thoughts," worn by a knight at a tournament at Aix or at Thoulouse. The lady might be ever so high or ever so low—wedded or unwedded—nay, she might or might not be a real substantial thing—that mattered not; no bard or chevalier was allowed to go passionless—and his love-passes in the lists, or in the halls of royalty, did not prevent him from

* Canzone 1, Rime, tom. ii., p. 1. Pisa edition.

"Amor, tu vedi e non n'hai duolo odegno."

being the pattern of respectable family men, in the humble prose of his domestic circle. Ariosto gives us a long enumeration of all the celebrated beauties of his own times (princely ladies most of them), and ascribes to each of them a couple of poets, who were dragged to their chariots as licensed and acknowledged adorers.

All this assiduous and courteous homage and servitude might have no meaning or consequence; but it might also lead to more than was really meant; the ladies were vain, and fond of that poetical adulation, beyond all comprehension of our more sober times. Some of their bards would consider their effusions sufficiently repaid by half a smile of encouragement, or a glove or favour adroitly dropped; but others insisted for a return of warmer feelings, or looked forward to the more substantial remuneration of pecuniary emolument or princely patronage.

In all cases, it was at the time, and must be still more after a lapse of ages, extremely difficult to unravel, from what was merely chivalrous or academical, that which might have a more serious and deliberate import. All the efforts of Petrarch's numberless and unweary commentators have failed in establishing, to any man's satisfaction, the precise relation in which the poet stood to Laura; although that loyal bard never celebrated the charms of more than one, although he himself long survived the collection and wide diffusion of his amatory verses, and although, too, he had but little reason for concealment, or for apprehension from the vindictiveness of interested parties.

In his devotion to a princess of the proud and jealous house of Este, Tasso had the utmost need of caution and forbearance. In the verses published by him in her honour, it hardly needs be said, we can find nothing that voluntarily overstepped the limits of discretion. Something might unawares have slipped through his lips which would commit him; but we are indeed at a loss to determine what amount of flattery, what exaggeration of passionate admiration he might not allow himself, ere an unfavourable construction would be put upon his expressions, either by the lady herself, or by those most sensitive on the spotlessness of her reputation.

The very character the Princess Leonora bore in the estimation of the court and city, for lofty virtue and transcendent piety, would, indeed, so clearly have placed her above suspicion, that the poet might have professed or affected not only enthusiastic admiration, but even *stark raving love* for her, without exciting more than a smile of compassion, even from the stern countenance of Alfonso himself.

The vehemence of his affection would have been looked upon merely as a proof of the exalted loveliness of its object, or, at the most, of the extreme susceptibility of the poet's heart.

But it would have been otherwise, if the poet had allowed himself even the slightest hint of the lady's partiality in his favour; if he had so far forgotten himself as to boast of any token of reciprocated tenderness, or even of any, however vague and remote, hope of the ultimate gratification of his unhallowed wishes.

Much has, at all times, been considered as fair in love: much more was lawful, at those times, in poetry. But in order that a poetical flirtation might be connived at, and even applauded by the facile and genial spirit of the age, the first requisite was that all should be "fair and above-board;" anything in the least bordering upon intrigue would have been

looked upon with no more complacency than at any other period, and would have led to even more fatal results.

We have in Tasso's "Canzoniere" ample proofs of this kind of erotic courtship for the princess Leonora. The same homage was equally paid to her sister Lucrezia; to Eleonora Sanvitale, according to Manso; to a third *Eleonora*, whom Rosini fancies he recognises in the person of that same *Laura Peperara*, to whom allusion has already been made.

Rosini, Wilde, and many others, indeed, fancy they can detect in the verses, intended as a homage to the Princess Leonora, a certain warmth and truthfulness of affection, different from the feeling pervading the poems in the same strain intended for more indifferent objects. It may be allowed to entertain different opinions. In the first place, it is not well proved that poets are most eloquent on the subject that is nearest unto their hearts. All strong feelings, and love especially, have indeed power forcibly to rouse their imaginative faculties; but passion very often, indeed universally, works indirectly or retrospectively. It has but little to say of itself. If it is not actually mute, as it has often been justly described, it delights in abstraction, or seeks its vent in remote and extraneous speculation. Had Tasso's love for the Princess Leonora been as violent as it is supposed, we conceive that it would have made him tender in the "Aminta," or eloquent, gorgeous, passionate in the "Jerusalem;" but unless Tasso was indeed a great exception in the common rule of mankind, if he had attempted to descend into his own heart, or to give utterance to his own passion, at the time of its greatest ferment, he would probably have found in himself such deficiency and inadequacy of utterance that he would, in sheer despair, have desisted from the attempt.

But amongst the poems confessedly written by Tasso in praise of Leonora, we find not a few of those cold conceits, plays upon words and other puerilities, which Petrarch had brought into fashion in Italy, and which prove nothing so clearly as the cool and comfortable state of the poet's mind at the time he was writing. Such are, for instance, the tricks upon the lady's name, which may have been intentional or not, but which are certainly the result of anything rather than of genuine passionate inspiration:—

Se ferir brami, scendi al petto, scendi
E di sì degno cor tuo stra LE ONORA.*

E le mie rime
Che son vili e neglette se non quanto
Costei LE ONORA col bel nome santo.†

All these *concetti*, *bisticci*, and other *freddure* to convey under the disguise a pun or anagram, a name which he often wrote at the head of his compositions, or to which he paid most unequivocal homage in other effusions; as for instance in the madrigal—

Cantava in viva al fiume
Tirsi d'*Eleonora*
E rispondean le selve e l'onde onora!

Or chi fia che l'onori e che non l'ami?‡

* Sonnet 232. Rime, tom. i., p. 121.

"Rose, che l'arte invidiosa ammira."

† Canzone, 19, Rime, tom. ii., p. 56.

"Mentre che a venerar muovon le genti."

‡ Madrigale 128, Rime, tom. ii., p. 198.

But, upon these acknowledged poems, whether addressed to one of the *two* or *three Leonoras*, or distinctly referable to the princess, or vaguely addressed to that convenient abstraction, "*La sua Donna*," Rosini is too wise to lay any great stress. If these verses had had any meaning, the princess, the duke, and his prying, gossiping court, would have detected it long before us; and Tasso's troubles would have begun long before the year 1577.

Tasso's passion, according to Rosini, must be looked for in those verses which were published or circulated without his knowledge or consent, those that were surreptitiously taken from his desk, or those that continued inedited and, to a great extent, obscure and unknown up to a very recent period.

That some of Tasso's poems came into the world under false titles there seems to be excellent reasons to believe.

Amongst others, we find a sonnet "*To the Queen of France*," in which the poet descants upon the reciprocal feelings arisen in the lady's breast from the report of the poet's fame, and in the latter's heart from a view of the lady's portrait.*

The declaration of so platonic an affection, even with all the poetic exaggeration of the flame which "*consumes*" the bard's too susceptible heart, might surely have been made public, no matter what the rank of the person might be for whom it was really intended. We feel confident, that had this sonnet borne the name of the Princess Leonora, it might have passed muster with many of its fellows, without any great harm in it.

It was, however, first published in 1581, in the second year of the poet's imprisonment, with the title above quoted. Rosini, and after him Wilde, must needs refer this sonnet to the verses written about the year 1566 (they give no reason for their surmise); and as the Queen of France, at the time of Tasso's journey in 1570, could only be Elizabeth of Austria, bride of Charles IX., with whom Tasso was hardly acquainted, or Catherine de Medici, the dowager, who was now in her fiftieth year, these critics take it for granted that the sonnet was intended for Leonora of Este;—that it alluded to Tasso's first introduction to the court of Ferrara, at which time the princess was, and continued for some time, indisposed; so that Tasso might have seen her portrait before he saw her; and that, as the sonnet might have been offensive to Alfonso, and aggravated his captive's sufferings, the friendly editors gave it that vague and absurd title to mystify the reader, and call away his attention from the real subject.

To this we answer, simply, that the sonnet was not of a nature seriously to commit Torquato; that the mere alteration of the title was less likely to lead astray Tasso's contemporaries than his acute critics of after ages; that any attempt to hide the truth under so flimsy a veil would only have the effect of raising the very worst suspicions in Alfonso's mind; that the sonnet might have been written any time before the year 1581; that Tasso was for a whole year in Paris; and that the poem might pass for an overstrained, but by no means absurd, compliment to either queen, due regard being had to the laudatory style of the age.†

* Sonnet 149, Rime, tom. i., p. 80.

“Nel tuo petto real, da voci sparte.”

† Elizabeth of Austria was married to Charles IX. November 26, 1570. Tasso arrived at Paris in January, 1571, and remained fully a year.

What is certain is, that Tasso himself placed that very sonnet, with the same title, in a small collection dedicated to the princesses of Este, from his prison in St. Anna, and said to have been composed "during the latter years of his infelicity." Tasso might certainly have good reasons for any kind of gross misstatement; the wonder is, only, how he could impose upon the princesses and their brother, or how he could hope that his simulation would escape detection. Certainly, if either his friends or himself had any fear of compromising him by the publication of this sonnet, its omission would have far more effectually screened him.

There is an allusion to the present of the lady's portrait to the poet, either by herself or by some one else, which, if it referred to Leonora, might not easily have escaped the attention of Tasso's biographers:—

O cari simulacri, o nobil dono
Onde mi bei sì dolcemente ed ardi
Che il viver bramo anzi che il foco estinto.

More meaning might be found in another sonnet, published by Vasalini during the poet's confinement, and indited "to the Duchess of Urbino."* It is written in praise of a lady's bosom, with something of that luscious, rose-coloured language which occurs in too many passages in Tasso's poems. Rosini, as a matter of course, takes it for granted that the sonnet was intended for the Princess Leonora, and that the kind editors substituted one name for another, again with a view to mislead the reader. But if the sonnet was, indeed, too free to be openly addressed to a royal lady, we do not see how the poet's fate (which, by the way, might be considered as already sealed in 1581, at the time,† too, when Leonora was already dead or dying) might be mitigated by supplying the enemies with arguments proving that the poet wrote in a licentious tone to *both* princesses. Surely it was an odd way of mending matters. If a substitution of names was practicable, it had, at least, been wiser to proceed as in the first instance, when that of the Queen of France had been taken in vain; and to inscribe the sonnet—if, indeed, any inscription was needed—to some imaginary lady, say the Empress of Cathay, or the Queen of Golconda.

It seems, at any rate, that Tasso himself had, at some later period, to undo the work of those blundering editors; for when, after his release from St. Anna, he reproduced those verses in his own editions of Brescia and Mantua (1592-93), the titles are again frequently altered, some of the expressions softened down, and a commentary added, with a view to a further elucidation of his purpose. The sonnet "To the Duchess of Urbino" is given under a new title—"Il seno di Madonna." The *real* *seno* occurring at the third line becomes the *casto seno*; and some allusions to its *autumnal* charms, which Rosini applied to the mature age of either princess (both, at least, forty years old), are referred to the *summer* season. Rosini looks upon such modifications as conclusive in favour of his hypothesis; for he thinks them brought about by the poet's desire to obliterate all traces of his youthful imprudence, by removing from his poems any personal allusion to the fair cause of his misfortunes.

In that case, it is very obvious that the "false title"—"Alla Du-

* Sonnet, 134, Rime, tom. i., p. 72.

† Non son sì vaghi i fiori onde Natura."

† Her death happened on the 10th of February, 1581, after a long illness.

chessa di Urbino"—must have appeared to Tasso himself an insufficient screen; and we must believe that the sonnet, printed as it was in 1581, must have wrought all the mischief it possibly could, and criminated the poet as fully as if it had borne its genuine original title—indeed, more fully; inasmuch as to its objectionable tone was now added the attempt at deception, and the abuse of another no less revered name. Now, then, if in 1581—that is, whilst the poet was in his great enemy's power—the sonnet could go forth into the world under so thin a disguise, printed under the very eyes of the duke, and with a dedication to the princesses, how could the poet feel any necessity for further concealment in 1592, when Alfonso had voluntarily, however reluctantly, released him; when Tasso had every reason to think that the past was already amply expiated, and when he must feel that the best way of undoing it was by giving it to utter oblivion?

But Tasso, we conceive, at the time of the compilation of those editions, was actuated by mere literary views. He substituted explanatory subjects instead of bare names or titles; and if he, indeed, thought it proper to do away with the names of either of the princesses, he did it in obedience to the same feeling which prompted him to remove the name of Rinaldo of Este from his "Jerusalem Delivered," lest the praises reflecting from that imaginary hero on the house of his patron should confer upon this house a fame which he had now good reason to grudge it. This equally accounts for the substitution of *chaste*, instead of *royal* breast, in the sonnet at present under our examination. As for the *summer* fruits celebrated, instead of riper ones, it seems very evident that the poet, who now treated his subjects in the abstract, and had no longer any motive for falling into raptures in sight of the charms of a princess aged forty, felt the absurdity of that disparaging expression, and put it back by a month or two, so as to render it more consonant with mankind's adopted views of the proper season of female attractions.

The word *Madonna*, or *La sua Donna* (may it not displease Professor Rosini!), has, indeed, no proper meaning, but is a mere abstract phrase, applicable, and actually applied, to any of the many ladies celebrated by the poet, who happens to be the subject of the poem immediately before him. It stands indifferently, in Tasso's own commentary, for Laura Peperara, for any of the Leonoras, for any of the ladies whose names are obviously lost to us, but to whom Torquato was equally lavish of his praises. It is the *Doe* or *Roe* that was current before the courts of love at the time. The Princess Leonora was indeed *the* poet's lady *for the time being*—one of the many who called forth his inspirations, whose glove or sash he wore at one of those many tournaments of wit.

The same reasoning may equally apply to another sonnet "falsely" inscribed to the "Duchess of Ferrara"* on her appearance at a masked ball, and to another,† which may be classed among his earliest compositions, and which bears no other title than "*Loda la gola della sua Donna.*" Who *his lady* might be at the time cannot be ascertained. It was published without either name or title by Baldini, in 1582, in his

* Sonnet 128, tom. i., p. 69.

"Era la notte e sotto il manto adorno."

† Sonnet 12, tom. i., p. 10.

"Tra il bianco viso e il molle e casto petto."

quarto edition; but in a smaller edition of the same year it bears the following inscription, "Sopra la gola della Signora Giulia." Further, than that the sonnet was meant in honour of the neck of some lady, we think it would be difficult to determine.

Verses of this nature, and upon the same or analogous subjects, were written by Tasso with an astonishing profusion, and with a catholic devotion to the sex, which ought to satisfy any reader, both of the waywardness and versatility of his taste, and of the eagerness of most ladies of his acquaintance to secure such metrical compliments to themselves.

That some of these eloquent and even high-flown compliments fell to the lot of the Princess Leonora was not a matter that required any overstrained demonstration. We only inquire to what extent Tasso's worship for that lady exceeded the limits prescribed by the peculiar morality of the times.

Tasso himself characterised the nature of his love for Leonora—such, we mean, as it *ought* to have been—in the episode of "Olindo and Sofronia," in which personal allusions have been universally recognised, in those very expressive words,—

Brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede.*

He has conveyed the contrast between desire and duty in those fine lines of the very finest of his *canzoni* :—

E certo il primo di che 'l bel sereno
Della tua fronte agli occhi miei s'offerse
E vidi armato spaziarvi amore;
Se non che *Riverenza* allor converse
E meraviglia in fredda selce il seno
I vi peria di doppia morte il core.†

An effusion openly intended for and inscribed to her without disguise. The poet's admiration for his patron's sister was matter of common notoriety; hence would the poet have needed the greatest circumspection, if he ever allowed his feelings to outstep the boundaries of reason, if ever he gave those feelings vent in his compositions.

Rosini may quote love poems addressed to the princess; he may even refer to her some of those that were, either by mischance or purposely, inscribed to other persons. But it were vain to attempt, we still believe, to trace any of his licentious verses to her; at least among those which saw the light during the poet's lifetime.

To what extent Tasso's feelings for the princess might admit of free discussion at the court of her brother, may be inferred from the rivalry and war of wit he engaged in with a worthy and generous rival, Guarini. Rosini sees in it new arguments in support of his views; and we must, therefore, give some of our attention to the verses quoted to that effect.

In a sonnet addressed to Laura Peperara, Guarini thus expresses himself:

Benchè la cetra che gran tempo ardio
Garrir più che cantar de' vostri onori
Per voi si taccia; e spenti i primi amori
Sperando nutra *un novo e van desio*.‡

By which lines Guarini attempts to console Laura for the loss of a truant lover (Tasso), who forsakes her in pursuit of a new and unattainable object. This object, Rosini concludes, must be the Princess Leonora.

* Jerus. Deliv., canto ii., st. xvi.

† "Mentre che a venerar muovon le genti." Rime, tom. ii., p. 58.

‡ Guarini, Opere. tom. ii., p. 30. Verona edit.

Tasso, in one of his sonnets, says—

Ma non consenta amor ch' ALTA BELLEZZA
Che a' suoi fidi sequaci in premio nega
Preda sia poi degl' infedeli e rei.

This ALTA BELLEZZA, according to Rosini, can only be the Princess Leonora.

Guarini answers—

Di due fiamme si vanta, e stringe e spezza
Più volte un nodo, e con quest' arti piega
(Chi 'l crederebbe!) a suo favore i Dei.

“*I Dei*,” Rosini imagines, can only be meant for the Princess Leonora.

Nothing would indeed be easier than to prove that the new flame was that *Eleonora Sanvitale*, who made her first appearance at the court of Ferrara in the carnival of the year 1576, and who created so great a sensation that the duke himself seemed to be captivated by her charms; that the ALTA BELLEZZA refers solely and exclusively to the loftiness and stateliness of person—the expression being used in that sense in a hundred instances by Tasso himself—and that *the gods* (if indeed it meant anything; for poor Guarini was writing an answer *a rime obbligate*, and there is no saying what a poet may be driven to by a stubborn desinence) meant merely the worldly prosperity his rival had attained, in spite of his double dealings in love. This is so true, that in the closing tercet the poet says, “Though by these arts he wins the favour of *the gods*, it shall not be said that love should warm and bind the heart of so fair a lady in favour of a false soul used to low deceits, that lady which he destines as a reward to my true and chaste affections.”

Amor no, che per alma a furti avvezza
Sì bella donna egli non scalda e lega
Premio de' fidi e casti affetti miei.

If the fair cause of contention was indeed the princess, Guarini's presumption was, at least, as outrageous as that of his rival; and yet Guarini continued at large long after Tasso's confinement, and only lost Alfonso's favour from well-known causes, altogether foreign to the present subject.

We repeat, if all these amorous professions, rivalries, and endless vagaries, had any sense at all—and that would be admitting not a little—it is at least quite evident that they were carried on in the open day, in the presence, and, as it were, for the amusement of the whole court; and that the favours for which the rival bards so freely did battle, must have been of that harmless and meaningless nature that a lady might award without disparagement to her name.

We take the love sung by the lyrical poets of Italy in the sixteenth century to be somewhat akin to that nameless “dangling about married women” which became so prevalent in the same country at a later period, when women well known for their modesty and high private virtues never went out into the world without the escort of a *cavaliere servente*: an absurd and idle practice at the best, and liable to the most fatal abuse; but it was a well-established and received custom, and in so far as it placed every such *liaison* before the scrutiny of public curiosity, it did away with much of the romance and all the mystery of a love intrigue. We shall not pretend to say that every *cicisbeo* carried the lady's fan and shawl in all instances, *a bocca asciutta*. But the mere fact of his acknowledged claims as a well-known suitor must have put all interested

parties on their guard, and challenged public attention. In all such cases we know the proneness of the public to exaggerate and misconstrue rather than spare or screen offences : and we know how many, in the case in question, were the enemies interested to make the most of Tasso's rashness, and to treasure up any unguarded expression. But, indeed, a poet's devotion to a royal lady not only admitted of less measured terms in consequence of the great distance that separated the worshipper from his idol, but must naturally have been interpreted as an adroit instrument of courtly flattery—a very efficient means of securing princely favour and worldly preferment.

Amongst the many documents brought forward in support of the theories built up on the subject of Tasso's love, it is pleasing to come at last upon a specimen both of his prose and verse to which a date may be, at least, safely attached. It is first reported by Serassi,* as a proof of the coldness of Tasso's feelings for the Princess Leonora. But Mr. Wilde justly observes, "Book-learned men, and ecclesiastics especially, are but indifferent judges of the passions of active life." It is a letter of Tasso to the princess, written from Castel Durante, on the 3rd of September, 1573. He was then, and had been for several months, with the Princess Lucrezia, at one of her villas in the Duchy of Urbino, whither he had been invited soon after the signal success of his "Aminta."

I have not written to your excellency (Tasso says) for so many months, rather from lack of subject than of will. Now then, as an opportunity, however trifling, offers itself, I was unwilling to neglect it.

I send your excellency a sonnet, which will, for this time, be the cause of recalling me to your memory, as I think I promised to send anything that I might happen to write. The sonnet will by no means be like the beautiful ones which I imagine your excellency hears now very frequently, being indeed as poor in skill and thought as I am in luck. Yet I send it, trusting that, whether good or bad, it will have the effect I intended it for. In order, however, that it may not be supposed that my thoughts are at the present time so unoccupied that any love may find place in my breast, your excellency must know that it was not written on my account (for it might in that case, perhaps, not be quite so bad), but at the request of a poor lover, who, having long been angry with his lady, and now unable any longer to resist, is compelled to surrender and ask for mercy.

I have no more to say, save only that the coming of your excellency's sister is likely to be put off; and she will, I think, not leave for Ferrara before the 18th of this month; and I most humbly kiss your excellency's hands, &c., &c.

The enclosed sonnet† adds nothing in significance to this important epistle. Its subject and object are sufficiently conveyed by the mere title. It is a lover "humbling himself after a quarrel, and suing for a reconciliation."

"These feelings," such is Rosini's remark, "are not expressed to one who has never been addressed in terms of love, or only of hopeless love. Quarrels presuppose peace and good understanding. (*Paci e dilette.*)"

There is no gainsaying this. We have already said it. Tasso was an acknowledged suitor to the princess. His absence from Ferrara, in the company of Leonora's far lovelier and kinder sister (for Lucrezia always showed the warmest feeling for Tasso, and was supposed to be as much in love with him as he was with Leonora, and in the present instance she was hardly ever without him, and loaded him with tokens of her highest regard), might have been looked upon as a defection from his wonted allegiance. He, on his turn, might find fault, or affect to find fault, with the princess's favourable reception of another—possibly

* Serassi, "Vita di Torquato Tasso," vol. i., p. 203. Bergamo, 1790.

† "Sdegno, debil guerrier, campione audace." Sonnet 86, vol. i., p. 48.

of Guarini's—poetical servitude. There might be reciprocal wrongs on both sides; and the cavalier is, of course, the first to hold out the olive-branch.

A whole romance is, very plainly, to be made out in the few lines of that singular missive. Only does it refer to a clandestine, and consequently serious and more or less culpable connexion, or is it merely an interchange of that poetical chivalrous gallantry which had, it may be proved, its war and peace, its rivalries and jealousies, as well as the earnest passion of which it was the counterfeit? Will the professor assert that that letter and the enclosed sonnet were intended for furtive conveyance, or were they of a nature to admit of a perusal before Alfonso and his court?

Even within these terms mere court etiquette might require of him that poor love-stratagem by which his own feelings were represented as the interpretation of another's; but can it be dreamt that so commonplace a feint would have imposed upon any man, supposing the letter to have fallen into hands it was not intended for? How could a dodge that appears so clumsy to us, have mystified those who were so familiar with every trifling circumstance of the writer's position with regard to the object of his homage?

Certainly, if the quarrel must needs imply the *paci* and *diletti* to which the professor alludes, the ceremonial mode of address, and the whole tone of the letter, notwithstanding its clear *innuendoes*, evince a great deal of affected because unnecessary respect. Tasso's manner is still that of a subject, though evidently of a petted and spoiled one.

Our objections might, indeed, go no farther than to prove Tasso's egregious rashness and indiscretion; and we could, of course, have no resource left but to admit that he was as mad as most lovers are, and therefore not amenable to the laws of plain common sense—if the letter were a *bonâ fide* love-letter; but we take it in its literal sense, and see nothing in it but one of those *niaiseries* of gallant courtship, such as the idle spirit of the age universally countenanced.

Of the real nature of Tasso's feelings, in short, nothing is known but what may be made out from his writings—a vague and dangerous guidance. Still, out of such of his writings as may with sufficient probability be referred to the Princess Leonora (even after all Rosini's trouble), it would not be easy to quote anything half as conclusive, half as pregnant with meaning, as the single line cut with a diamond on a pane of glass by Sir Walter Raleigh, when that gallant was anxious to make his way at the court of Elizabeth.

We cannot, with Wilde and Rosini, assume that the fact of the Princess Leonora's being occasionally designated by Tasso as "his lady," and of some of his *seeming* love-verses being addressed to her, authorises us "to assign to the princess such of Tasso's love-verses as cannot by some fair presumption be appropriated to another."

The consequence of such a sweeping mode of reasoning would be to attribute to the princess such compositions as the madrigal 118 (which Mr. Wilde is *sure* was written for her), though it concludes with the following lines:—

E s' ella fosse pur vaga d' altezza
Chi n' ha più del mio core
Dov' ha il suo regno e le sue pompe amore?

* "Perchè di gemme t' incoroni e d' oro." Rime, tom. ii., p. 195.

By which the poet counterbalances the wealth of his own heart with the greatness his rival could offer to the lady, and expresses his conviction that love will carry the day. It were surely more sensible to suppose that the sonnet alluded to Eleonora Sanvitale; and that the rival who had rank and greatness to tempt her with, could be no other than Alfonso himself—a noted admirer of the countess.

Nor are our doubts as to the real object of Tasso's most passionate productions, to any extent, cleared up by the letter first brought into light by Serassi, in which Tasso evinces his "willingness to risk country, reputation, and life," for one glance of his lady's eyes; and in which he pleads guilty of rashness for "having raised his thoughts so high;" expressions which Rosini thinks could only be addressed to a lady of royal rank.

That document is professedly a mere sketch of a letter. It was dictated, it is said, "to oblige a friend;" and the mode of address is to *your ladyship* and not to *your excellency*, the invariable style adopted by Tasso in his communications with the ladies of the house of Este.

We need not say that, even if Tasso had ever sent that letter—even if he had used it for his own purposes—the expressions Rosini lays so much stress on need not apply to a royal lady; for "country, reputation, and life" may equally be endangered by excessive devotion to a lady of high rank, such as Eleonora Sanvitale, when married; and a lover is ever ready to charge his aspirations with presumption, and to consider himself *unworthy* of the "Lofty Beauty" of the "Lady of his Thoughts," independent of any accidental difference of social position. These remarks will equally be applicable to a line in a metrical dialogue, which is ranged by Rosini amongst the fatal poems that must have hopelessly committed Torquato.*

"L'umiltà mia di sua bellezza indegna." "By declaring himself *unworthy* of her," says the critic, "he shows that he held 'his lady' immeasurably above himself; and above the rank of a gentleman there is only that of a reigning family." But Tasso does not say "unworthy of her," but only "unworthy of her beauty"—a significant difference, we presume.

But we have already too long followed the professor in the examination of particulars. We need only conclude by saying that he is not borne out in his assumption that the Princess Leonora was to Tasso anything more than one of the many persons by him raised into a poetic idol. It is very true that we find in some of Tasso's lyrics a certain warmth, a downright wantonness of expression, by which we may argue that he looked upon beauty with the eyes of a Titian rather than a Raphael. This licentiousness is apparent in every part of his works—nowhere, perhaps, more so than in some passages of his epic poem; but we are not ready to admit that any of the erotics distinguished by excessive freedom of language may legitimately be traced to the princess.

* "Tu che i più chiusi affetti." Dialogo iii., Rime, tom. ii., p. 119.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA AND THE DUKE OF GULSE AT NAPLES.

THE generality of the citizens of Naples, horror-struck with the bloody scenes which had been enacted during the brief domination of the fisherman Masaniello, were desirous of peace and tranquillity. But in all great cities there is always a fragment of the population to whom insurrection and plunder are too profitable and congenial to be easily foregone; nor were persons of this class wanting in Naples. Unfortunately, the Duke of Arcos was so thoroughly unequal to the circumstances, that, although backed by a considerable body of troops, the nobility, and the mass of the inhabitants, he took no active or resolute steps to put a stop to the numerous disorders of a minor character which continued to occur even after the death of the infuriate captain-general. Worse than all, no very long time had elapsed before the toll-collectors appeared once more on the stage, and began to clamour for taxes, as if no capitulation had ever been entertained. Once again all Naples was in arms. The insurrection burst forth as vigorous as in the worst days of Masaniello. The Duke of Arcos shut himself up in Castelnuovo, and offered terms, which were refused by the deceived and irritated multitude. The habit of gathering together in tumultuous mobs, and of committing all kinds of excesses, had become a second nature with the Neapolitans: not a day passed without disorders or excesses of one kind or another. One day, the gambling-houses were sacked; another day, the bakers'; another, the bankers', or some suspected nobleman's palace; even churches and convents, hitherto spared, were now ransacked, under the most frivolous pretences, by the turbulent multitude.

The populace wanted a chief, and Don Francesco Toraldo, Prince of Massa, who had gained a military reputation in the wars of Catalonia, accepted the dangerous office, on condition that the popular chiefs would sign a solemn declaration, to the effect that the insurrection should not affect the rights of the king. Toraldo appointed as his *mestre de camp* Onofrio Desio, a distinguished officer, devoted to the cause of Spain, and high in favour with the viceroy. It was not, however, till the fire of the castles of Castelnuovo and of St. Elmo had opened upon the devoted city that, even under these well-affected chiefs, a temporary truce was brought about.

The 12th of September news reached the Duke of Arcos that the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria was detained by contrary winds off Sardinia. Upon this, he set to work with renewed courage to strengthen his positions, while the populace, on its part also, openly carried on its preparations for resistance; more particularly laying up stores of arms, ammunition, and provisions, in the towers of San Lorenzo and of the Carmelites. The master arquebussier, Gennaro Anese, who ever since the death of Masaniello had made attempts to become the chief of the insurrection, and whose submission to Toraldo was only nominal, had his stronghold in the latter tower, and held absolute sway over the quarter of Lavinaro—the most turbulent in the city.

The morning of the 1st of October, 1647, the castle of Saint Elmo signalled at daybreak the appearance of a large fleet on the horizon. The agitation produced by this intimation was electrical in its effect. The astonished population covered the shores, the quays, and the piers; while discharges of artillery from the castles and forts, including even that of the Carmelites, saluted the royal flag which floated from the admiral's ship. About mid-day, twenty-two magnificent galleys, twelve large ships, and fourteen other vessels, took up their position before the Marinella, under the protection of the cannon of Castelnuovo.

Don John of Austria, the natural son of Philip IV., was commander-in-chief of the united squadron. This gallant but unfortunate young prince was at this time only eighteen years of age; his eyes glistened with precocious genius, and his martial aspect did not prevent his fine face revealing great goodness of heart. The prince had with him, as friend and mentor, an old sailor of experience, Don Carlo Doria, Duke of Tursi, grandson of the celebrated André, and father of Giannettino, the admiral of the Neapolitan galleys. The Duke of Gandia and Baron Batteville also accompanied him as counsellors.

The arrival of so great a prince awoke for a moment transports of enthusiastic joy among the Neapolitan populace in insurrection, but not yet in rebellion against their sovereign. But this first impression soon gave way to less favourable feelings. The Duke of Arcos was, in the first place, himself anything but gratified by the arrival of a prince superior to himself in rank and power; the populace dreaded placing itself at the mercy of a powerful and revengeful army; and a large party hoped everything from the assistance of the French, with whom they had for some time past been carrying on active negotiations.

From the moment when a boat, freighted with fruit from the Island of Procida to Rome, brought with it the first news of what was taking place at Naples, and of the elevation of Masaniello to dictatorial power, the ambassador of France, the Marquis de Fontenay Mareuil, had hastened to communicate to his government an account of events, which gave a favourable opportunity to France to carry on its long-intended project of transferring Naples from the crown of Spain to that of his very Christian majesty.

Cardinal Mazarin was, however, at that moment carrying on war with Spain in a very nominal manner. No new enterprises were attempted, nor did he wish to push matters to such an extreme as might preclude ultimate reconciliation; and he listened to the ambassador's exhortations with an indifferent ear, contenting himself with equipping a fleet at Toulon, which should be in readiness to profit by events.

But there happened also to be at that moment at Rome a bold, reckless, and adventurous prince, one of the scions of the at once illustrious and notorious house of Guise—Henry II. of Lorraine—who at once set to work to make himself master of the situation, without troubling himself about the French ambassador or even his own government. This gallant and enterprising young prince, whose appearance and manners were alike in his favour, was at the Pontifical court, soliciting the annulling of his strange marriage with the widow of the Count of Bossu. He wished to contract another, in all respects just as disreputable, with Mademoiselle de Pons, with whom he was desperately in love.

Wearied out with the procrastinations of the Pontifical court, he was

about to return to Paris, when the news of the insurrection at Naples made him change his mind. A lucky accident threw the Neapolitan ambassador, Nicolo Maria Mannara, into his interests as opposed to those of the French ambassador; and he was not long in laying down the bases of a bold and daring plan, the results of which soon manifested themselves.

In the mean time, Don John of Austria was quietly comparing the numerous forces in insurrection to those which were at his disposal, and which consisted merely of four battalions of infantry, or about 3500 men, of which three parts were Spaniards and one Neapolitan. Could such a little army, he thought, combat to advantage with 150,000 men, trained to war by daily fights, led on by an experienced commander, backed by a good position, and supported by the entire kingdom?

The viceroy exerted himself to arouse the prince to action, by representing that he had 20,000 peasants ready to second his first movement; at the same time that he was prevailing upon the popular chiefs to visit, with a due spirit of submission, the prince, whom accident, he said, had brought to their shores; insisting also upon a general disarmament, in which he was seconded by Toraldo. But the people thought better than to place their persons at the mercy of their enemies, and contented themselves with sending a deputation with presents to congratulate Don John on his arrival.

So far was this from satisfying the viceroy, that an assault was resolved upon. Toraldo was invited on board the prince's galley, but had the good sense to refuse. Arpaja, the brothers Caffiero, Salvator Barone, and several other popular chiefs, were less fortunate; having at the invitation of the viceroy repaired to the castle, they were at once seized and executed.

The 5th of October, about noon, the horses of a carriage at the gates of Castelnovo, having taken a sudden fright, upset their driver, and galloped down the street of Toledo, causing a general confusion; the viceroy took advantage of the circumstance to throw a regiment of Spanish infantry into the streets, who shouted, "Long live the king!—long live the taxes!" He, at the same time, hoisted the signal agreed upon on the tower of Castelnovo; and then suddenly remembering the archbishop, whom he had for a long time past totally overlooked, he summoned him to exhibit the holy sacrament in the churches, and to call down the protection of the Almighty upon the arms of his majesty.

The prelate answered with indignation, "that he would never prostitute his sacred ministry by asking from Heaven the accomplishment of an atrocious sacrifice;" words which, when repeated to the viceroy, did not fail to give him much annoyance, not unmingled with regrets.

The people had long ago anticipated that the Spaniards would finish by acting on the offensive, but they still thought that the decisive moment had not come yet. Their terror was only equalled by their surprise, when they saw the royal troops advancing on all sides to the charge; and if they attempted to defend themselves at a few points, it was with a want of decision which soon ended in confusion.

New companies of infantry issued from the castle to support those who had taken triumphant possession of the street of Toledo, and, divided into detachments, commanded by resolute officers, they put into execution a strategical plan, carefully prearranged, of attacking the most important positions of the town, and which they carried, without suffering great loss or meeting with very serious obstacles. The public granaries, the oil repository, the lesser hospital, and the convents of Saint Martin and Pizzo Falcone, fell quickly into the hands of the soldiery; whilst the people, thrown back in the greatest disorder, could not find a single point whereon to rally. A great number of the leaders had perished in the struggle; others had been led prisoners to Castelnovo; among them, the famous inventor of the mine which was to blow up the castle of St. Elmo, Andrea Polito,

who was immediately hung from the battlements of the fortress. The defenders of the popular cause fled in despair in every direction, and at every point met the enemy before them.

Nevertheless the Spanish troops, distributed upon so many points, were nowhere sufficiently numerous to spread themselves through the suburbs and give support to one another. Obligated to maintain themselves in the isolated posts of which they had possessed themselves, they gave time to the populace to recover from the effects of the sudden panic, and even to think, with the energy of despair, of regaining the losses which they had experienced from a first surprise.

The tocsin was sounded from all the bells of Naples, and the whole town rose as one man to defend its rights and revenge itself upon its oppressors. Even those who were in favour of order and peace, and had exerted themselves to conciliate parties, cried out for arms, and hastened to engage in the struggle.

The soil seemed to give birth to popular legions that sprang up as if by enchantment. More than 50,000 men, resolute and well armed, threw themselves at once upon all the positions of which their adversaries had obtained such easy possession a few hours before. The vigour of the defence was worthy of the impetuosity of the assailants. The Spaniards did not yield an inch of ground; but in the face of such formidable masses they made signals for assistance from Castelnuovo.

How could the viceroy have sent them any? He had compromised all his forces without even leaving the slightest reserve! He gave orders to the forts and to the squadron to commence the bombardment at once. Then the artillery of St. Elmo, of Castelnuovo, and of other castles, as well as of the vessels which were anchored off the shore of La Marinella, opened a terrible fire; the explosions of which, repeated by the echoes, cast terror far and wide.

Don John of Austria, standing on the deck of the captain's galley, contemplated this scene of desolation with moist eyes. Seeing his soldiers surrounded on all sides, without any one coming to their assistance, he several times exclaimed, in a tone of bitter disappointment, "Where are the 20,000 peasants who were to sustain us? where are they?" A severe reproach addressed to the Duke of Arcos and his own counsellors, who by their misstatements had led astray the instincts of his heart.

The combat was carried on with the same desperation on both sides. The Spaniards, driven into a few intrenchments, did not the less resist, like a wall of iron, to the enormous pressure of the masses which seemed ready to overwhelm them. The shells and shot, poured by the great guns of the forts and ships upon the devoted city, made of the beautiful Naples only a heap of ruins; but this only exasperated the people the more. Twice taken and retaken, the public granaries remained in the power of the insurrectionists, who, not knowing how to carry off the grain, hastened to commit it to the flames.

If the fire of the squadron was effecting frightful ravages in the quarters of Lavinaro and of Mandaracho, the cannons of the tower of the Carmelites, directed by Gennaro Annese, were also doing serious injury to the galleys, and Don John was obliged to disembark 1500 men—the last resource which he had on board—to attempt to carry this position; but the assault was so effectively received, that the soldiers were obliged to retreat upon Castelnuovo, after having sustained great loss. As to the ships, deprived of a part of their equipage, and suffering so severely at their anchorage, they were ultimately obliged to weigh, and take up a position under shelter of the Château de l'Œuf, from whence they could only annoy the quays and the quarter called Chiaja.

During this disastrous day, the whole of the Spanish forces were placed under the orders of the General of Artillery De Batteville, a gentleman of Burgundy, who accompanied the prince as a counsellor as before said. It does not appear why the Duke of Arcos did not take the command personally, if only in the interest of his reputation. He trusted for success to the military talents of an officer of undoubted ability, but who was not intimate with the scene of the struggle, and who had never carried on this kind of warfare. Batteville felt how much the kind of knowledge here alluded to was essential in presence of such a well-organised enemy, and whose numbers were much greater than had been described to him; he repented deeply of having yielded to the entreaties of the viceroy, and having listened to his empty promises. Nevertheless, hoping everything from the courage and excellent discipline of his troops, he hurried from one point to another with a marvellous activity, making the most skilful distribution of his forces, and multiplying his efforts.

Don Francesco Toraldo, whose situation was so strange and so delicate, had always wished for peace, and in all conferences had shown his devotion to the viceroy; but once engaged, he thought of nothing but showing that he was a loyal gentleman and a brave soldier; he could not condescend to deceive those who had put their trust in him; he conducted their cause to the best of his abilities, and his intelligent manœuvres embarrassed the Spaniards exceedingly.

The incessant thunder of a formidable artillery, the bursting of shells, the tumbling down of buildings, the continual discharge of musketry, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the dying and the wounded, the shrieks of women and children, flying distractedly in the midst of the carnage, and seeking in vain for a place of refuge; the terrible blast of trumpets and the beating of drums, mingled with the sound of bells, rung with the violence of despair, altogether created a horrible uproar, and made the surrounding populations believe that their magnificent capital was at its last day. Terror made some run over to the party of the Spaniards, whose triumph appeared to them certain. Patriotism, however, induced others to come in from the country to the aid of the Neapolitans, even if they should be buried under the ruins of the capital.

News of what was passing in the heart of the kingdom soon arrived at Benevent, whence the more important members of the nobility, and among others the famous Duke of Maddaloni, hastened, by the pressing advice of the counsellor Miraballo, to move in aid of the viceroy. To this effect, they assembled levies, and entered into campaign to cut off all provisioning intended for the insurgents. At the same time they forwarded a message to the duke, requesting that he would send a general of experience to take the command of their levies.

Night in the mean time was coming on, dark and stormy, without the fury of the combatants having in any way diminished. The struggle seemed, on the contrary, to become from hour to hour fiercer, without the victory being decided on either side. The city remained a prey to one of the greatest crises that has ever been recorded in history.*

The day that followed was not less bloody, nor more decisive. A bold and vigorous effort was made by the Neapolitans to carry the heights of Jesus Maria, where the Spaniards had intrenched themselves, but without success. Geronimo Donnarumma, a dealer in vegetables, and a relative of Masaniello, was, to the great disgust of Toraldo, elected *mestre de camp général*, in the place of Desio, who had gone over to the enemy.

The new general gave *éclat* to his election by a characteristic stratagem. Wishing to carry the flour dépôt, which had been fortified by the Spaniards with a palisade, he let loose a number of buffaloes from the mountains, and set dogs upon them to drive them against the palisade. The plan succeeded perfectly; the buffaloes broke down the defences, and threw the troops behind into disorder. The Neapolitans followed behind, and the soldiers had no quarter to expect, for none was given on either side. A few only escaped from the massacre by swimming to the castle. The viceroy made a fruitless attempt to regain this position.

An offer of a truce of six days was refused by the viceroy, who kept Ottavio Marchese, the envoy of the insurgents, in constraint, merely for having been the bearer of the message. Hostilities were thereupon renewed with increased fury. The cry of "Long live the King of Spain!" was no longer heard. The banners of Castile were overthrown, and a new shout became general—"Long live the people and St. Peter!" to the great delight of Cardinal Filomarino. The red flag waved upon the tower of the Carmelites. Terrified at these symptoms of confirmed rebellion, and the Spanish troops giving way before the ever-increasing number of adversaries, the viceroy opened negotiations, which were seconded by Toraldo, but indignantly repelled by the people.

* Insurrection de Naples en 1647. Etude Historique de Don Angel de Saavedra, Duc de Rivas. Traduit par le Baron Léon d'Hervey de Saint Denys.

The church of Ste. Claire, in the heart of the town, from whence the Spanish soldiery had fired with great effect, was carried by assault, and the garrison put to the sword. The prisons of the Vicariate were broken open, and the prisoners, among whom were Luigi del Ferro, and other partisans of France, were set at liberty.

At the same time, Don John of Austria, shocked with the bloody scenes which he had seen enacted during the few days past, and exasperated against the Duke of Arcos, who had dragged him into so disastrous an intervention, withdrew his fleet to the bottom of the Bay of Baia, behind Mount Pausilippo. This withdrawal of the squadron naturally increased the audacity of the insurgents, who ventured to attack the retrenchments of Monserrato, which defended the approaches of Castelnovo, but, failing of success, the blame of defeat was laid to Toraldo, who had all along been more or less mistrusted by the populace. At the same time, the genius of Donnarumma having never gone beyond the conception of the buffalo expedition, he was supplanted by Marco Antonio Brancaccio, an experienced veteran, seventy years of age, and a great hater of the Spaniards.

Brancaccio, who would only accept the command on condition that the object of the war should be to shake off the yoke of the foreigner, entered upon his career by a general assault upon all the quarters occupied by the Spaniards, but having signally failed in this bold enterprise, his popularity suffered severely at the onset. A subsequent attempt made upon the retrenchments of San Carlo de Mortelle was still more disastrous; the insurgents were defeated, leaving the streets full of corpses.

Don John was, at the same time, and seconded by the Duke of Tursi, making frequent overtures for negotiations, holding out more favourable terms for capitulation than had been entertained by the viceroy, but in vain; the Neapolitans would not be deterred from the struggle in which they had engaged themselves. The Spaniards had retaken the central and important position of Ste. Claire, and it was resolved to take it by assault.

The 21st of October, the day fixed upon for the assault, the popular legions took arms before sunrise; they were so numerous that the very multitude became embarrassing; all Brancaccio's skill was called into play to move them with effect. The position appeared to be lost to the Spaniards, to see the numbers and the resolution of the enemy; but when the mine was fired, which was to open a breach for the assailants, the explosion operated only on one side, without doing the least mischief to the convent, but, on the contrary, by upsetting the neighbouring houses, it buried all the insurgents who had taken up their position therein in the ruins.

The terrible noise of the mine was followed by a still more sinister rumour; the shout of *Treuson!* came forth from every mouth; the multitude fixed eyes flaming with anger upon Toraldo. The prince immediately perceived the peril of his situation; he made his horse turn round, and thought for a moment of withdrawing from the fury of the populace; but reflection told him that, by endeavouring to fly, he should justify suspicions. He accordingly tightened his rein and remained immovable.

A vigorous sortie of the soldiery completed the rout of the populace. The mob threw itself upon the unfortunate general, and forced him onwards to the market-place, loading him with curses and abuse. He attempted to speak, but his voice was lost in the uproar; his friends attempted in vain to assist him; his partisans equally failed in trying to lead off the irate mob. Before arriving at the market, where perhaps he might have found some defenders, he was already bruised all over and pierced with dagger-wounds. He fell in a place called La Pietra del Pesce, and when his head was cut off his mouth was uttering these words,—“I

die for God, for the king, and for the people. I swear that all my actions have had no other object than to conciliate parties, and to bring back peace to my unhappy country." His body was hung by one foot to a gibbet erected on the market-place. His heart had been previously torn out of his body, and, by an act of inhumanity worse than barbarous, it was conveyed as a present to the princess his wife, who had taken refuge in a convent for some few days back.

The populace, after a tumultuous deliberation, giving way as usual to a senseless infatuation, instead of electing Brancaccio to the supreme dignity, named the vulgar, incapable, and not very courageous Gennaro Annese, the arquebussier, to succeed Francesco Toraldo, Prince of Massa, one of the greatest lords of the kingdom. Annese began his career by associating with himself one Vincenzo d'Andrea, a barrister, who devoted himself to propounding a republic, as the best form of government and the solution to all difficulties. Don John of Austria was not long in perceiving how grave and perilous the situation had become. He accordingly despatched new emissaries to open negotiations, empowering them at the same time to make the most advantageous offers; but they obtained only one answer, which was, that having entered into negotiations with the King of France, the people could no longer treat either with the King of Spain, or with his son, nor with his ministers. At this, the historian De Santos relates, Don John, who had hitherto contained himself, lost all reserve, and gave way to passionate indignation. He ordered hostilities to be carried on with energy, and without any regard being shown to the rebellious city. The Duke of Arcos, on his side, attempted to bribe Annese to surrender the tower of the Carmelites, but without success.

Nevertheless, war continued in the town; skirmishes took place in the streets, and the fortified posts were assaulted almost every day. General Tuttavilla had at the same time blockaded the environs of the city. On both sides scarcity of provisions began to be felt, and the fatigue of so many combats, without definite results, began to show itself. Annese becoming unpopular, revenged himself by issuing an extraordinary decree, in which he forbade his name to be mentioned in conversation under pain of death. A republic under such a despotism was impossible. Brancaccio had withdrawn, disgusted with the ferocity of the arquebussier, and the populace themselves were now a prey to universal discord.

It was under these circumstances that the Duke of Guise prepared to start with 10,000 crowns, procured for him by the Cardinal of Sainte Cecile, a small quantity of powder sold to him by the Duke of Bracciano, and a numerous suite, among whom were the Sire de Cerisantes, sent by the Marquis of Fontenay as a spy, Geronimo Fabraui, his secretary, and Agostino de Lieto, captain of guards. The Marquis of Fontenay, the Cardinal of Sainte Cecile, and other lords and prelates, accompanied him outside of the city walls. Arrived at the sea-shore, as each feluca could only hold two or three persons, the duke entered into one with his valet only, and the little fleet set sail with a favourable wind the 13th of November, 1647, at midnight. The Spanish galleys waited for them in their passage, but the darkness of a stormy night enabled them to get past in safety, between the islands of Ischia and Procideo, and reach the gulf at break of day. Sailing, without loss, through the musketry of Don John's boats, the duke at length reached the shore of the Carmelites, where the people hailed his arrival with the most lively demonstrations of enthusiasm.

Don John of Austria and the viceroy, however, considered the Duke of Guise only in the light of an adventurer, who was going to impart a

factitious energy to the rebellion, to become afterwards an obstacle, and perhaps even an instrument of weakness or ruin.

Such were not the thoughts of the presumptuous Henry of Lorraine: without taking into consideration that he only brought to this young republic a dozen adventurers for all succour, seven to eight thousand crowns as his resources, and a little powder, dazzled by the success of his journey, the salutes of the artillery on Mount Carmel, and the shouts of the populace, he already fancied himself the liberator of the people, the founder of an independent monarchy, the predestined arbitrator of the lot of all Italy.

Full of these illusions, and surrounded by an immense crowd, he mounted on horseback and repaired to the cathedral to thank the Almighty for his safe arrival. This duty fulfilled, Gennaro Annese conducted him to his tower of the Carmelites, so as to have him under his eyes, till a more sumptuous habitation, and one more worthy of such a host, could be prepared.

The familiarity of Annese must have appeared very strange to a prince accustomed to all the refinements of luxury. The room which he was condemned to live in with the master arquebussier was revoltingly filthy, and the dirt was made still more glaring by the contrast with vases of gold and silver heaped up in confusion amid rich stuffs and other booty. The wretched furniture, everything even to the suffocating odour of this hovel, would have rendered it insupportable to the least delicate. The wife of the generalissimo of the people was preparing in a corner on an earthen furnace, with black hands, disordered hair, and clothes in tatters, the conjugal repast which Prince Henry of Lorraine was expected to participate in. Lastly, and as a finish to the picture, whilst the lady looked after the macaroni, Gennaro Annese, wishing to testify to his guest that he did not grant the favours of intimacy by halves, began to dress a cancerous sore which he had on his leg.

Ambition is the most accommodating of all passions. The Duke of Guise not only extolled what he was pleased to designate as republican frankness in the coarse arquebussier, but he partook at night of the same mattress, taking care, however, to keep on his clothes, and rising early in the morning to visit the city. He was received with enthusiasm by the dregs of the populace; but the *Black Capes*, as the middle classes were designated, mistrusted him as the representative of French domination. Nor were the results of his examination encouraging. There were a number of resolute men in arms, but few were capable of carrying on a regular war; there was want of money, food, and ammunition, and a general depression of spirits, from lassitude and weariness. Nevertheless, the duke did not allow himself to despond. Trusting in the *prestige* of his name, in his personal valour and his good fortune, flattering himself, besides, that the French court would not abandon him, and that his family's credit would procure for him the soldiers and money necessary for success, he resolved to go on and to profit by the first burst of popularity for effecting something decisive.

So obliging Cardinal Filomarino, much against his will, to give a public benediction to his sword, destined to exterminate the Spaniards, he resolved upon attacking the famous gate of San Carlo de Martelle, where Brancaccio had been twice repulsed, but with the most unfortunate result.

The 21st of November, at daybreak, the Duke of Guise, anxious to put his plan into execution, advanced with about four thousand men in good order, and with a first start of success. The Neapolitans carried the outworks and the retrenchments that had been raised in advance of the position, killing a great number of Spaniards, for no quarter was granted; after which they broke into the adjacent houses, giving them up to pillage and fire, after having massacred the inhabitants.

But Don Carlos de Gante and Captain Fusco came up to the succour with so vigorous a charge, that the assailants were stopped short, and a great number

killed, and as the reserve of the popular troops came up to the aid of the first, Baron de Batteville made his appearance, followed by Don Jose de Sangro and the Prince of Tersis, with a reinforcement of fresh troops. Nothing could have been more opportune than their arrival; they completely disrouted the popular column which was advancing to the aid of the assailants, already flying in that disorder which is always attendant upon want of success, and they made fearful havoc among them. The people were terrified at this disaster, which, so far from answering to the ambitious hopes of the new chief, appeared as an omen almost fatal to his good fortune.

This disaster, the discredit which attached itself to the humble suite with which the Duke of Guise had presented himself to the Neapolitans, and the delay that took place in any succour arriving from the French fleet, created general discontent. The duke, however, was not in the least discouraged. He attributed the reverse to the absence of discipline, and he set to work with great resolution to organise the popular forces, at the same time that he spared no exertions to win over the Black Capes to his party. But the chief project which occupied his mind was to seize upon the town of Aversa, march from thence upon Capua, and thus open the road to Rome. The Baron de Modena, "a good soldier and loyal gentleman," was appointed *mestre de camp*; and the 12th of December the duke issued forth from the city at the head of 4000 infantry, 1500 horsemen, and four heavy guns, the whole in tolerable order, but badly provided for in ammunition and commissariat.

After taking possession of the towns of San Giuliano and Santantimo, which the Baron of Modena hastened to fortify, an interview, marked by all the chivalrous courtesy of the time, took place between the nobility, who had strengthened themselves in Aversa, and the duke, but without any result. This was followed by a hand-to-hand struggle between a party of 1500 mounted cavaliers and the company of guards, headed by the Duke of Guise himself at the bridge of Frignano. The personal valour displayed on this occasion by the prince added immensely to his renown; but the nobles, says the historian Duke of Rivas, "terrible in the use of the lance and the sword," drove back the prince's guard, and he would probably have paid for his rashness by his life, had it not been for the Baron of Modena, who, with more foresight than the gallant prince, had brought up a body of infantry, and placing them in ambuscade behind what houses, bushes, and other cover presented itself near the bridge, protected his retreat by a well-directed fire, which committed great havoc among the mounted gentry and nobility of Aversa.

While these events were going on without the city of Naples, the French squadron sailed into the gulf on the 18th of December, 1647. It consisted of twenty-nine large vessels, carrying 4000 men for field-service, under the Admiral Duke of Richelieu, and it brought with it also five fireships. The Spanish fleet was divided between Baia, where was Don John of Austria, Naples, and the coast of Castelmare. There is little doubt that, had it been at once attacked by the French fleet, it would have been destroyed; and the neglect of the French commander to take advantage of such an opportunity, led the Neapolitans to doubt at once the sincerity of his intentions. Certain it was, the Duke of Richelieu sought to come to an understanding with Gennaro Annese only. As to the Duke of Guise, no notice whatsoever was taken of him, and the prince became "furious with indignation." He started at once on his return to Naples, resolved to oppose the intervention of his own country-

men; and the viceroy was so gratified with the turn events had taken, that he ensured for him, even from the "Black Capes," a reception that resembled a triumph. The duke then convoked the popular junta, accused Annese of an intention to deliver up the tower of the Carmelites, and got himself unanimously elected *Duke of the Neapolitan Republic, and Defender of the State*.

While the Duke of Guise was thus arriving, by the most unforeseen turn of events, to supreme power, the Spanish fleet had succeeded, under favour of a dark night, in reuniting at Baia; and on the morning of the 22nd, Don John of Austria having made his preparations with his usual skill and activity, he sailed out to give the French battle. Luckily for both parties, a violent tempest that sprang up suddenly, put all chances of collision out of the question; but the French fleet sailed out of the gulf, and passing, not without danger, between the island of Capri and the point of Campanella, left the coast clear to the Spaniards.

The return of the French was, however, signalised on the 27th. An immediate attack upon the Spanish fleet followed, but "*on combattit assez mollement de part et d'autre*," says our historian, and victory remained undecided. At last, the Duke of Richelieu cast anchor off Nisida, whence he despatched a message to the Duke of Guise, whose presence he had before ignored, to ask for provisions; but the prince sent back in answer that the city had not too many for its own use. The Duke of Richelieu had then no alternative left but to set sail, which he did, capturing in his way a vessel loaded with corn for the rebels.

Delivered from the presence of the French, who should have been his supporters, the Duke of Guise gave way unreservedly to that love of luxury and passion for gallantry which were constitutional with him. The widow of the unfortunate Toraldo, and a sister of his captain of guards, shared publicly in his displays. This displeased the Neapolitans so much, that they sent emissaries to Rome, to complain to the Marquis of Fontenay of the depraved habits of the duke.

At the same time, and when the surrender of Aversa to the Baron of Modena, the breaking up of the formidable cavalry of barons, and the submission of most of the chief cities of the country, tended to render the Duke of Guise's authority permanent, had it not been for his licentious manners, which deprived him of the affections and regard of the people, Don John of Austria received from Spain unlimited powers, which left him the master to do whatever he deemed best to stifle the rebellion and to preserve the kingdom of Naples to the king, his father. Don John was not a prince to neglect answering to such noble confidence as became a loyal subject and a devoted son.

The Duke of Arcos gave in his resignation as the result of the first popular junta that was held, subsequent to these powers being conferred upon the prince. It was not, however, without feelings of grievous disappointment, upon seeing that another was about to reap the fruit of his long-tried constancy, and his patience under reverses, that he embarked the 28th of January for Civita-Vecchia, carrying with him the curses of a whole people; yet it must be told in favour of his probity, that he went away so poor that he was obliged to borrow the money necessary for the expenses of his journey. Don John then assumed the title of temporary viceroy.

With a prudence and tact which would have been scarcely expected at

his age, he set about attaching to his party Gennaro Annese, and other popular chiefs, as well as the Black Capes. It was in vain that the Duke of Guise assembled 3000 chosen men, and made a vigorous onslaught upon the quarter of Chiaja, and assaulted Puzzuola; he was defeated at all points, and his troops were driven back in disorder.

But the duke, as usual, never discouraged by reverses, and blindly confident in his resources, which he exaggerated to himself, resolved upon a general and simultaneous attack upon all the points occupied by the Spaniards. It was in vain that the Baron of Modena opposed this mad project.

Everything being arranged according to the dispositions of the French duke, who had collected for the assault a considerable number of bandits, the general attack was fixed for the 12th of February. The duke distributed the mass of the popular forces into divisions of from 2000 to 3000 men, tolerably well organised; and he intrusted the different commands to the bravest and most experienced, himself taking up his position at San Lorenzo, with a numerous reserve, composed of chosen men.

The columns having been placed at their respective posts, and the chiefs having received their orders, the signal of attack was given. Immediately all these troops deployed, and each advanced resolutely towards the point previously indicated. In a moment the combat became general. It continued furiously during the whole day and a great part of the night; and, although the conduct and order of the duke's troops would have done honour to a better disciplined army, the defence made was so resolute, that not one of the positions, where the standard of Castile floated, was carried by the people. Yet so unequal was the number of the combatants, that every Spaniard had ten assailants to drive back. Notwithstanding this enormous disproportion, victory declared itself for the king's arms. Some idea may be formed of the loss sustained by the populace, who, with powerless rage, came again and again to throw themselves upon the palisades and inexpugnable retrenchments of the Spaniards. The Baron of Modena, witness of the struggle, says himself of the latter, "that their valour acquired several degrees of glory on that important day."

The next morning the city presented everywhere the most heartrending scenes. The inhabitants wept bitter tears on seeing the rivulets red with Neapolitan blood. Here a son sought for his father in the midst of a heap of disfigured bodies; elsewhere others sought for a son, a brother, a husband, a lover; some for a friend or a protector. Everywhere there reigned a mournful agitation, only interrupted by cries of grief and despair.

The Duke of Guise, his eyes sparkling with rage, accused the chiefs of the columns with cowardice and treachery. As he traversed the different streets on horseback, he heard from the terrified groups shouts of "*Peace! peace! We wish for peace!*" Some even cried out, "*Long live the King of Spain!*" In the midst of the general dismay, the necessity for repose, at any price, was felt by all.

As if to complete the disasters of the day, the bandits who had taken a part in the assault, numbering more than 5000, rudely claimed their promised salary; and as, in the impossibility of satisfying them, the duke caused only a small sum of money to be distributed among them, they took advantage of the dejection into which the whole city was cast to attack and pillage the quarter of Saint Antonio, without any one daring to oppose them.

New proclamations, however, issued by the duke, and the efforts of his friends, brought back calm, and a few minor successes gradually assisted in making the plebeian legions forget their disastrous defeat. The division of parties became, however, more marked than ever. One called out for the Republic; another for the Duke of Guise; a third for peace and the King of Spain. The duke, with the hope of uniting two of these, set up a standard, with his arms on one side, and the initials S. P. Q. N. on the other. He also had money struck with his effigy, and the legend of the Neapolitan Republic.

Don John of Austria was, in the mean time, with infinite tact turning

every circumstance to a satisfactory solution of this bloody and prolonged drama. The withdrawal of the Duke of Arcos enabled him to gain over the Cardinal Filomarino; and he was also favoured by Gennaro Annese, Vincenzo Andrea, and other popular chiefs, who were jealous of the ascendancy of the Duke of Guise. It is almost unnecessary to add that the nobility and the middle classes—the Black Capes—were all in favour of peace and the King of Spain. The court of Spain, at the same time, however, began to view the success of the prince with a suspicious eye, and the Count of Onate was appointed to supersede him in the viceroyalty. Don John behaved under these circumstances as became a prince, a son, and a gentleman; he received the count, who arrived the 2nd of March, 1648, with five galleys, money, ammunition, and a few troops, with every mark of deference and respect. Two seamen were, however, killed by the guns of the tower of the Carmelites in the act of rowing the new viceroy on shore. The Count of Onate was so satisfied of the loyalty of Don John, who acquainted him with everything that had been done, that he resolved to follow out the line of conduct traced out for him by that intelligent young prince.

The Duke of Guise was, at the same time, daily sacrificing his popularity to pride and luxury. He had even imprisoned the Baron of Modena, who had ventured to reprimand him; and having caught Gennaro Annese and other chieftains in open rebellion, he hung a number of them, after having first subjected them to the horrors of the torture. The final fall of the French prince was, however, brought about by a rather singular circumstance. Either he really expected the French fleet would return, or he kept up an illusion to that effect to uphold his more timid followers in their allegiance; but certain it is that, under pretence of clearing a good anchorage, he issued forth from the city at the head of 5000 men to capture the fort on the island of Nisida, which was defended by a small garrison of Spaniards.

The Count of Onate, who watched his every movement, saw at once the advantage which could be taken of this false step, and, in conjunction with Don John of Austria, the experienced old General Don Dionisio de Guzman, and a Neapolitan counsel of war, resolved upon a general sortie from all the castles and fortified positions. Fifteen hundred good soldiers had also just arrived, under the command of Don Alonzo de Monroy, from Sicily.

The fortifications of the island of Nisida had been carefully repaired; the military positions of the rebels minutely reconnoitred; the Black Capes and the popular chiefs who had been won over to the royal cause were informed of the projected movement. The night preceding the memorable day of the 6th of April, 1648, the count put every disposable man under arms; still his forces, composed of Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Germans, did not exceed three thousand men.

Don John was one of the first to show himself on horseback, and as the viceroy entreated him not to go out of Castelnuovo, to risk his person on a day when the peril would be great and success doubtful, he answered, like a prince and a resolute man, that these were precisely the considerations which engaged him to go where the *éclat* of his name called him.

At the given time and signal, the royal troops advanced together as far as San Sebastiano. There they separated, and, wending their way in the different directions assigned to them, they attacked all the popular positions simultaneously, and thus began the conquest of the city.

The *mestre de camp*, Caraffa, at the head of one hundred and sixty Spaniards and fifty Neapolitans, took possession of the gate of Alba, and of the bastions of

the gate of Constantinople, without meeting any serious resistance, after which he effected a junction on the square *Del Abmirante* with Don Digo, of Portugal, who had previously occupied that position at the head of three hundred men, destined to support Captain Vargas, who had succeeded in gaining possession of the palace of the Duke of Guise, after having dispersed the few guards that had been left there. The post of Sant' Anello was vigorously carried by a hundred Spaniards, a hundred Walloons, and two hundred Germans, under the orders of the *mestre de camp*, Gennaro. At the same time, the Marquis of Torrecusa had advanced to the attack, and soon made himself master of the Vicariate, at the head of a company of veterans and volunteers.

These columns were closely followed by other detachments acting as a reserve; and behind them, again, came the cavalry of General Tuttavilla, who had under his orders the Marquis of Penalva, Don Alonzo de Monroy, the Prince of Torello, and other Neapolitan gentlemen. At one moment this cavalry acted in divisions to protect the different assaults; at another, it reassembled on the squares, according to a prearranged plan, modified by the force of circumstances.

Don John of Austria personally directed the rear-guard, surrounded by an escort of Neapolitan noblemen, under the command of the Duke of Andria. He had also under his control a regiment of Viedma and the national cavalry. Lastly, the Count of Onate closed the march with the Burgundian cavalry and a few chosen arquebussiers. Generals Guzman, Batteville, Visconti, and several others, were grouped around the viceroy, who surveyed all the phases of the struggle with an intelligent eye, and was ready to repair every mischance.

None of the posts attacked could resist the shock of the royal troops; these did not engage in the pursuit of the fugitives; they did not care to spill the blood of the conquered uselessly, but, leaving only a few men to guard the positions which had been carried, they formed once more into three columns, in order to traverse the city, and to assail simultaneously the market-place and the quarter of Lavinaro; the popular forces that had been driven out of their positions having taken refuge at these two points, where their numbers being increased by the inhabitants of the most disreputable class, they were preparing to dispute with the Spaniards their rapid victory.

Cardinal Filomarino had not entered into negotiations with the new viceroy with much earnestness; but when he learnt that the prince and the Count of Onate were triumphant on all sides, and were actually passing by his palace at the head of their conquering troops, he hastened out on foot, and in his dressing-gown, to felicitate them, and to offer his co-operation. The count received him with respectful cordiality. He ordered the prelate's ceremonial dress to be brought out to him forthwith, and then, mounting him on a horse, superbly caparisoned, he placed him beside the prince, and continued his progress towards the square of the Carmelites.

The masses were still formidable, and capable of offering a serious resistance; but as the tread of the footsteps and the jingle of the arms of the Spaniards came nearer and nearer, their ardour cooled visibly. Only one plebeian chief, Matteo Amore, ventured to oppose the progress of the royal troops, and he paid for his rashness with his life. Pietro Longobardo perished in a similar manner, whilst attempting to defend the quarter of the Port.

These two deaths finally discouraged the people, and by nine o'clock in the morning the king's troops had made themselves masters of the entire city, with a loss of not more than ten men. In fact, as soon as the soldiers shouted "Long live the King of Spain! Long live abundance! No more taxation!" the arms fell from the hands of the rebels, and the streets, the balconies, and the terraces filled with a joyous multitude, who shouted, as they waved their white kerchiefs, "Long live peace! Long live the King of Spain!"

There only remained in the power of the rebels San Lorenzo, Porta-Nolana, and the tower of the Carmelites. The viceroy sent two detachments to take possession of these. The two first positions were carried without difficulty, and the combined efforts of the two parties were directed against the latter, which had all along been the most important stronghold of the populace. The Count of Onate having confided to Don John the duty of surrounding the market-place, he himself hastened with a few chosen arquebussiers, and a detachment of light cavalry, to sweep the neighbouring streets, and to take possession of such minor posts and guard-houses as might serve as points for rallying to the more desperate. He at the same time took precautions that the cardinal-archbishop should not take himself off at this critical moment, by consulting him at every

moment as to the best means of assuring tranquillity when the rebellion should be completely subdued.

Don John had arrived in the square of the Carmelites without having met with any opposition, when a man, pale and trembling, rushed out of the convent, and threw himself at his feet. This was the new people's elect, who, upon hearing words of pardon and forgetfulness of the past fall from the prince's lips, rose up, kissed his hand, and, mounting on horseback, joined the victors. The archbishop and the viceroy arrived soon afterwards. They were surprised that Gennaro Annese had not submitted yet; and perceiving that preparations for defence were making in the fortress, an energetic officer was despatched to come to an understanding with the master arquebussier. The latter, terrified, answered that Cardinal Filomarino being there, he would wish to treat with him. Annese's wish was acceded to, to avoid useless slaughter, and the prelate was introduced alone into this great tower. He was not long in returning, after having convinced the plebeian chief that the best thing he could do was to surrender at once, and without hesitation.

The Count of Onate sent Don Carlo de la Gatta to receive his submission; but the perfidious Annese, disguising his real sentiments by an apparent candour, appeared to be very anxious to give up in detail the provisions, arms, and ammunition that were under his charge, all the time that he delayed giving up his formidable fortress, till the viceroy, who had got possession of the convent, lost all patience, and ordered two powder-bags to be fixed to the gates of the tower. The explosion, and the effect which these produced, terrified the plebeian chief, who hastened, in the most abject manner, and trembling with fear, to present his keys to the Spanish prince.

Don John received him with pity, showing, both by his words and actions, that he pardoned him; but as this miserable man continued to exhibit unequivocal signs of distrust and terror, the prince exclaimed to him, indignantly, "By the life of the king my lord, get up, and do not doubt your pardon." Don Carlo de la Gatta was appointed on the spot governor of the tower of the Carmelites, and he established himself there, with two companies of select Spanish troops and a few German artillerymen.

The royal standard floating from the citadel of the rebellion announced to the whole capital that the city was in the power of the viceroy, whose bold enterprise had been crowned by success. The heights of Vomero and the shores of Chiaja were also occupied by General Tuttavilla and the valiant Alonzo de Monroy with a detachment of troops, to render the victory still more secure by preventing the return of the Duke of Guise.

The distant sound of the bells and the roar of cannon had made the duke aware that important events were taking place in the capital; he had raised the siege of Nisida, and was hastening to return to Naples, when there came reports of various kinds, but all confirmative of the great fact of the complete triumph of the Spaniards. Immediately the duke found himself abandoned by the plebeian bands whom he commanded; he then resolved upon taking the road to Aversa, accompanied only by a few gentlemen, hoping to attempt a last effort at the head of the forces that were assembled around Capua; but the same evening the rumour of what had taken place at Naples also reached that place, and the popular army, as inconstant as it was undisciplined, dispersed itself in a moment.

Informed of the situation of the Duke of Guise, Don Luis Poderico, fearing that he would take refuge in the Roman States, threw all the cavalry at his disposal so as to close the road to him. Pursued, surrounded on all sides by his enemies, by the peasants, and even by his own soldiers, the unfortunate prince placed his last hopes in his personal valour, and attempted to force his way sword in hand; but his horse, having received several deep wounds, was unable to second him in the effort; and he was obliged to yield to Visconti, lieutenant of Don Diego de Cordova's company of cuirassiers. He was conducted to Capua with

ten French gentlemen who, obedient to the chivalrous devotion of the time, were resolved to share his fortunes to the last; and Don Luis Poderico, while he took every care of his prisoner, did not forget what was due to his rank. Two days afterwards he was led to Castelvoltorno, and from thence to the castle of Gaëta, where the severe Count of Onate would have had his head pitilessly cut off but for the resolute opposition of Don John, who wrote to Madrid to ascertain what were the king's wishes. At the end of a few months orders came to send the duke to Spain, where he was not long before he regained his liberty. Some time after this, the French fleet having made its appearance at the entrance of the gulf, a conspiracy was discovered which cost the turbulent Annese his life. The Count of Onate further strengthened Spanish domination by taking the isle of Elba from the French, whom he also expelled from the coast of Tuscany; and when, some time afterwards, the intrepid Duke of Guise reappeared on the shores of Castelmare, not the slightest sympathy was awakened in his cause.

The insurrection of Naples began the 15th of July, 1647; it ended, exhausted by its own efforts, and overcome by Spanish perseverance, the 6th of April, 1648; a brief period of time, during which the Neapolitans exhibited brilliant courage, and, at times, an almost incredible degree of ferocity, and their conquerors an heroic firmness. Heaven, in its impenetrable decrees, adjourned to another age the period when the emancipation and independence of the kingdom of Naples was to be obtained by more peaceable and more legitimate means, which also ensured, to a far greater degree than could ever have been effected by popular commotions, its stability and its glory.

THE SPECTRE HAUNTED.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

I HAVE heard it asserted that those mysterious occurrences which have fallen under the observation of many persons at various periods of their lives, have either arisen from a remarkable concatenation of events, or have sprung from an unhealthy state of the mind, induced probably by ill-health, or by a peculiar construction of temperament. I know not whether it argues a well-disciplined mind or otherwise to be the expounder of such a doctrine. Not many years have elapsed since the belief in the probability of supernatural intervention was more prevalent than at the present day, and amongst those who subscribed to that opinion, were to be found men in every rank of life—men of great intellectual acquirements—men eminent in the various departments of literature, science, and art. I speak comparatively of recent times, for I apprehend it is needless to refer either to the middle ages or antiquity for further evidence in support of a doctrine which even at this day—even in the nineteenth century—possesses a great number of adherents. Whatever advancement we may have made in other respects, it appears to me we have displayed no great intelligence or penetration in respect to the question in point. It is, unfortunately, one of the characteristics of our day to dispose of a question of this kind in the most summary

manner, and in a way which prevents it from receiving that attention and consideration which it requires. The doctrine is exploded—it was peculiar to those earlier periods of our history when the bulk of mankind were in a comparative state of barbarism, and ere the lamp of knowledge had shed abroad that glorious effulgence which was destined to effect their emancipation from the gross errors and superstitions into which they had fallen. It is in this way that a subject of the last importance is dismissed, and a conclusion arrived at neither consistent with fact nor any equitable system of ratiocination.

It becomes not man to question the wisdom of his Creator, or to attempt to discern those hidden springs of action by which his conduct is guided. It may, perhaps, however, be deemed neither presumptuous nor irreverent to suppose that He, in His infinite wisdom, has permitted disembodied spirits to revisit the earth for wise and all-sufficient purposes, which, however, may not be intelligible to the limited understandings of His creatures. Innumerable instances, indeed, may be cited where such results have actually accrued from decided and incontrovertible cases of supernatural agency, though, at the same time, I am willing to concede that there are numerous others where no apparent benefit has been derived from the visitation. I do not, however, necessarily infer from that, that they were unjustifiable, or that the Almighty was in error in permitting them; for, as I have already observed, some object may have been attained with which it was not necessary that we should be acquainted.

There are few men, I am persuaded, however much they may be inclined to ridicule and throw discredit upon this subject, who have not at some period been under the influence of some extraordinary feeling, or superstition as it is more commonly called, and who, in the solitude of their chambers, have held communication with themselves, and whose scepticism for the time being has been completely overthrown. It may have been occasioned by a dream—by some singular coincidence—by some remarkable combination of events.

It is not in the broad light of day—it is not in crowds that we are disposed to reflections of this kind. It is in solitude—when deep sleep has fallen upon men, and when the stars, those beautiful and mysterious orbs, are looking down upon us from their bright and lofty eminence, and inducing a train of thought foreign to the usual tenor of our mind. How many men have assigned to them an influence over the destinies of mankind, altogether incompatible with the notions of the present generation—how many men have gazed upon them with wonder—with awe—with astonishment. The lines of Horace will occur probably to some of my readers:

Hunc solem et stellas et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectant.

I repeat, there are few who are altogether exempt from these mysterious influences. Call the feeling what you will, it is still there. It cannot be shaken off, and the attempt to account for it would be equally hopeless.

I have made these few premises as an introduction to a narrative of a painful and startling character, and shall leave the reader to form his own conclusions as to the circumstances which I shall relate. I may add, that my own conviction is formed, and that no reasoning has been sufficiently strong to induce me to relinquish the position I have taken. It

has been alleged that my temperament is excitable, that I am subject to optical delusion, that I inherit from my parents an idiosyncrasy subject to occasional fits of mental aberration, in order to account, upon the most orthodox grounds, for the strange occurrences which have befallen me.

Ten years have not been able to erase the impression which the following singular incident left upon my mind. At the age of fourteen I was sent to a boarding-school at Lubeck, in order that I might have the advantage of a superior course of instruction to that to which I had hitherto been accustomed. When two years had elapsed, it was determined that I should be removed from thence, and placed in the counting-house of an eminent merchant in Hamburg, to whom my parents had consented to give a somewhat large premium, as the price of my introduction to the mercantile profession. It was during the latter portion of my second year's residence in Lübeck, that this strange event took place, and which first drew my attention to the subject of spiritual interposition, and to those indefinable influences to which at several portions of my life I have been exposed. I may observe that, at the time the circumstance occurred, I was in a perfect state of health, and that my mind was in no degree predisposed to studies of a subtle or metaphysical character. With the exception of the *Erl König*,* with which ballad I had been familiar from my childhood, I was totally unacquainted with the prevailing superstitions of Germany.

It was about the close of the year, and when the days had become very short, that a schoolfellow and I had strolled a few miles into the country. On our return, my companion proceeded to the schoolroom, and I went to a small apartment in the house, in which the boarders of a superior description were accustomed to take their meals with the principal of the establishment and his wife. The upper portion of the door which gave access to this room was made of glass, but a small red curtain was hung in the inside, which prevented persons passing along the passage from observing what was going forward within the room. There was no means of access to it except through the door; there was certainly a window, which looked over the playground, but it was not less than thirty feet from the earth, so that it was not easy to effect an entrance that way. I dwell particularly on these circumstances, because, where anything of a supernatural character has taken place, it is only necessary that the most minute details should be given. In matters of this kind, nobody courts investigation more than I do, and none is more anxious for a rational and probable elucidation to any mystery in which they may be enshrouded.

The red curtain I have already spoken of was not drawn to its full extent, the consequence of which was that a small portion of the glass was uncovered, and through which I could see if anybody were in the room—a custom I frequently observed before I entered. I looked through the glass, and discovered a gentleman seated in a chair at the upper part of the table, upon which two wax candles were burning. The glass was somewhat dirty, and I could not, therefore, see the interior of the room with any great distinctness. I drew my handkerchief gently over it, in order to remove any dust that might have accumulated upon it. Having done so, I placed my face again to the glass, to discover

* A spectre that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.

who the gentleman was, and in a moment started involuntarily back! Good Heavens! it was my father, exactly as I had seen him in his own house only three months before. He wore a blue coat, rather light waistcoat, ornamented with a small flower; he had his silver spectacles on, and was engaged in reading a letter. From his watch-pocket, as usual, depended a large bunch of gold seals, and on the little finger of his left hand he wore the ring which my dear mother had presented him with when they were betrothed. I was surprised—overjoyed; surprised, because I had received no intimation of his visit; and overjoyed, because I knew he would not depart without leaving me sufficient *Taschengeld* to answer my purpose till Christmas. I was, however, a good deal agitated; the unexpected meeting had awakened in me the greatest astonishment, for I could divine no cause for his journey hither; and, besides, on former occasions, he had invariably brought my mother along with him. It was enough, however, he was there: he would be as glad to see me as I was to see him, and I made no doubt he had brought me presents of all descriptions, both from my mother and aunt.

I opened the door of the room, and walked in; he was seated in his old position, but what struck me as a remarkable circumstance was, that he disregarded the disturbance which my entrance had occasioned, and continued to pore over the letter as though no interruption had taken place.

I thought I would call his attention to my presence, so walking up to where he sat, I said,

“Lieber Vater wie befinden Sie sich?”

The words were no sooner uttered than, as quick as thought, he vanished from my sight! I was horrified. I stared about me in amazement; my knees knocked together, and I had the greatest difficulty to support myself. It was evident that my father had been there. I had seen him most distinctly; I had seen him in the dress he was in the habit of wearing; in the position in which he was accustomed to sit. Yes, he had been there: the chair in which he had been sitting—the table, the candles, the room—everything was unchanged, but he—he had gone, and had left no traces of his recent presence behind. I could find no solution to the fearful spectacle of which I had been a witness. I was disappointed and alarmed. I rushed out of the room, and in the passage met the worthy schoolmaster, who, observing me, said—

“Wo gehen Sie hin, Rudolph?”

“Haben Sie, lieber Herr Rosenbaum, meinen Vater gesehen?”

“Nein, liebes Kind.”

“Er war eben hier.”

“Es ist ganz unmöglich,” he said.

“Was ich Ihnen gesagt habe ist wirklich wahr.”

I related to Herr Rosenbaum what had occurred, but I could not induce him to attach any credence to my statement. On the following day he proposed to write to my parents, to ascertain if they were well; but it was unnecessary, for on the ensuing morning a letter arrived, informing me of the death of my father, which had occurred suddenly on the previous evening, and at the very hour that I had seen his wraith.

There were several persons to whom this event became known, who endeavoured to explain it away by a process of reasoning so utterly preposterous and devoid of all plausibility, that I shall not tire the patience

of the reader by stating the grounds upon which they refused to admit the influence of spiritual agency in the matter. In support of my own opinion, I may be permitted to draw the reader's attention to two points. In the first place, I was unacquainted with my father's indisposition; in the second, he had expired about the very time that I had first seen him seated in the chair. Whence was this? If I was the victim of some extraordinary delusion, the coincidence, to say the least of it, was most remarkable. If, however, disenthralled spirits have really the power to assume a quasi-corporeal appearance, I see nothing inconsistent in the hypothesis that, in the event of their being suddenly called to another state of existence, they should wish to appear to those absent friends and relations who constituted the great charms of their earthly career, and, as it were, prepare them for the melancholy intelligence that awaits them.

After my father's funeral, at which I was present, my mother would not permit me to return again to school. I was an only child, and the death of my parent had of course plunged her into the greatest distress. I was, therefore, kept at home, with the view of rendering her situation less lonely and melancholy.

The circumstance which I have just related gave a peculiar impulse to my mind. I became thoughtful—melancholy. I brooded continually over what I had seen, and I took the greatest delight in conversing with two or three old women in the neighbourhood upon all the superstitions peculiar to Germany, and in which they placed the most implicit belief. This feeling grew with me, and, notwithstanding the great opposition which my relatives made to the books to which I mostly directed my attention, I persisted in the course which was most congenial to my mind, and employed all my leisure hours either in listening to or reading wild and marvellous stories. This mode of life rendered me susceptible to the least alarm, and frequently, when alone, exposed me to the greatest fear and consternation. I became pale and attenuated, passed sleepless nights, and was often feverish and sick.

I had been about eight years in the counting-house in Hamburgh, when an incident of the most extraordinary description befel me, and which added a still deeper colouring to my subsequent life, and, if possible, gave a yet stronger bias to my studies and pursuits. I dreamed one night that I was in the surgery of an eminent medical man in Hamburgh. There were three large oblong boxes in the room, fixed against the wall, each of which contained a human skeleton. A young man was in the room, of a tall, slim figure, and dark complexion, and whose countenance was exceedingly careworn, as if from excessive study. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, and pointed the skeletons out to me, and explained the great wisdom and ingenuity manifested by the Creator in the construction of the human frame. The dream, I remember, made a somewhat painful impression upon my mind, but, in the course of a few weeks, it had altogether escaped from my memory.

I was passing, however, one day along the street, when a poor woman, in attempting to cross the road, was knocked down by two horses, which were proceeding at a furious rate, and the vehicle to which they were attached went over her body. I was a good deal interested in the case, and a surgeon having been summoned to the spot, I saw her conveyed to a neighbouring house, where every attention was paid to her.

Having ascertained the name of the surgeon, I called upon him the

following night to inquire after the woman's health, and, to my utter amazement, I was shown into the very room and introduced to the very young man that a few weeks before I had seen in my dream. The boxes stood exactly as I had seen them with their lids taken off, and the skeletons fully revealed to my view. I advanced mechanically towards them, and the young man, taking up a long stick, began to point out the beauty and order displayed in their structure. He had not been thus occupied many minutes, when suddenly, and as if by magic, the stick dropped from his hand, and he stood gazing at me with the greatest astonishment pictured in his countenance. He had seen me before; he had on a former occasion pointed out to me the beauty of the human frame,—my face was perfectly familiar to him. An explanation ensued. I informed the young man of the singular dream I had had; and what is most singular to relate, he apprised me that he had dreamed on the very same night that he had been with me in the surgery, and had drawn my attention to the skill and arrangement displayed in the structure of the skeletons. It was his dream, which suddenly flashed across his mind, which caused him to let the stick fall and stare at me with such amazement. Thus it would appear that a strange magnetic relation, or curious psychic sympathy, had subsisted between us.

It was an evil day when I put my foot into that surgery. The young man, whose name was Müller, and I became intimate friends—we were almost inseparable. He was a firm believer in apparitions, and in everything appertaining to the world of spirits; and had read a great number of books upon the subject. I was fascinated by his conversation; and when he poured out, from his well-stored mind, accounts which he had heard and read of every description of supernatural interposition, I listened with breathless attention, whilst a feeling of horror would ever and anon thrill through my system, and cause me to turn as pale as death.

I now approach the most terrible part of my narrative. Müller and I had been acquainted about two years, when we agreed to take an excursion together to the Rhine; for we had both long cherished a wish to behold that classic stream, and the venerable castles and picturesque villages with which its banks are studded. Accordingly, in the autumn, we set out together with the intention of devoting a month to the object we had in view. The weather was tolerably favourable for our undertaking; for during the first week we had nothing but an unclouded atmosphere and a brilliant, but not too powerful, sun to cheer us on our way.

It is needless to describe the route we took, or the various places we visited. At the end of a fortnight we found ourselves at Cologne. Notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery and the favourable state of the weather, I cannot say that I experienced much enjoyment since leaving Hamburgh. I was more sad, more morose than usual. I knew not what was the cause, but I felt an oppressive weight upon my mind. I felt as though something were about to occur which was henceforth to poison all the springs of existence, and to render life insupportable. Whence are those feelings—those strange misgivings—which foreshadow with such unerring truthfulness events still hid in the womb of time, and which are often destined to throw a dark shadow over the brightest portions of our existence? Is it that the spirit within us is ever disquieted, or is it a warning voice that apprises us of approaching danger?

Müller perceived my restlessness and unhappiness, and endeavoured to

administer consolation. It was in vain. His efforts only made me more fretful and uneasy. Finding me so intractable, he desisted; but I could perceive that my bearing had made a deep impression upon his mind. He appeared to fear me—he seemed to shrink from me with an instinctive horror! If my eye, perchance, fell upon his, he was abashed and alarmed. I began to reflect upon the curious manner in which we had become acquainted—the congeniality of taste which bound us together, and suddenly a thought flashed across my mind, that he, by some mysterious power, was bound up with my destiny, and that misfortune and misery were to spring to both from the connexion.

Müller again endeavoured to call me to myself.

“*Lasset uns spazieren gehen,*” he said, as we sat together in the hotel.

“*Es ist schon zu spät,*” I replied.

As Müller, however, seemed determined to go, I agreed to accompany him. It was a beautiful starlight night, and we both wandered on in silence, our eyes fixed upon the bright orbs with which the blue vault above our heads was so thickly bestudded. The Rhine lay stretched before us, and the noise of its rushing waters broke upon the ear with a dull and melancholy sound. The night wind sighed mournfully through the almost leafless trees, and tended only to engender a deeper feeling of sadness in our breasts than that by which we were already oppressed. Our thoughts were too busy for conversation—too absorbing to admit of our admiring the magnificent scenery by which we were surrounded. I cast my eyes once towards my companion. I was struck with the alteration in his appearance. His face was deadly pale, and an expression of deep sorrow had overspread his countenance.

I shall not dwell upon the catastrophe of that night. When we had proceeded some distance I drew from a small sheath a beautifully chased dagger, which having arrested my attention, I had bought a few days previously. After I had examined it a few minutes, a discussion at length arose between Müller and myself which gave birth to a dispute. Angry words ensued. Irritated by some expressions which had fallen from his lips, and by no means recovered from my previous waywardness and ill-humour, I struck him. The dagger I unconsciously held in my hand entered his breast, and he fell back with a deep groan! Oh! that my arm had rotted by my side ere it had struck that fatal blow, or, by some sudden stroke of paralysis, it had been rendered powerless and numb!

Reeking with the blood of my victim—for my hands, face, and clothes, were stained in various places—I fled. I avoided the town—I dreaded to approach it, lest the badge of the murderer should reveal the secret, upon the safe keeping of which depended my life. I traversed miles and miles of country, with a rapidity that at one time I should have conceived incredible. I fancied the greater distance I placed between myself and the unfortunate Müller, the greater would be my chance of safety and of ultimate escape. I travelled on the most unfrequented roads. I was afraid to look upon man. I felt myself accursed. I felt myself loaded with a crime, before which all others that are committed under heaven sink into insignificance. I was loathsome—I abhorred myself. The mark of Cain was upon my forehead. Oh! whither was I to fly? How was I to escape the retributive justice that was pursuing me? If I eluded the pursuit of man, was I not effectually punished? Would I

not be an unceasing prey to my own thoughts—those vultures which feed upon the human heart? I might avoid all the snares that were laid to entrap me—I might avoid the punishment which awaited crimes like mine, but no power on earth could protect me from myself. A self-accusing conscience would cling to me through life—it would be the drug that would henceforth fill my cup with bitterness and poison.

I pursued my way. I was still determined to battle with fate. I was endowed with the most extraordinary activity, and seemed as yet unconscious of the least fatigue. I knew not whither I went. I had but one object, and that was to escape. The time was when I would have welcomed death; but now that it appeared so near—now that I stood as it were almost within the portal, I clung with the greater tenacity to life. The death of the condemned criminal presented itself to me with all its horrors. I saw the preparations made for the execution—the people standing around. I observed the deathlike silence that prevailed—I saw the sword of the executioner poised in the air, ready to inflict the fatal blow, and in another moment I heard the shriek of the assembled thousands as the head was severed from the body. This dreadful picture of the fate that awaited me caused me to strain every nerve for the attainment of my object. I stood once to pause, to gain breathing time, but, gracious God! I discovered I was pursued—pursued by one fleet of foot than myself—by one who flew as it were on the wings of the wind, and to whom time and space were as nothing. It was not man, for I could, perhaps, still have mustered courage to encounter him. It was an inhabitant of those dark and mysterious regions which no mortal has been permitted to enter. It was the shade of my departed friend—the spirit of Müller that presented itself to me. To endeavour to escape from the phantom was useless. I travelled, nevertheless, some miles further, and, at length exhausted, sank upon the ground.

Day had broken when I arose. I had slept a few hours, but my slumbers had not been refreshing. The scene around me contrasted strangely with my feelings. The smiling landscape, the songs of birds, the joyous voices of the countrymen, reminded me of youth—of innocence—of home. I had undergone a change. It seemed as if age had suddenly come upon me, and as though my heart had all at once become a prey to corruption. I felt that I had committed a crime which could claim no mercy at the hands of man, and it was only by sincere penitence that I could hope to claim any at the hands of God.

I wandered about all that day without tasting food of any kind. I skulked along under hedges and down by-lanes, where I was least likely to meet people. Towards nightfall I entered Aix-la-Chapelle. I was hungry and longed for food, but I was afraid to enter a place where it was sold. I felt as if I carried a mark about me which declared me to be a murderer, and as if every person whom chance threw in my way was in pursuit of me. At length I ventured to enter an obscure shop, where I purchased some bread, which I devoured with the greatest voracity. The woman who sold it to me took no particular notice of my appearance, neither did she allude to the crime which had been perpetrated. I concluded that she had not heard of it.

Although I shunned society, and dreaded to enter it lest it should lead to my discovery, I was still more afraid to be alone, for I feared the reappearance of the spectre which had caused me so much alarm on the preceding night. I debated with myself as to the course I should pursue;

and conceiving that as the woman of whom I had bought the bread did not appear to have heard of the murder, the inhabitants of the place might be equally ignorant of the fact, I entered the room of an hotel, in which a gentleman was seated, and with whom I entered into conversation. We discussed a variety of subjects, but no allusion was made to the one in which I was most interested. The gentleman did not remain long, and his departure caused me the deepest regret. A little emboldened, however, by what had occurred, I resolved to remain where I was, in the hope that some other individual ere long would enter the room—besides, although I was its only occupant, I heard the servants continually hurrying to and fro, which served to relieve me in a great measure of the sense of loneliness by which I was oppressed. Having ascertained that I could be accommodated with a bed, I agreed to remain here all night.

I amused myself by reading for a considerable time, with the view, if possible, of diverting my thoughts from the unpleasant subject upon which they had all along been dwelling. I heard the clock strike eleven; an hour at which I was generally accustomed to retire to rest. On the present occasion, however, I determined to sit up as long as I heard any of the servants moving about; for if I proceeded to the solitude of my chamber, I should, perhaps, be exposed to horrors greater than I could bear. I kept my eyes closely rivetted upon the newspaper, not daring for a moment to look around the room, lest they should again encounter the apparition. I was anxious, however, for more refreshment. It was therefore necessary to summon the servant. Before doing so, I cautiously and tremulously cast my eyes round the room, but there was nothing to be seen. I was overjoyed. My eyes, perhaps, might not encounter the dreadful vision again.

When the servant had brought me what I wanted, and had left me, my eyes again involuntarily wandered round the apartment. I was horror-stricken! It was as if the earth beneath my feet had suddenly opened, and threatened to engulf me; or as if all the powers of darkness had begirt me with living fires. The intense feeling of horror that took possession of me can find no expression in words. There are thoughts and feelings which no language can express. Mine were such. Mine were those acute writhings of anguish which sometimes display themselves in the countenance, but whereof everything else fails to give the most distant conception. By the feeble light from the candles, I beheld, in the further corner of the room, the spirit of Müller, in a somewhat recumbent attitude. The countenance was expressive of grief rather than of anger. I involuntarily looked at my hands. Good God! the stains of the blood were still visible. A cold shivering sensation ran through me. I had washed them a hundred times; still the damning evidence was there; still did they openly proclaim the blackness of my soul and the enormity of my guilt. The waters of the Nile could not cleanse those hands again; not all the spices of the East could impart to them a perfume.

I rushed from the room; I gained the street; I fled amid the darkness of the night. In my precipitate flight I overtook an old man, a vagrant. I asked him if he would permit me to bear him company, to which he agreed. With him I travelled during the whole of the night, and his society had the effect of banishing the phantom from my sight.

I had a wish to behold my mother once more before I took my leave of her for ever. I obtained a suitable disguise, and proceeded at once to

Hamburgh. During the journey, I once or twice saw the phantom again when I was alone; and although my terror had in no degree subsided, I bore up with considerable fortitude. I avoided solitude, however, as much as possible; but there were occasions when this could not be conveniently done.

I at length reached Hamburgh. I reached the house of my mother. She did not know me. The alteration a few days had made is incredible. I was pale as death; my eyes were wild, and ready to start from their sockets, and my gait tottering and uncertain, like that of an old man. My hair was more tinged with grey than it had previously been, and my mind wandered at intervals, and I was subject to frequent fits of absence.

This narrative will, perhaps, awaken some surprise and incredulity. I should be better pleased, however, if it would lead to an investigation of the circumstances I have laid before the reader. I did intend to have gone into the philosophical part of the subject at great length; but at present it may not be. I feel sick and ill; I must desist. Heaven knows whether I shall be able to resume this subject or not.

It was not permitted the writer of the foregoing pages to make any further addition to his manuscript. Death terminated his sufferings. The subjoined letter, from a gentleman who occupies a high position amongst medical men in Hamburgh, may not be uninteresting, although it throws little light upon the subject:

“Hamburgh, Nov. 7, 18—.

“MY DEAR MADAME,—My apology for not answering your communication earlier must be the desire to give it that deep consideration which it so emphatically requires. The case of your unfortunate son is the most extraordinary that has ever been brought under my observation. It is one, however, upon which medical men, though frequently consulted, are, unfortunately, unable to give any satisfactory opinion.

“I will not pretend to say what weight ought to be attached to cases in which it is asserted supernatural intervention has been employed. Such a variety of opinion exists upon the subject, that no evidence adduced, either *pro* or *con.*, would be regarded as conclusive.

“It must, however, be admitted that the circumstances attending the spectral appearance of your lamented husband in Lübeck are strongly presumptive of the probability of spiritual visitation. The dream preceding your son’s introduction to Müller was, indeed, very remarkable, but I believe other instances of the kind have already occurred.

“The unfortunate death of Müller, although occasioned unintentionally, would be likely to make a deep impression upon the sensitive mind of Rudolph, and his accusing conscience would probably cause his dis-tempered imagination to conjure up spectres, which in reality only existed in his own brain. This is a by no means uncommon circumstance, for persons who have committed great crimes have frequently been exposed to the same hallucination. I think this will be the view you will take of this part of the subject yourself.

“In conclusion, allow me to subscribe myself,

“My dear Madame, your very obedient servant,

“CARL AUGUST BROCKELMANN.

“To Madame Schwabe, Hamburgh.”

ALARIC WATTS'S LYRICS OF THE HEART.*

To occupy a place in the literature of one's country for upwards of a quarter of a century, is to prefer no slight claim to public attention ; and, not undistinguished, to have striven with those whose genius has formed an era in the history of that literature, is a claim of which any man may be reasonably proud.

Mr. Alaric Watts has these distinctions to urge in appearing before us in the form which now demands our consideration ; and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity thus offered, to record our sense of the gratification which he has unintermittingly afforded us during the long period to which we have referred. The poetry of Mr. Watts is associated with our earliest intellectual pleasures, and the recollection of it will be amongst the latest that are vouchsafed to us, for much of what he has written is so true, so simple, and so touching, that it must take its place beside the things that cling to our memories for ever.

It seldom happens that one so highly gifted as Mr. Watts confines his efforts to that department of his art which—in contradistinction only to works of a sustained character, and not from relative merit—are termed “ fugitive,” created and dying with the occasion that gave them birth. Of the abiding character of true poetry, whatever form it may assume, every one's experience is full. An epic poem is no longer held to be the sole test of poetic excellence, though unquestionably the work which in itself alone awakens all the emotions of the heart, takes higher rank as a poem than that which limits itself to the illustration of a solitary feeling.

On the other hand, there are many instances—the poetry of modern days abounds with them—which prove how fleeting would have been the popularity of their authors, had they built their hopes of being remembered in their line “ with their land's language,” on their longer and more laboured productions. These remarks are not put forward as an apology for Mr. Watts's abstinence from the commission of an epic poem—he may even have one *in petto* or in perspective all the while, for anything that we know to the contrary—but are simply meant to show that the form which he has chosen for the development of his poetic faculty is no bar to the attainment of poetic fame.

But besides the meed of applause which is due to his verse, the public are indebted to Mr. Watts for the labours—with him a labour of love—which he devoted for so many years to the establishment of a class of works which gave encouragement at once to the sister arts of poetry, painting, and engraving. We allude to the “ Annuals,” a race whose existence is more closely identified with the name of Mr. Watts than with that of any other person during the time in which they flourished. He it was who, by his own powers of versification and the skill which he showed in marshalling the most attractive subjects and the foremost writers, made the thirteen years of his editorship of the “ Literary Souvenir” and the “ Cabinet of Modern Art” an epoch in the annals of English ornamental literature. Of followers and imitators he had a host—many of them performing their spiring with little abatement of grace and talent

* Lyrics of the Heart: with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. With forty-one engravings on steel. Longman. 1851.

—but though they all aimed at some notable pretension, or adopted some attractive specialty, none succeeded in fixing themselves so entirely in public estimation as the first and eldest of the family which, of German origin, had so soon become nationalised in England. That the “*Annals*” should have all but disappeared, is owing to no want of ability on the part of those who conducted or contributed to them, but is rather attributable to changing fashion—that “*deformed thief*”—which sways literature as it rules everything else, and seeks in variety the stimulus which merit, wrought after the old pattern, fails to supply. Although it is the custom now to disparage the “*Annals*” in an artistic point of view, that they gave an impetus to art none can deny; and were other proof wanting—of which, however, there is abundance—the illustrations which are so profusely scattered through the present collective edition of the poems of Mr. Watts afford ample evidence. When we see such names as those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bonnington, Etty, Stanfield, Haydon, Danby, Stothard, Roberts, Uwins, Leslie, Watteau, Deveria, and many others scarcely less celebrated, and find their works interpreted to the life, and rendered accessible to the multitude by the skill of engravers so well known as Greatbach, Engleheart, W. Finden, Wallis, Miller, Lewis, Lightfoot, and Willmore; and when we remember that all these artists were employed on the “*Annals*,” argument becomes unnecessary to show how greatly art must have benefited by the concentration of so much talent within the compass of a single volume. No one, as we have said, was more earnest or more liberal than Mr. Watts in thus attempting to popularise the finest artistical productions of the day, and certainly no one was more successful. We wish we could add, that he has received his reward for so deeply devoting himself to a noble and generous purpose, but the very work which we are now contemplating with so much admiration tells a different story, and saddens all our enjoyment.

In a brief but interesting preface to his beautiful volume, Mr. Watts alludes to the circumstances which have rendered all his efforts nugatory, and thrown him back upon the world to begin his life again when the better part of life is spent. He is accounting for the reason why the collected edition of his poetical writings has been withheld from the public till now, and says,

The distraction of my mind, for upwards of ten years, from more congenial pursuits, by a laborious, harassing, and (to me) profitless undertaking, which, so soon as it seemed likely to reward me for the toil I had expended upon it, was violently wrested from my hands, was such that, during the whole of that period, I scarcely wrote a line of verse; and my subsequent ruinous entanglement in the meshes of the Court of Chancery for nearly seven more years, left me little leisure or inclination for poetical studies:

Many a year, ambition dulling,
 Irksome labour claimed my pen;
 At the oar incessant pulling,
 'Mid the stir and strife of men;
 From more calm pursuits diverted,
 To a task I plied in vain;
 Tastes abandoned, haunts deserted,
 Which, though late, I seek again.

That Mr. Watts may find renewed pleasure and results of a more satisfactory nature in what he seeks, we earnestly hope, for, engaged in the uncongenial avocations which he felt himself called upon to pursue, no man ever acquitted himself with greater honour or integrity.

Let us now turn to the work before us. Mr. Watts urges his pretensions with extreme modesty, and in language whose simplicity is a guarantee for his sincerity; but there was little necessity for this, the quality of his verse speaking for itself so well. The possible objection to the fact that his poems are chiefly confined to appeals to the domestic affections, is readily met by the able opinion of Coleridge, which Mr. Watts has very appositely cited, when he says that "the most interesting passages in our most interesting poems, are those in which the author develops his own feelings." And that this is not merely the theory of a poet, who may naturally be supposed to feel a bias for the course which a poet is so often inclined to pursue, we have the testimony of that eminently practical statesman, the late lamented Sir Robert Peel, who, writing to Mr. Watts so far back as the year 1826, with reference to two of the poems in this collection—"The Death of my First-born" and "My own Fireside,"—says, "to have written them would be an honourable distinction to any one." That which an author has, perhaps, the most to fear in presenting a collection like this to the public, is lest the repetition of the personal theme should become monotonous; but this difficulty Mr. Watts has overcome by not attempting to classify or arrange his poems in chronological order. A pleasing variety is thus distributed throughout the volume, and fancy and imagination agreeably relieve more sober and sadder subjects.

The key-note, however, is struck at the very outset in those beautiful lines which, bearing the title of "Ten Years Ago," refer to a period considerably more remote, when calculated from the present time. They present that mournful contrast which few have past ten years of manhood without experiencing, even though the realisation of the heart's fondest wishes may have been accomplished in the interval, for sorrow may change its aspect, but whatever shape it wears it is sorrow still. Yet not uncheerfully is the contrast made in this poem, for resignation is there to soften pain, and hope to whisper brighter days in store.

In "The Painter's Dream," to which is prefixed an exquisite engraving by Miller, from a painting by G. Barrett, which Claude himself might willingly have owned, the various characteristics of Art's masters are well set forth, and the enumeration shows in glowing lines how well qualified the poet has been for the task of embellishment to which we have referred.

"We met when love and life were new," is one of those soft reminiscences which none can recal with greater grace than Mr. Watts; the harmony of the verse, and the tender sentiment which pervades it, render it quite a gem. It is followed by a strain of melody dedicated to "The First-born," which, in sweetly measured lines, breathes the fondest yearnings of a parent's heart; but that sweetness is closely linked to sadness when, at the interval of a few pages, we find how that parent's hopes were wrecked in the death of the child so lovely and so full of promise.

By one of those transitions of which we have made mention, a pretty, speculative poem, addressed to an alleged portrait of Nell Gwynn—here reproduced from a charming miniature by the late G. S. Newton, R.A.—changes the current of our thoughts, and we follow, with pleased ear, the dancing measure which appeals against the origin of the picture in lines full of the quaintness and richness of fancy, which suit the theme and recal the period to which the subject belongs. Much as we love the

laughter-loving Nelly for her many good qualities, the attributes of this portrait are of too refined a nature, and its expression too pure and serene, to admit of our doubting the poet's conclusion that the gay mistress of King Charles never sat for it.

Here are two pretty lines, in a short poem to which we next turn. It describes the conviction of love's existence without the necessity of words for the declaration, for

—— long before 'tis time to speak,
There's nothing left to tell!

In painful opposition to this graceful *badinage* comes a poem fraught with gloom, the deeper because of its truth. It is the poet's autobiography—a review of the past on his fiftieth birthday. These are mournful, and would we could say that they are ideal lines:

Stormy clouds are lowering o'er me;
Raging billows gird me round;
And the gloom that spreads before me
Grows but more and more profound:
Not a beacon-light is left me,
To my distant port a clew;
Fate, at one fell swoop, hath reft me
Of both chart and compass too!
Like a gallant ship succumbing,
That no more obeys her helm,
Bide I now the tenth wave coming,
With its mandate to o'erwhelm:
O'er my hopes, a clean breach making,
Sweeps that flood of wrack and wrong;
Rending stays, and bulwarks breaking,
Which I once believed so strong!
Whilst upon the scene of ruin,
From his covert safe on high,
On the storm his work is doing
Glares the Wrecker's baleful eye!
As the stout ship goes to pieces,
Torn each stalwart limb from limb,
How his sordid joy increases,
If some fragment drifts to him!

This is a dark, comfortless picture, but not altogether without comfort is the writer, for the poem closes with a trusting reliance on the compassion of the "Great Redresser," who may

—— from "profitless dejection"
Lift the trampled spirit up;

a prayer which we earnestly echo.

In bright relief to the above—and, though written long before the events to which it refers, still to be truly and brightly in relief, we trust, in a day not far distant—are those lines to "My own Fireside," which are known so well and admired so widely, that to quote a single one of them would be superfluous. Turn we then to the ruins of "Kirkstall Abbey Revisited," a poem full of beauty, and beautifully illustrated by Hofland, to whose pencil the burin of Hill has done full justice. Here, as well as elsewhere—particularly in "The Poet's Home," whose fanciful illustration acknowledges Stothard for its author—we find not only the poet's love of

Nature, but the poet's skill in rendering his descriptions real ; the last is a retrospection which goes near to deny the adage that

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,

for there *must* be pleasure in recalling a scene so bright as that reverted to.

In some of the poems which follow, we have evidence of the poet's capability to address himself to other than domestic themes. We may instance the "Fisherman's Hymn to the Virgin," which breathes the true Italian devotional strain; "King Pedro's Revenge," wild and stirring as the original wild story of the cruel retribution inflicted by her lover on the barbarous murderers of Iñez de Castro; "The Lament of Boabdil el Chico," an outpouring of royal grief over the destruction of the chivalry of the Moors—well told in many places, but never better than here; and the "Sketch" of *Ætna*, appropriately wedded to a noble landscape by Bonnington. "Richmond Hill," where Barrett has again asserted his mastery over the fairest scenery, will be a favourite poem with many, commended no less by its truth than by the eloquent verse that enforces the claims of that well-known spot to as much beauty as any foreign land can show.

How pretty are these stanzas "To a Child after an Interval of Absence"—how sprightly, and yet how tender:

I miss thee from my side,
Blithe cricket of my hearth!
Oft in secret have I sighed
For thy chirping voice of mirth;
When the low-born cares of earth
Chill my heart, and dim mine eye,
Grief is stifled in its birth
If my little prattler's nigh.

I miss thee from my side,
With thy bright, ingenuous smile:
With thy glance of infant pride
And the face no tears defile:—
Stay, and other hearts beguile,
Hearts that prize thee fondly too;
I must spare thy pranks awhile;
Cricket of my hearth, adieu!

"The Youngling of the Flock" is another of those domestic pictures, in painting which Mr. Watts excels. He is the fitting interpreter for Sir Thomas Lawrence's exquisite head of a child which graces the page in which the lines are written.

But we have not yet named our favourite poem in this attractive collection, and not to have a favourite would render the general praise, which we have so freely and sincerely uttered, "suspect." Eugene Deveria has drawn a lovely face in portraying the lineaments of a fair girl, whose beauty is allied to earth only by the tie of that charity which gives its name to the subject. "The Sister of Charity" is the holiest and purest impersonation of love of which this world can boast, and reverence and honour wait upon her footsteps wherever she appears. In the full spirit of the feeling that her presence awakens, has Mr. Watts addressed, to a young and beautiful member of the order, whom he met at the *Hôtel Dieu*, in Paris, the lines of which we speak. We would gladly reprint them all, but can find room for only the opening stanzas:

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
 Where fever never burns nor hearts are riven?
 That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
 Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace,
 Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth?
 An angel sure in bearing, form, and face,
 All but thy tears—and they belong to earth!

Oh! ne'er did beauty, in its loftiest pride,
 A splendour boast that may compare with thine;
 Thus bending low you sufferer's bed beside,
 Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine.

They form, indeed, a beautiful prelude to a poem of perfect beauty.

A fine landscape, by George Barrett, suggests some touching lines to his memory; and a charming group of "Love and Friendship," by Etty, is rendered complete by the verse which accompanies it. Westall's illustration of "The Grey Hair" we can say nothing in favour of; but as we never happened to see anything from Westall's pencil that was worth the graver's toil, this is matter for no surprise. We are only sorry that it should meet the eye where stanzas like these address the ear:

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
 And sounds more sadly than of yore,
 It hath a sweetness, all its own,
 Methinks I never marked before.

For what real genius can do to carry us beyond "the ignorant, present time," we need only refer to the following beautiful illustrations:

The first is "Vaucluse," by C. Bentley, where the wild, dashing Sorgue rushes foaming beneath the classic haunt which Petrarch has made immortal. The next is "Egypt Unvisited,"—unvisited by the poet, who assigns some very humorous reasons for his incuriosity; the best, however, being the truth with which David Roberts has delineated the scene, gorgeous with the sunset of Egypt amid the noblest of her temples. A third is a "Lament for the Fairies," glowing with colour, by Danby, and none of that colour lost beneath the graver of Lewis; and the fourth and last that we are able to notice, is a spirited transcript of the feudal towers of "Caub and Gutenfels," on what "exulting and abounding river" no tourist need be told.

Our observations draw to a close; but before they cease altogether, and we commend this book to the hands of every Giver for the year 1851, a quotation of four lines more may be permitted to us. They are the last stanzas of a lovely poem "On a beautiful Statue of his Dead Child," by the accomplished artist Richard Lane. After touchingly depicting the fair vision which the memorial recalls, seen but once yet remembered for ever, the poet thus concludes:

I see thee in thy beauty, as I saw thee on *that* day;
 But the mirth that gladden'd then thy home, fled with thy life away.
 I see thee lying motionless upon th' accustomed floor,
 But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can see no more!

These lines—as well as several more in the volume of the highest merit—are by Mrs. Alaric Watts. To whom more appropriately than to one who shares his genius, equally with his joys and his sorrows, could the poet's collection be dedicated?

THE NORMAN DENTIST.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

“ECOUTEZ-DONC, Messieurs et Dames—vous, Français et Françaises—excellents citoyens et citoyennes,—voilà une occasion qui se présente ! Occasion bien rare et tout-à-fait in—ap—pré—ci—a—a—a—able ! Ayez la bonté de me prêter votre attention in—di—vi—si—ble ! Vous allez faire connaissance des choses qui ne se sont pas faites depuis la création du monde jusqu’au moment présent, quand j’ai l’honneur de vous adresser ! Ecoutez-donc, Messieurs et Dames !”

This burst of eloquence suddenly assailed my ears, with the thunder and impetuosity of an avalanche, as I was sitting quietly at breakfast one morning last summer, in my bedroom on the first floor of the “Canard Sauvage,” on that side of the hotel which commands a full view of the *Marché aux légumes* at Bayeux.

I had previously heard a considerable *fanfare* of trumpets, braying of horns, and beating of drums in the street ; but as these noises are so common in every French town, I had not thought it worth while to leave my chair to ascertain the cause. But when I learnt from the above announcement that something was about to take place which had never happened before, I became desirous of knowing what that thing could be, hitherto unattempted in France ! I accordingly rose, and went to the open window, and had the pleasure of beholding the spectacle, which I shall attempt to describe.

Directly in front of the hotel, but drawn off a little from the street, so as not to interrupt the thoroughfare, stood a vehicle, which combined the various attributes of the *diligence*, the *coucou*, the *cabriolet*, the *boghey*, and the *patache*, and had, moreover, several peculiarities of its own. This carriage was loaded with passengers, or, I should rather say, with occupants ; for, to judge by their avocations, they seemed to be quite at home. On the roof was a band of musicians, four in number, in the modern costume of Turkey ; which simply means a dirty red cap with a blue tassel on the head, and a shabby frock coat and trousers below. These individuals were armed each with his weapon of offence—I mean the musical instrument on which, in his own judgment, he excelled. Two, who were seated in front, in a kind of driving-box, entertained themselves on the *cor de chasse* and the clarionet ; behind them, and facing the crowd beneath, stood a youth, who, at every pause in the orator’s discourse, belaboured an enormous drum, as if it were covered with the skin of his deadliest foe ; and majestically elevated on a throne, which had for its *dais* the hood of a cabriolet, sat an elderly character, who wore a flowing white beard, and made his hearers’ blood run cold every five minutes with the shivering notes of a broken-winded trumpet. I think I am wrong here, and must apologise to the trumpet ;—it was the player who was broken-winded. To protect these harmonious persons from any inclemency of weather—and not to protect them only, but every part of the vehicle—was planted an enormous red umbrella, the largest I ever saw in my life, and probably the identical one which formed the principal part of the *opima præda*, when Marshal Bugeaud

defeated the Emperor of Morocco at the battle of Isly. On a level with the body of the carriage, and in front of it, in *the cabriolet par excellence*, with the hood thrown back, in order to display her charms to the fullest extent, or, as is more likely, to admit of her wearing her high *Cauchois* cap, was seated a Norman damsel, as fine as a long pair of earrings and a bright *foulard* crossed over her bosom could make her. Her cheeks were as red as the apples of her native orchards; her eyes were cast down in all the demureness of innocence; and her blue-mittened hands supported in her lap a large wooden bowl, apparently filled with five-franc pieces.

Before this lady, a crimson velvet *fauteuil*, to which he imparted additional splendour, was occupied by a young gentleman attired in the first style of Parisian elegance—that elegance which is only to be purchased at the dressing-gown-and-pantaloons shop on the Italian Boulevard, a few doors from the Bains Chinois. He sat with his hat in his hand, the beaver (or silk) gently resting on one knee, and the other white-kidded extremity hanging, à la Vandyke, over the arm of the chair. It is needless to say that his hair was beautifully parted, and that a benevolent smile was chiselled on his features. The last person whom I have to mention was a man of about thirty years of age, also without his hat, who stood beside the youth in the *fauteuil*, and who, in costume and general appearance, might serve as the *beau idéal* of the honourable representatives of the extreme left or red republican party, for his coat and trousers were black, his waistcoat white, and his beard—shaped like a shovel, of the hue of the raven's wing, touched up with a little of the *noir impérisable*, which you may buy in the Palais Royal for twenty centimes the *bâton*. This worthy grasped in his right hand a formidable horse-pistol, and in his left, which was extended as far as he could reach, he held something that glittered very much, and seemed, from where I stood, to be an antique civic crown with the golden points upward. It was not, however, a civic crown, though I dare say he deserved such a testimonial as much as any of his fellows, but a gigantic tooth, richly gilt, which he paraded with an air of extraordinary triumph, as if he had just been doing battle with Goliath, and had carried off his best molar as a trophy. Nevertheless, there was more meaning in this particular display than in all the rest of his paraphernalia, for it indicated his profession, as it was set forth in flaming red letters on a black ground, within a border on the body of the carriage, where might be read the following inscription:

Adolphe Turquetin, Dentiste.
A. Lisieux, Rue Bouteiller, No. 13.

The carriage itself was painted a bright green, the wheels of the same verdant hue, picked out with scarlet, and the horses that drew this surprising vehicle were well fed, milk-white Normans, richly caparisoned in gold and scarlet; these trappings, I am inclined to think, from their freshness, being put on probably just before entering any considerable town. There was another feature of this turn-out which must not be omitted, and that was a tremendous strong box, heavily cross-barred with iron bands, and garnished with a ponderous padlock at each end, which formed the seat of the cabriolet that held the fair *Cauchois*. It was into this coffer, no doubt, that Monsieur Adolphe Turquetin poured his five-franc pieces as often as the bowl was filled.

The orator had just finished the introductory sentence to his speech when I approached the window, and to heighten its effect, the music struck up a grand flourish, while Monsieur Turquetin discharged his pistol in the air, reloaded it, scattered a quantity of handbills about with wondrous celerity, and then resumed his *discours*, still brandishing his weapon and the golden emblem of his profession. That the peculiarity of his diction may not be lost, I refrain from translating his eloquence.

“Messieurs et Dames,” he continued, addressing the crowd of *blousards* and market-women who were gathered, gaping, around him; “tout rend hommage à mon adresse! Lisez-moi, s’il vous plaît, ce n’est pas un mensonge!” This was particularly intended for some gentlemen in smockfrocks, who had picked up his *affiches*, and gave one the idea, from the manner in which they handled printed paper, that they had not yet been initiated into the mystery of reading. Monsieur Turquetin went on: “J’ai fait depuis le premier jusqu’au huitième Septembre, 1849, sur le Champ de foire d’Elbeuf, l’extraction de quinze cents Dents! Sur le Champ de foire de Louviers, le vingt-quatrième Juin, même année, j’ai extrait à un jeune homme, l’individu que vous voyez auprès de moi et qui depuis ce temps-là s’est fait un devoir de me suivre pour constater la vérité de mes paroles,—oui, Messieurs et Dames, j’ai extrait à ce jeune homme trente-sept Dents dans l’espace de cinq minutes!”

“C’est parfaitement vrai,” ejaculated the individual in question, displaying, as he smiled, a very fine set of teeth, with which, it is to be presumed, M. Turquetin had replaced the odd “thirty-seven” he had previously taken out.

“Pareille opération,” continued the orator, “a été faite par moi à une Dame de trente ans,—à cet époque de première jeunesse on se permet d’indiquer l’âge—sur la place de Lisieux, le 11^e Juin, 1848! Cette Dame, malheureusement, n’est pas ici pour rendre son témoignage, mais les certificats dont je suis porteur dissiperont toutes les doutes à cet égard. Le 15^e Novembre, 1844, je fus demandé à l’hospice de Vimoutiers, pour visiter les dents d’une religieuse, qui, depuis plus de dix ans, ne pouvait ouvrir la bouche, sans l’aide d’un fer préparé pour introduire les aliments; le lendemain je fis l’extraction de dix molaires qui avaient causé ce mal—they étaient grands comme les défenses d’un sanglier,—et deux jours après toute douleur avait complètement disparu, et la figure de cette jeune religieuse ne ressemblait plus à celui d’un porc sauvage!”

At this period of Monsieur Turquetin’s address there was immense applause on the part of the market-people, who were all of them in a position to appreciate the natural beauty of a pig’s face. He took advantage of the demonstration in his favour to fire off another pistol, and the band struck up an imposing military air, during which more handbills were sent round by an agent whom I had not observed before, but who appeared to add to his present duty that of driving the carriage which bore this Norman Cæsar and his fortunes.

The third and last division of Monsieur Turquetin’s speech now followed. As soon as silence was obtained, he said:

“N’allez pas supposer, Messieurs et Dames, que ce que je vous ai raconté vous mette à même de la centième partie des miracles en fait d’odontologie que j’ai eu l’honneur de faire partout où je me suis trouvé. Non, Messieurs et Dames, je ne veux pas vous tromper, ça serait indigne

de vous et de moi aussi. Si je ne dis pas davantage, c'est que je ne voudrais pas occuper plus long temps des moments aussi précieux que les vôtres. Seulement, il me sera permis de rappeler à ces Messieurs, que la nourriture de l'homme perd tout à fait de ses forces alimentaires, quand les dents ne sont pas en bon ordre ; et tout le monde sait que sans la digestion la vie ne vaut rien. Ces Dames aussi ne m'en voudront pas, j'espère, si je prends la liberté de leur avertir que

La plus aimable femme est tristement changée
Quand son ris nous découvre une dent mal rangée,
La longueur en révolte ainsi que la noirceur,
Et chaque homme en devient l'implacable censeur !

Encore un mot. Le tarif est excessivement faible. Payez ce que vous voudrez, mais montez toujours dans mon petit cabinet ambulante. Faites descendre les marches, Antoine. L'extraction se fait sans la moindre douleur et avec une dextérité étonnante !"

It is unnecessary to say that the close of this speech was rendered more striking by the burst of music which ensued, during which the *affiches* were again scattered about with dexterity and profusion—one of them reaching the window where I stood—and that the invitations of Monsieur Turquetin were loudly repeated by the coachman, Antoine. There was a visible effect produced on the multitude, though no one absolutely came forward to be operated on, however they might have been excited by the ambulating professor's eloquence. A good deal of giggling and blushing ensued among the female part of the community, but with averted looks; for though the subject had its jocular side, it was susceptible also of serious consideration in a eider country. Those, however, who had fine teeth, laughed boldly outright, and, indeed, did nothing but laugh, in all probability for their greater display. The men nudged and urged each other forward, with many recommendations to try the professor's skill; but none seemed to like to be the first, till at last one grinning clown, whose mouth showed how much he stood in need of a dentist, was shouldered out of the crowd, and hustled near enough to Antoine to enable him to seize the rustic by the collar, and, with a rapidity that had in it something marvellous, the unwilling patient was suddenly hoisted on to the footboard where Monsieur Turquetin stood, who immediately gave convincing proof of the "astonishing dexterity" of which he had just boasted; for, scarcely was the boor landed, before he had him down, with his head between his knees, and the glittering forceps, waved triumphantly in the air, revealed to the astonished crowd that, in as many flourishes of the instrument, no less than half-a dozen grinders had been dislodged.

"Voilà, Messieurs," exclaimed Monsieur Turquetin, "ce qu'on pourrait faire avec un sujet docile comme celui-ci. Vous n'avez rien de plus difficile à faire que de reposer une confiance implicite dans mon habileté, et c'est une affaire finie. Aide-lui à descendre, Antoine,—non,—je ne prendrai pas le sous,—mon premier essai est toujours *gratis* !"

And, hardly knowing how the whole thing had so suddenly come to pass, the peasant was handed down again, and found himself—for the first time in his life—the cynosure of a circle of wondering admirers. Business now flowed in rapidly : the male population being turned off on the footboard, to which they eagerly mounted—the ladies ascending to

the interior of the vehicle, where the mysteries of Monsieur Turquetin were exercised unseen, though not unheard.

As the spectacle had now ceased to be amusing, I withdrew from the window; to return to it, perhaps, should a fresh oration attract me.

My visit to Bayeux had been not merely to see the celebrated tapestry, but had for its object the gratification of other antiquarian tastes with regard to certain attractions in the neighbourhood. I had consequently made Bayeux my head-quarters during my stay in that part of Normandy, and found the "Canard Sauvage" as good a *gîte* for a traveller as I could have selected anywhere. Its attractions were not diminished by the presence of a remarkably pretty *femme de chambre*, who well sustained the reputation for beauty which her countrywomen enjoy, and whoever once saw Madelon—that was her name—would not easily have forgotten her; for there was sweetness as well as beauty in her charming features, and grace no less than proportion in her fine figure. Though naturally of a cheerful—even of a gay—disposition, there were moments when the expression of her countenance was extremely sad, and a heavy sigh would often show that something had chanced to mar her prospect of happiness. Madame Vidal, the hostess of the "Canard Sauvage," who, like most of her calling, was something of a gossip, hinted at an *affaire de cœur*, when I commended the attention and liveliness of her handmaiden, and added a passing comment on her occasional melancholy; but if Madame Vidal knew the general fact—guessing it, perhaps, with womanly intuition—her knowledge went no further, and whether Madelon's lover were dead or absent remained a secret which she had not yet discovered.

As I returned to the breakfast-table, Madelon entered to take away the things.

"Ah! monsieur, n'a pas encore fini!" was her exclamation.

"No," I replied; "I have been entertaining myself with something else. I have been listening to a famous speech, and witnessing a very curious exhibition. Haven't you seen the famous dentist here in the market-place?"

"Quelle bêtise!" said Madelon, laughing. "Ce vilain arracheur de dents! Je ne l'ai pas vu."

"I don't wonder at it, Madelon," returned I, "as far as you are concerned; for he could have no possible excuse for offering his services on your behalf."

"Monsieur est charmant," said the pretty girl, dropping me a curtsy.

"But," I continued, "though you speak with contempt of this noisy professor, you would alter your opinion, I think, if you did see him; for, I can assure you, he is very good looking."

"Qu'est-ce que ça me fait, monsieur?" she asked. But I saw her eyes involuntarily turn towards the open window.

"Come," said I, "you have some of the curiosity of your sex, I dare say. Just take a peep, and then tell me what you think of him. I dare say he will soon make his appearance again outside."

I went back to the window as I spoke; Madelon did not remain behind, and we stood for some time amusing ourselves with the equipage of Monsieur Turquetin, that gentleman being, for the moment, professionally engaged with a female patient in the *salon* of his carriage. Madelon appeared in excellent spirits, and made many a joke on the ridiculous appearance of the whole concern. She was directing my attention to an

unhappy peasant, who, in narrating what he had gone through to a knot of friends, was indulging in the most extravagant grimaces, when I felt her grasp my arm very tightly, and exclaim in a sharp, quick accent, "Oh, mon Dieu! Est-il possible!"

I turned hastily to ascertain the cause of her exclamation, and to my astonishment found that in an instant she had turned as pale as death.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Mais, Madelon, vous êtes souffrante! Qu'avez vous?"

She did not answer at first, but pointed towards the carriage in the market-place. I looked in that direction, but saw nothing more remarkable than the "vilain arracheur de dents," who had just emerged from his *cabinet*.

"Oui! c'est bien lui!" murmured Madelon, and straightway made a dead faint in my arms.

This was embarrassing before so many spectators, numbers of whom turned their eyes in the direction of the window where we stood, and presently the gaze of the whole market-place was upon us. Monsieur Turquetin himself—a little piqued, perhaps, at being so suddenly eclipsed—looked round to ascertain the cause. The whole thing was the affair of a moment. He made a tragic start, worthy of Talma, had he been living, and certainly propitiatory of his ghost—swore an oath of bitterness, beside which the curse of Ernulphus was a morning compliment—and then, quick as thought, seized the horse-pistol, which lay on a seat beside him, and levelled it full at my head. He pulled the trigger and fired. In his haste, however, he had forgotten that it was only loaded with powder; but believing, I dare say, that it had taken effect, he made a desperate leap from the footboard and disappeared from my view.

I was too much concerned about Madelon to conjecture what this new prank was intended to mean; that it was some mountebank trick was all I imagined; and hastily withdrawing the girl into the room, I tried to restore her. While I was engaged in the attempt, I heard a tremendous noise on the staircase, and, before I had time to think twice about the probable cause, the door was burst open, and Monsieur Turquetin, still holding the discharged weapon in his hand, rushed into the room, followed by Madame Vidal, and I know not how many people beside.

His first move was to glare wildly at me; his second, to dash the pistol across the room,—it broke the *pendule* on the chimney-piece in its flight; and his third, to hurl himself on the *canapé* where Madelon lay extended, where he set to work to howl forth her name, to tear his beard, to perform every frantic demonstration that could be imagined, and finally, to burst into a flood of tears!

Here was a decided case which, abrupt and extravagant as was the episode, pointed to a probable *dénouement*. The reader's penetration will have discovered that Monsieur Turquetin was the absent lover of Madelon. But what remains for me to tell of him is, that Turquetin was only his travelling name; that in the brighter days of Madelon's rustic life near Alençon, he had been dear to her as Gustave Lebrun; that, after their mutual engagement, he had been called upon to serve the prescribed period in the army; that he had been sent to Algeria, where it was reported that he was killed, while in reality he had only been wounded and taken prisoner by the Arabs; and that when, after an interval of four or five years he returned to France, he was told—the

old story (but a rival was the narrator, the lady in the Cauchois cap, to whom, however, he was not married)—that Madelon had wedded another, and was gone to California.

As a Frenchman accommodates himself to everything that comes to pass, he also resolved to seek a new world—remaining, however, in France,—a moral, and not a geographical change being his construction of the phrase.

To use his own words—

“Je me suis jété dans les bras de la science!”

Hence his appearance in the market-place of Bayeux as a travelling dentist.

I will not say a word about the scene that took place when Madelon found that Gustave had not been killed, and Monsieur Turquetin discovered that he had been a little too jealous when he attempted my life with blank cartridge. I readily forgave him, and was very glad to be one of the guests at his wedding, which took place in Bayeux within a very few days afterwards. And, that the sympathising public may be satisfied that the faithful couple did not embark without funds in the expensive career of matrimony, I may mention that the five-franc pieces in the wooden bowl were all genuine, and that the strong box was, after all, no sham.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE fatal invitation to Mr. Sponge having been sent, the question that now occupied the minds of the assembled sharpers at Nonsuch House, was, whether he was a “pigeon,” or one of themselves. That point occupied their very deep and serious consideration. If he was a pigeon, they could clearly accommodate him, but if, on the other hand, he was one of themselves, it was painfully apparent that there were far too many of them there already. Of course the subject was not discussed in full and open conclave—they were all highly honourable men in the gross—and it was only in the small and secret groups of those accustomed to hunt together, and unburden their minds, that the real truth was elicited.

“What an ass Sir Harry is, to ask this Mr. Sponge,” observed Captain Quod to Captain Seedybuck, as (cigar in mouth) they paced backwards and forwards under the flagged verandah on the west side of the house, on the morning that Sir Harry had announced his intention of asking him.

“*Confounded* ass,” assented Seedybuck, from between the whiffs of his cigar.

“Damme, one would think he had more money than he knew what to do with,” observed the first speaker, “instead of not knowing where to lay hands on a halfpenny.”

“Soon be *who-hoop* here,” observed Quod, with a shake of the head.

“Fear so,” replied Seedybuck. “Have you heard anything fresh?”

"Nothing particular. The county court's bailiff was here with some summonses, which of course he put in the fire."

"Ah! that's what he always does. He got tired of papering the passage with them," replied Seedeibuck.

"Well, it's a pity," observed Quod, spitting as he spoke; "but what can you expect, eaten up as he is by such a set of rubbish."

"Shockin'," replied Seedeibuck, thinking how long he and his friend might have fattened there together.

"Do you know anything of this Mr. Sponge?" asked Captain Quod, after a pause.

"Nothin'," replied Seedeibuck, "except what we saw of him here; but I'm sure he won't do."

"Well, I think not either," replied Quod; "I didn't like his looks—he seems quite one of the free and easy sort."

"Quite," observed Seedeibuck, determined to make a set against him, instead of cultivating his acquaintance.

"This Mr. Sponge won't be any great addition to our party, I think," muttered Captain Bouncey to Captain Cutitfat, as they stood within the bay of the library window, in apparent contemplation of the cows, slopping about in a very poachy pasture, but in reality conning the Sponge matter over in their minds.

"I think not," replied Captain Cutitfat, with an emphasis.

"Wonder what made Sir Harry ask him!" whispered Bouncey, adding, aloud, for the bystanders to hear, "that's a fine cow, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Cutitfat, in the same key, adding, in a whisper, with a shrug of his shoulders, "wonder what made him ask half the people here!"

"The black and white one isn't a bad un," observed Bouncey, nodding his head towards the cows, adding, in an under tone, "most of them asked themselves, I should think."

"Admiring the cows, Captain Bouncey?" asked the beautiful and tolerably virtuous Miss Glitters, of the Whitechapel Theatre, who, being above pantomime, had come down to spend her Christmas with her old friend, Lady Scattercash. "Admiring the cows, Captain Bouncey?" asked she, sidelining her elegant figure between our friends in the bay.

"We were just saying how nice it would be to have two or three pretty girls, and a sillabub, under those cedars," replied Captain Bouncey.

"Oh, charming!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, her dark eyes sparkling as she spoke. "Harriet!" exclaimed she, addressing herself to a young lady, who called herself Howard, but whose real name was Brown—Jane Brown. "Harriet!" exclaimed she, "Captain Bouncey is going to give a *fête champêtre* under those lovely cedars."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Harriet, clapping her hands in ecstasies—theatrical ecstasies at least.

"It must be Sir Harry," replied the billiard-table man, not fancying being "let in" for anything.

"Oh! Sir Harry will let us have anything we like, I'm sure," rejoined Miss Glitters.

"What is it?" (hiccup) asked Sir Harry, who, hearing his name, now joined the party.

"Oh, we want you to give us a dance under those charming cedars," replied the lady, looking lovingly at him.

"Cedars!" hiccuped Sir Harry, "where do you see any cedars."

"Why there," replied Miss Glitters, nodding towards a clump of evergreens.

"Those are (hiccup) hollies," replied Sir Harry.

"Well, under the hollies," rejoined Miss Glitters; adding, "it was Captain Bouncey who said they were cedars."

"Ah, I meant those beyond," observed the captain, nodding in another direction.

"Those are (hiccup) Scotch firs," rejoined Sir Harry.

"Well, never mind what they are," resumed the lady; "let us have a dance under them."

"Certainly," replied Sir Harry, who was always ready for anything.

"We shall have plenty of partners," observed Miss Howard, recollecting how many men there were in the house.

"And another coming," observed Captain Cutitfat, still fretting at the idea.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Howard, raising her hands and eyebrows in delight; "and who is he?" asked she, with unfeigned glee.

"Oh such a (hiccup) swell," replied Sir Harry; "regular Leicestershire man."

"We'll not have the dance till he comes, then," observed Miss Glitters.

"No more we will," said Miss Howard, withdrawing from the group.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MR. SPONGE pretended to receive Sir Harry Scattercash's invitation with the greatest indifference. "It's a bore," said he, twisting and twirling it about, and knitting his brow, as if in displeasure.

"What's the matter?" asked Jog, who having eased his mind by penning the advertisement offering his house to let, and furniture to be sold, was now working away fashioning a crab stick club into a head of the Pope.

"Nothing 'tickler," replied Mr. Sponge, pouting his lips, "only that loose fish Scamperdale—I mean Scattercash—wants me to go to him."

"To stay?" asked Jog, eagerly, taking his stupid eyes off the embryo Pope's head, and fixing them intently on Mr. Sponge.

"To stay," replied Mr. Sponge, with a nod of his head.

"I'd go" (puff) gasped Jog, his emotion nearly choking his utterance.

"He's too fast for me," said Mr. Sponge, with an air of indifference; "to be sure a day or two couldn't do one much harm," added he.

Just then Mrs. Crowdey came in with the infant prodigy, Gustavus James, in her arms.

"Now tell the gentleman the pretty story, my man," said she, soothing and pressing him to her bosom as she entered the room.

"Tired," yawned the child.

"No; not tired of 'Jack and Jill,' he knows, my sweet," replied mamma; "it was 'Obin and Ichard' baby wouldn't say any more."

"Jack and Jill too," replied the child, yawning and nestling to his mamma.

"Mr. (puff) Sponge is going (wheeze) away, my dear," observed her husband, looking at her quite gaily.

"Away!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowdey, thinking that with him would go all Gustavus James's chance of independence.

"O, why, Scattercash—Sir Harry, you know, wants, indeed will have me over there, and I can't well refuse."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Crowdey, dreading to raise her husband's ire by any expression of regret.

"I sha'n't be long, I dare say," observed Mr. Sponge, thinking to pave the way for a return. "I sha'n't be long, I dare say," repeated he, in an off-hand sort of way.

"Most likely not (puff)," observed Jog, thinking, if all accounts of their goings-on were true, it would not be a very comfortable house to stay at, and also thinking that Mr. Sponge would have to be uncommonly sly to get into Puddingpote Bower again, if he once got him out. "It will be handy for the (gasp) hunting," continued Jog, anxious to divert the conversation.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Sponge, "it's well enough for that, only we can hardly expect much more open weather at this season of the year."

"We have very little frost in this country, and *no* snow," observed Jog.

"Well, it's a bore, but I suppose I must go," observed Mr. Sponge, smoothing out Sir Harry's note. "What time does your post go out?" asked he.

"Post goes out at (puff) three; at least, there's a little (gasp) girl comes here for milk at three, and she takes the (wheeze) letters to Slop-slades—that's a mile, or a mile and a half off—where she meets a foot-messenger who rides an ass, who gets them and takes them on to Birkup, where he meets the Cramley 'bus, which takes them to the station at Tewley."

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Sponge; adding, "then I'd better be writing, as it only wants twenty minutes to the time."

So saying, he made for the writing-table, and scrawled the following note:—

"DEAR SIR HARRY,—I'll be with you to-morrow, and hope we may have some more clippers, though the sky is rather clearer than I like, and the air is a turn frosty. However, we'll hope for the best. I have only three horses, and a groom, which, I suppose, you'll have no difficulty in putting up. 'Love me, love my horse,' you know, &c.,

"Yours, in haste,

"S. SPONGE."

Jog felt such a weight taken off his mind by the contemplated departure of his impudent, unceremonious guest, that he became quite cheerful, almost affable. He dived into his cellar and brought out a bottle of "curious old port," and coupled the Marsala with a bottle of "forty-two" sherry. As the evening advanced, he became generous, and almost determined to present Mr. Sponge with a walking-stick on his departure. Who should it be? A Louis Philippe, a Lord Brougham, a Daniel O'Connell, a Scott, a Byron; but reflection made him feel unequal to part with any of his prizes, and he went to bed with the impression that

Fergus O'Connor was the only one he could part with. When he awoke in the morning, he thought he must keep even him. He would, however, lend Mr. Sponge his phaeton and Bartholymew, to convey himself and traps to Nonsuch House; an offer that Mr. Sponge availed himself of as far as his "traps" were concerned, though he preferred cantering over on his piebald's back to trailing along in Jog's jingling carriage. So matters were arranged, and Mr. Sponge forthwith proceeded to put his brown boots, his substantial cords, his superfine tights, his cutting scarlet, his dress blue saxony, his clean linen, his heavy spurs, and though last, not least in importance, his now backless "Mogg," into his solid leather pormanteau, sweeping the surplus of his wardrobe into a capacious carpet-bag. While the guest was thus busy up stairs, the host wandered about restlessly, now stirring up this person, now hurrying that, in the full enjoyment of the much-coveted departure. His pleasure was, perhaps, rather damped by a running commentary he overheard through the lattice-window of the stable, from Leather, as he stripped his horses and tried to roll up their clothing in a moderate compass.

"Ord rot your great carcass!" exclaimed he, giving the roll a hearty kick in what would have been its stomach, supposing it to have been made like a man, on finding that he had not got it as small as he wanted. "Ord rot your great carcass," repeated he, scratching his head and eyeing it as it lay; "this is all the consequence of your nasty brewers' apron weshins, —blowin' of one out, like a bladder!" and, thereupon, he placed his hand on his stomach to feel how his own was. "Never see'd sich a house, or sich an *awful* mean man!" continued he, stooping and pummelling the package with his fists. It was of no use, he could not get it as small as he wished—"Must have my jacket out on you, I believe," added he, seeing where the impediment was; "sticks in your gizzard just like a lump of old puff-and-blow's puddin';" and then, he thrust his hand into the folds of the clothing, and pulled out the greasy garment. "Now," said he, stooping again, "I think we may manish ye;" and, he took the roll in his arms and hoisted it on to Hercules, who he meant to make the led horse, observing aloud, as he adjusted it on the saddle, and whacked it well with his hands to make it lie right, "I *wish* it was old Jog—*wouldn't I sarve him out!*" He then turned his horses round in their stalls, tucked his greasy jacket under the flap of the saddle-bags, took his ash stick from the crook, and led them out of the capacious door. Jog looked at him with mingled feelings of disgust and delight. Leather, having mounted, just gave his old hat flipe a rap with his forefinger as he passed, which Jog did not condescend to return.

Having eyed the receding group with great satisfaction, Jog re-entered the house by the kitchens, to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sponge off. He found the portmanteau and carpet-bag standing in the passage; and just at the moment the sound of the phaeton wheels fell on his ear, as Bartholomew drove round from the coach-house at the side of the house. Mr. Sponge was already in the parlour, making his adieus to Mrs. Jog and the children, who were all assembled for the purpose.

"What, are you goin'?" (puff) asked Jog, with an air of surprise.

"Yes," replied Mr. Sponge; adding, as he tendered his hand, "the best friends must part, you know."

"Well (puff), but you'd better have your (wheeze) horse round," observe Jog, anxious to avoid any overture for a return.

"Thankee," replied Mr. Sponge, making a parting bow; "I'll get him at the stable."

"I'll go with you," said Jog, leading the way.

Leather had saddled, and bridled, and turned him round in the stall, with one of Mr. Jog's blanket-rugs on, which Mr. Sponge just swept over his tail into the manger, and led the horse out.

"Adieu!" said he, offering his hand to his host.

"Good-bye!—good (puff) sport to you," said Jog, shaking it heartily.

Mr. Sponge then mounted his hack, cocked out his toe, and rode off at a canter.

At the same moment, Bartholomew drove away from the front door; and Jog, having stood watching the phaeton over the rise of Penny-pound Hill, scraped his feet, re-entered his house, and rubbing them heartily on the mat, as he closed the sash-door, observed aloud to himself, with a jerk of his head—

"Well, now, that's the most impittent feller I ever saw in my life!"

The circuitous and miscellaneous transit described by Mr. Crowdey, as constituting his post, caused Mr. Sponge to arrive at Nonsuch House before his letter, where his coming or non-coming furnished the usual discussion incidental to idleness. Indeed, the inmates had been betting upon it: the odds at first being a hundred to one in favour of his coming, without any takers, though they had fallen on the arrival of the post without an answer—not that the captains meant to pay if they lost, but they thought it sounded fine talking of hundreds. We believe if the contents of all the purses in the house had been raked together, they would not have produced ten pounds.

"Well, *I* say Mr. Sponge doesn't come!" exclaimed Captain Seedeystick, as he lay full length, with his shaggy, greasy head on the fine rose-coloured satin sofa, and his legs cocked over the cushion.

"Why not?" asked Miss Glitters, who was beguiling the twilight half-hour, before the lighting up of the billiard-room, with a cigar.

"Don't know," replied Seedeystick, twirling his moustache; "but I have a *presentiment* he won't."

"*Sure to come!*" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, knocking the ashes off his cigar on to the Tournay carpet. "I'll lay ten to one—ten fifties to one—he does."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Miss Glitters, adjusting the end of her cigar.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—he's just an ordinary sort of a man—nothing particular any way," drawled Captain Seedeystick, now wetting and twirling his moustache.

"Two legs, a head, a back, and so on, I presume," rejoined the lady.

"Just so," assented Captain Seedeystick.

"He's a horsey-looking sort of man, I should say," observed Captain Bouncey; "walks as if he ought to be riding—wears vinegar tops."

"Hate vinegar tops," growled Seedeystick.

Just then, in came Lady Scattercash, attended by Mr. Orlando Bugles, the ladies' attractions having caused that distinguished performer to forfeit his engagement at the Surrey Theatre; Captain Cuttifat, Bob Spangles, and Sir Harry quickly followed, and, being short of a subject, the Sponge discussion was renewed.

"Who says old brown boots comes?" exclaimed Seedeeybuck, from the sofa.

"Who's that with his dirty head on my satin sofa?" asked the lady.

"Bob Spangles," replied Seedeeybuck.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined the lady; "and I'll trouble you to get off."

"Can't—I've got a bone in my leg," rejoined the captain.

"I'll soon make you," replied her ladyship, seizing the squab, and pulling it on to the floor.

As the captain was scrambling up, in came Peter, one of the wageless footmen, with candles, which having distributed equitably about the room, he approached Lady Scattercash, and asked, in an independent sort of way, what room Mr. Soapsuds was to have.

"Soapsuds!—Soapsuds!—that's not his name," exclaimed her ladyship.

"Sponge, you fool!—Soapey Sponge," exclaimed Cutitfat, who owed Peter a grudge for dribbling some white soup over his new black coat.

"He's not come, has he?" asked Miss Glitters, eagerly.

"Yes, my lady—that's to say, miss," replied Peter.

"Come, has he!" chorussed three or four voices.

"Well, he must have a (hiccup) room," observed Sir Harry. "The green—the one above the billiard-room will do," added he.

"But I have that Sir Harry," exclaimed Miss Howard.

"Oh, it'll hold two well enough," observed Miss Glitters.

"Then you can be the second," replied Miss Howard, with a toss of her head.

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Glitters, bridling up. "I like that."

"Well, but where is the (hiccup) man to be put?" asked Sir Harry.

"There's Ladofwax's room," suggested her ladyship.

"The captin's locked the door and taken the key with him," replied the footman; "he said he'd be back in a day or two."

"Back in a (hiccup) or two," observed Sir Harry. "Where is he gone?"

The man smiled.

"Borrowed," observed Captain Quod, with an emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Harry; adding, "well, I thought that was Nabbum's gig with the old grey."

"He'll not be back in a hurry," observed Bouncey. "He'll be like the Boulogne gentlemen, who are always going to England but never go."

"Poor Wax," observed Quod; "he's a big fool, to give him his due."

"If you give him his due it's more than he gives other people, it seems," observed Miss Howard.

"Oh! fie, Miss H.!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Well, but the (hiccup) man must have a (hiccup) bed somewhere," observed Sir Harry; adding to the footman, "you'd better (hiccup) the door open, you know."

"Perhaps you'd better try what one of yours will do," observed Bob Spangles, to the convulsion of the company.

In the midst of their mirth Mr. Bottleends was seen piloting Mr. Sponge up to her ladyship.

"Mr. Soapey Sponge, my lady," said he, in as low and deferential a tone as if he got his wages every quarter-day.

"How do you do, Mr. Sponge?" said her ladyship, tendering him her hand with an elegant curtsy.

"How are you, Mr. (hiccup) Sponge?" asked Sir Harry, offering his ——"I believe you know the (hiccup) company?" continued he, waving his hand round; "Miss (hiccup) Glitters, Captain (hiccup) Quod, Captain (hiccup) Bouncey, Mr. (hiccup) Bugles, Captain (hiccup) Seedey-buck, and so on;" whereupon Miss Glitters curtsied, the gentlemen bobbed their heads and drew near our hero, who had now stationed himself before the fire.

"Coldish, to-night," said he, stooping and placing both hands to the bars. "Coldish," repeated he, rubbing his hands and looking around.

"It generally is about this time of year, I think," observed Miss Glitters, who was ready to enter for our friend.

"Hope it won't stop hunting," said Mr. Sponge.

"Hope not," replied Sir Harry; "it would be a bore if it did."

"I wonder you gentlemen don't prefer hunting in a frost," observed Miss Howard; "one would think it would be just the time you'd want a good warming."

"I don't agree with you, there," replied Mr. Sponge, looking at her, and thinking she was not near so pretty as Miss Glitters.

"Do you hunt to-morrow?" asked he of Sir Harry, not having been able to obtain any information at the stables.

"(Hiccup) to-morrow. Oh, I dare say we shall," replied Sir Harry, who kept his hounds as he did his carriages, to be used when required.

But though Sir Harry spoke thus encouragingly of their prospects, he took no steps, as far as Mr. Sponge could learn, to carry out the design. Indeed, the subject of hunting was never once mentioned, the conversation after dinner, instead of being about the Quorn, or the Pytchley, or Jack Thompson with the Atherstone, turning upon the elegance and lighting of the Casinos in the Adelaide Gallery and Windmill-street, and the relative merits of those establishments over the Casino de Venice in High Holborn. Nor did morning produce any change for the better, for Sir Harry and all the captains came down in their usual flashy broken-down player-looking attire, and their whole thoughts were absorbed in arranging for a pool at billiards, in which the ladies could take part. So with billiards, brandy, and baccey, baccey, brandy, and billiards, varied with an occasional stroll about the grounds, the non-sporting inmates of Nonsuch House beguiled the time until the events recorded in the next chapter threw them out of course.

CHAPTER LXIV.

'TWERE almost superfluous, with such convincing proof about our doors, to say that NEW-YEAR'S DAY is always a great holiday. It is a day on which custom commands people to be happy and idle, whether they have the means of being happy and idle or not. It is a day for which happiness and idleness are "booked," and parties are planned and arranged long beforehand. Some go to the town, some to the country; some take rail; some take steam; some take greyhounds; some take gigs; while others take guns and pop at all the little dickey-birds that come in their way. The rural population generally incline to a hunt. They are not very particular as to style, so long as there are

a certain number of hounds, and some men in scarlet, to blow their horns and holloa.

The population, especially the rising population, which was very numerous about Nonsuch House, all inclined that way. A New-Year's Day's hunt with Sir Harry had long been looked forward to by the little Raws and the little Spoonneys, and the big and little Cheeks, and we don't know how many others. Nay, it had been talked of by the elder boys at their respective schools—we beg pardon, academies—Doctor Sitchington's, Mr. Latheringington's, Mrs. Skelper's, and a liberal allowance of boasting indulged in, as to how they would show each other the way over the hedges and ditches. The thing had long been talked of. Old Johnny Raw had asked Sir Harry to arrange the day so long ago, that Sir Harry had forgotten all about it. Sir Harry was one of those good-natured souls who can't say "No" to any one. If anybody had asked if they might set fire to his house, he would have said,

"Oh, (hiccup) certainly, my dear (hiccup) fellow, if it will give you any (hiccup) pleasure."

Now, for the hiccup day.

We have observed in the course of our career that it is generally a hard frost on New-Year's Day;—however wet and sloppy the weather may be up to the end of the year, it generally turns over a new leaf on that day. New-Year's Day is generally a bright, biting, bitter, sunshiny day, with starry ice, and a most decided anti-hunting feeling about it—light, bright, airy, ringy, anything but cheery for hunting.

Thus it was in Sir Harry Scattercash's county. Having smoked and drank the old year out, the captains and company retired to their couches without thinking about hunting. Mr. Sponge, indeed, was about tired of asking when the hounds would be going out. It was otherwise, however, with the rising generation, who were up betimes, and began pouring in upon Nonsuch House in every species of garb, on every description of steed, by every line and avenue of approach.

"Holloa! what's up now?" exclaimed Lady Scattercash, as she caught view of the first batch rounding the corner for the front of the house.

"Who have we here?" asked Miss Howard, as a ponderous, party-coloured clown, on a great, curly-coated carriage-horse, brought up the rear.

"Early callers," observed Captain Seedeeybuck, eating away complacently.

"Friends of Mr. Sponge's, most likely," suggested Captain Quod.

"Some of the little Sponges come to see their pa, perhaps," lisped Miss Glitters, pretending to be shocked after she had said it.

"Bravo, Miss Glitters," exclaimed Captain Cutitfat, clapping his hands.

"I said nothing, captain," observed the young lady, with becoming prudery.

"Here we are again!" exclaimed Captain Quod, as a troop of various-sized urchins, in pea-jackets, with blue noses and red comforters, on very shaggy ponies, the two youngest swinging in panniers over an ass, drew up alongside of the first comers.

"Who's sliding-scale of children is that, I wonder!" exclaimed Miss

Howard, contemplating the varying sizes of their chubby faces through the plate-glass window.

"They must be on their way to the Great Exhibition of National Industry to show against the prince's little people," observed Miss Glitters, eyeing them.

"There you are again, Miss G.!" exclaimed Captain Cutitfat.

"I said nothing," replied the young lady, looking quite innocent.

"O—o—o—h, no!" replied the captain, putting his thumb to his nose, and making a fan of his fingers.

Another batch now hove in sight.

"Oh, those are the little (hiccup) Raws," observed Sir Harry, catching sight of the sky-blue collar on the servant's long drab coat. "Good fellow, old Johany Raw; ask them to (hiccup) in," continued he, "and give them some (hiccup) cherry brandy;" and thereupon Sir Harry began nodding and smiling, and making signs to them to come in. The youngsters, however, maintained their position.

"The little stupexes!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, going to the window, and throwing up the sash. "Come in, young gentlemen!" cried she, in a commanding tone, addressing herself to the last comers. "Come in, and have some toffy and lollypops! D'ye hear?" continued she, in a still louder voice, and motioning her head towards the door.

The boys sat mute.

"You little stupid animals," muttered she, in an under tone, as the cold air struck upon her beautifully formed head. "Come in, like good boys," added she, in a louder key, pointing with her finger towards the door.

"Nor, thank ye," at last drawled the elder of the boys.

"Nor, thank ye!" replied Miss Glitters, imitating the drawl. "Why not?" asked she, sharply.

The boy stared stupidly.

"Why won't you come in?" asked she, again addressing him.

"Don't know," replied the boy, staring vacantly at his younger brother, as he rubbed a pearl off his nose on to the back of his hand.

"Don't know!" ejaculated Miss Glitters, stamping with her foot on the Turkey carpet.

"Mar said we hadn't," whined the younger boy, coming to the rescue of his brother.

"Mar said we hadn't!" retorted the fair interrogator. "Why not?"

"Don't know," replied the elder.

"Don't know! you little stupid animal," snapped Miss Glitters, the cold air increasing the warmth of her temper. "I wonder what you *do* know. Why did your ma say you were not to come in?" continued she, addressing the younger one.

"Because—because," hesitated he, "she said the house was full of trumpets."

"Trumpets, you little scamp!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, reddening up; "I'll get a whip and cut your jacket into ribbons on your back." And thereupon she banged down the window and closed the conversation.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

But see, once more, the vizer cast away,
 Rome bares her forehead, and confronts the day:
 Assumes her lordly station by the throne,
 And deems the people, like the prince, her own.—*Lux Renata.*

NOTHING is more chameleon-like or more slippery than Romanism. If charged with ambition, it answers by meekness; if taxed with pride, it calls itself "lowly;" if rebuked for indecency, it says there are much worse things in the Holy Writ! The storm of orations and writings aroused by the Pope's aggression on her Majesty's authority, and on the liberties and independence of her people, by the partitioning of England into Roman Catholic dioceses, and the appointment of a Romanist hierarch—a nominal cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—and the ready answers of a glib, insidious foe, would, by their very subtlety and sophistry, present a rational source of wonder and amusement, were it not for the invaluable intellectual, moral, and religious privileges that are at stake.

According to Dr. Wiseman, Bishop of Melipotamus, "The Pope has assumed a right; he has parcelled out the land; he has named archbishops and bishops. If, according to the oath taken by non-Catholics, the Pope not only ought not to have, but really has not, power or jurisdiction, spiritual or ecclesiastical, in these realms, it follows that, according to them, the Pope's ecclesiastical acts with regard to England are mere nullities, and are reputed to have no existence. It is as though the Pope had not spoken, and had not issued any document. To act otherwise is to recognise an efficient act of power on his part."

It would be insulting the reader's intelligence to dwell upon the absurdity of Dr. Wiseman's view of his own position. As well might some remote descendant of the Stuarts set up as king, on the faith of his hereditary claim, and not being acknowledged, still hold possession of St. James's, informing at the same time the authorities, that, if they persecuted him for that assumption of power, they would by that very act be acknowledging his right! Lucky it is that in all matters of authority, civil and military, the course to be pursued in cases of aggression are few, simple, and effective; in religious matters they are, unfortunately, devious, slow, and unsatisfactory.

Some rampant demagogues, re-echoing the sophistries of St. George's, Westminster, would have us believe that no real danger exists. "Simple, downright intolerance," they assert, "is at the bottom of the feeling antagonistic to Roman domination." "It is not fear," they say, "but blind intolerant hate, that has aroused the land." The same party appeals in equally strong terms to that charity which constitutes the basis and essence of all Christianity, as well as to the well-known spirit of British toleration, to leave the Romanist clergy in the tranquil enjoyment of their yearly increasing power and dominion.

The Roman Catholic clergy* protest in the same manner against the

* In any discussions having reference to the craft and assumption of the Roman Church, we must ever distinguish the clergy from the laity. The recent measures of the Italian clergy are as much levelled against the freedom of English Roman Catholics as against Protestants. Had the division of England into

new nominations being called aggressive; yet Dr. Wiseman's own words have been conclusively cited in proof of the fact. "We were told," says he, "again and again, that the Pope durst not name ordinary bishops in England, because conscious of not having authority to do so." It is precisely in the removal of this obstacle that the aggression has been committed. In proportion as the "authority" of the Pope has been advanced, the authority of the Crown has been invaded, and the development of the Romish Church is the exact measure, it has been justly remarked, of the aggression upon our own.

Dr. Cumming denounced the new hierarchs, as swearing upon their nomination never to cease from persecuting Protestants and other so-called schismatic and heretic sects. "Englishmen," said the Scottish Protestant doctor, "are plain matter-of-fact men,—honest men,—strangers to shuffling, especially to Popish shuffling; and we must have plain matter-of-fact, downright statements." Yet, what was the answer Dr. Cumming succeeded in forcing from his antagonists? In the copy of the *Pontifical*, kept at the episcopal residence in Golden-square,—the copy, perhaps, generally used in the consecration of bishops in England—the sentence is cancelled!

True toleration is an inestimable blessing. Our ancestors endeavoured to secure to their country Protestantism, as the purest and most liberal form of Christianity, and as preferable to the most bigoted and corrupt one—viz., Romanism. They also endeavoured to exclude the latter, because they believed that Popery was not only detrimental to the interests and morals of the community, but because it had a tendency to weaken, if not to withdraw, that allegiance which was due to the sovereign power of this empire. The Roman Catholic clergy argue as if to support them was an act of mere toleration; whereas, in reality, they would destroy that great national blessing, by subverting Protestantism, which has always not only professed, but practised toleration, and reinstate the system of Popery, by which toleration has been uniformly repudiated. Toleration, therefore, of a power which all history and existing facts attest to aim at universal empire, is no longer toleration, but weakness, supineness, and base yielding, or a treacherous abdication of our principles.*

So also is Charity the first of Christian virtues, but "that good-will

dioceses been the work of the Roman Catholic body resident in England, it would have been an act of undoubted arrogance, but it would have been infinitely less repugnant than when effected by a foreign bishop. An eminent Roman Catholic nobleman—Lord Beaumont, and the natural leader and head of the Roman Catholic laity in this country—the Duke of Norfolk, have both openly and candidly expressed their opinions, that such measures are totally incompatible with allegiance to our SOVEREIGN, and with our CONSTITUTION. "Thus," says the *Times*, most pointedly, "while our philosophical Radicals and *dilettanti* politicians are writing eloquent letters to show that the press and people of England are the most intolerant and unreasonable of mankind, a voice is raised from the ancestral head of the Roman Catholics themselves, to prove how true is their instinct, how just their indignation, how reasonable their protest." We, in common with others, cannot but feel grateful to these noblemen for their timely avowal, and we, with others, honour not less the moral courage which has enabled them to make it, than the clear and unbiassed good sense which has led them to perceive its truth.

* "Popery in Power will be found the same in every King's Reign—a Rebel to Protestant Sovereigns, and a pernicious Element in Society."—"The desire of Earthly Power is an ever active Passion in Romanism."—"POPERY IN POWER; or, The Spirit of the Vatican: to which is added, Priestcraft; or, The Monarch of the Middle Ages: a Drama by Joseph Turnley." Effingham Wilson.—A well-timed and clever work, with many brilliant passages, but excessively diffuse.

to men, which effectually inclines one imbued with it to glorify God, and to do good to others," would never prompt even those most so inclined to sacrifice all that is near and dear to them to an actual martyrdom of intellectual, moral, and religious freedom, and possible martyrdom of their persons. The spirit of Popery, when dominant, dragged its victims to the stake. That day is gone by, but the spirit remains the same, and the form itself might easily be revived by the fierce passions begat by controversy, and crowned by power and success. It was only the other day that the restoration of the INQUISITION was proposed in France, as the only panacea for existing social evils. If the present and the future can be judged of by the past (and such are the chief advantages to be derived from history), the Romanists would not be long in power in this country before the intolerant and bigoted spirit of their church would manifest itself in acts of persecution and of insidious revenge.*

Freedom of conscience, too, so fairly claimed by the Romans, is the birth-right of the human race. Protestants do not question it. The Romanist clergy, on the contrary, are bound to persecute all who differ from them. We do not upbraid the Roman Catholics for following particular beliefs and forms of worship—the path of salvation is for them as well as for us and others; let all pursue it according as they think their way the most secure, or the most direct. We upbraid those who, pretending to be of the Protestant Church, disavow the supremacy of its head by God's providence; as well as those who assimilate the forms of one church to those of another. And we still more loudly disclaim, and that without the slightest reference to freedom of conscience, against those who, belonging to an alien church, usurp titles in this country which are insulting to the nation at large, and which set the Queen's supremacy and the supremacy of the Protestant Church at defiance. We did not nominate a bishop of Rome: the Pope sent us an Archbishop of Westminster, and partitioned out all England into bishoprics. An act of arrogant usurpation is effected, and when resisted, the disclaimants are taxed with intolerance! What would France have said if the Calvinists had sent an Archbishop of the Seine to Paris? What the Turks, if the Tsar had nominated a Greek Archbishop of Istambol? But we, who love and respect freedom of conscience, are to have a Romanist cardinal appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and submit in silent acquiescence, or be charged with intolerance!

What has been effected by the concessions of the last twenty years? First, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill; then the grant to Maynooth; then the payment of salaries to Popish bishops, and the recognition of their rank among Protestant prelates; and, lastly, the act repealing the laws of Elizabeth. Is Popery disarmed, or Ireland conciliated? No; the Synod of Thurles rejects all systems of international education, spurns the proffered conciliation with anything but the charity "which seeks the good of others, though with prejudice to herself;" while the Pope, misled by a wily, ambitious priest, is induced to do that which a solemn conclave of

* It is not very generally known that an ancestor of Dr. Wiseman's advocated the employment of the torture so late as in the Stuart's time. In a tract entitled "The Law of Laws; or, The Excellency of the Civil Law above all Human Laws whatsoever," by Sir Robert Wiseman, Knight, Doctor of Civil Laws, 1664, the writer enters into an elaborate examination of the subject, and openly defends the use of torture in judicial proceedings. It is a gratifying fact that Sir Robert Wiseman, having become a pervert to the religion of his master, James II., was compelled to follow his fortunes.

the Protestant archbishops and bishops of England has declared to be "an act of arrogant assumption," and "an unwarrantable insult to the church, and to the Queen's most excellent majesty." Charity or toleration to so unchristian and tyrannical a spirit would be, it is quite evident, not only misplaced, but a want of patriotism and of loyalty, and of a just sense of religious, moral, and intellectual liberty. Had concession gone any further, it is very doubtful if the State would have had strength enough left sufficient to defend the Protestant Constitution of 1688, the Act of Settlement, or the right of the House of Hanover to the British throne. It is, perhaps, fortunate that an ambitious priest has so far overstepped the mark at the present moment, as to have aroused an almost universal spirit of reaction and of opposition. Perversions, and the creeping in of bad practices into our own church, were gradually undermining its purity and simplicity, and paving the way for the enemy. These apparently slight evils now stand out in all their truly mischievous importance and significance; at the same time that the few weak, tolerant, latitudinarian minds, who believed, or affected to believe, in the humility, sincerity, and loyalty of the Romanists, and have been parties to the granting of concession after concession, till they have connived with their enemies to bring Protestantism to the verge of a precipice, have their eyes now fully opened to the impending most dangerous crisis.*

"This our country," say the archbishops and bishops, in their address to her Majesty, "whose church being a true branch of Christ's holy Catholic Church, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments are duly ministered according to Christ's ordinances, is treated by the bishop of Rome as having been a heathen land, and is congratulated at its restoration, after an interval of 300 years, to a place among the churches of Christendom."

A system of opinions, then, which the same address goes on very justly to characterise as "inculcating blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," which our fathers rejected after centuries of controversy, has been revived, and in this Protestant country Christianity is attempted to be identified with Romanism. To seal this great fact with the stamp of authority, the ambitious prelate who has assumed, by virtue of the authority of the Bishop of Rome, the title of Archbishop of Westminster, has also taken the name of the Roman Pudens, who, by his marriage with Claudia, or as the father of Pudentia, was indirectly instrumental in introducing Christianity into these realms. Pudens is made by the martyrologies to have been a person of figure at Rome of the senatorial order; yet, by a strange incongruity, he is also deemed to have been one of the seventy disciples. Be that as it may, it is certain that he lived in the time of St. Paul, who sends his salutations, writing from Rome, to Timothy. (2 Tim. iv. 21) And therefore the glad tidings of the Gospel, first brought to Britain, according to Southey, in his "Book of the

* Colonel Tempest justly observed, at Bradford, that the laity said, at the time of the Catholic emancipation, "Grant us that, it is all we ask;" but the clergy and political agitators soon proclaimed it to be merely an instalment. "Who," added the gallant colonel, "can say where these instalments are to end? The Pope has shown very plainly, that to divide the supremacy with the Queen was another instalment. Would the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster be satisfied with St. George's while the towers of Westminster Abbey were in sight? or the Pope content with a division of power? What was to be the last instalment due to the Roman Catholics?"

Church," by Bran, the father of Caractacus, or by any lady of the same illustrious household, belongs to the time of St. Paul, and dates anteriorly to the existence of any creditable Bishop of Rome.

"Certain German churches," Mosheim tells us, "are fondly ambitious of deriving their origin from St. Peter, and from the companions of the other apostles. The Britons," he adds, "are also willing to believe, upon the authority of Bede, that under the reign of Marcus Antoninus, their king, Lucius, addressed himself to Eleutherus, the Roman pontiff, for doctors to instruct him in the Christian religion, and having obtained his request, embraced the Gospel." If this tradition were the true one, Lucius would have been a more correct Roman, and yet not a "Romanist," denomination for the pretended archbishop than Pudens.

"But," adds the historian Mosheim, "these traditions are extremely doubtful; and are, indeed, rejected by such as have learning sufficient to weigh the credibility of ancient narrations." "These things are doubtful," also says Southey; "the light of the Word shone here," says Fuller, the Church historian, "but we know not who kindled it."*

It was not till the year 596 that forty Benedictine monks, with Augustine at their head, were sent into Britain by Gregory the Great, previous to the elevation of that ambitious prelate to the Papedom. It is notorious, to all who are but little acquainted with ecclesiastical history, that the universal bishopric of the Pope was not granted till the year 606.† Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, had, previous to this, brought over from France a household establishment of clerks, with a prelate, by name Liudhard, at their head, who officiated at the prettily situated, and still existing Roman church of St. Martin, near Canterbury.

The Romanist doctrine of the Pope's supremacy, and his right of general superintendence over the spiritual concerns of the Church of Christ, cannot be applied to this country from the conversions effected by the Benedictines. If the bestowing of a benefit conferred either civil or ecclesiastical power, we should owe obedience to Scotland rather than to Rome. Aidan, and Chad, and Druma, contributed much more than Augustine to the general or eventual conversion of England. No allegiance was sworn to Rome by the converts; no submission to the authority of the Pope was required by the missionaries. Rome was the most learned and civilised place at that time in the known world; the corruptions of its church had made comparatively but little progress;‡ its

* The ancient British Church, by whomsoever planted, was a stranger to the Bishop of Rome and his pretended authority.—"Blackstone's Commentaries," b. iv., c. 8. "The History of the Church of England," by J. B. S. Carwithen, B.D.

† See Mr. Hallam's admirable and eloquent chapter on the ecclesiastical power, in the second volume of the "History of the Middle Ages," and Mr. Gisborne's volume of essays. Pope Gregory disclaimed the title of Supreme Pontiff.—"Hist. Pop.," part 11, 133, *et seq.* Townsend, p. 79.

‡ The ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe was not introduced till about 750; the worship of images was authorised by the second Council of Nice in the year 787; solitary, or private masses, and masses for the dead, were introduced shortly afterwards. Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass did not take its rise till about 850. The decretals by the Pope extending the limits of their jurisdiction and authority were not issued till the latter end of the same century. Then followed the introduction of all kinds of deceits and superstitions, such as imposing fictitious relics upon the credulity of the people—the institution of superstitious festivals, as that of the assumption of the Virgin Mary—the imposition of legends;

"Thankee," replied Mr. Sponge, making a parting bow; "I'll get him at the stable."

"I'll go with you," said Jog, leading the way.

Leather had saddled, and bridled, and turned him round in the stall, with one of Mr. Jog's blanket-rugs on, which Mr. Sponge just swept over his tail into the manger, and led the horse out.

"Adieu!" said he, offering his hand to his host.

"Good-bye! — good (puff) sport to you," said Jog, shaking it heartily.

Mr. Sponge then mounted his hack, cocked out his toe, and rode off at a canter.

At the same moment, Bartholomew drove away from the front door; and Jog, having stood watching the phaeton over the rise of Penny-pound Hill, scraped his feet, re-entered his house, and rubbing them heartily on the mat, as he closed the sash-door, observed aloud to himself, with a jerk of his head—

"Well, now, that's the most impittent feller I ever saw in my life!"

The circuitous and miscellaneous transit described by Mr. Crowdey, as constituting his post, caused Mr. Sponge to arrive at Nonsuch House before his letter, where his coming or non-coming furnished the usual discussion incidental to idleness. Indeed, the inmates had been betting upon it: the odds at first being a hundred to one in favour of his coming, without any takers, though they had fallen on the arrival of the post without an answer—not that the captains meant to pay if they lost, but they thought it sounded fine talking of hundreds. We believe if the contents of all the purses in the house had been raked together, they would not have produced ten pounds.

"Well, *I* say Mr. Sponge doesn't come!" exclaimed Captain Seedeystick, as he lay full length, with his shaggy, greasy head on the fine rose-coloured satin sofa, and his legs cocked over the cushion.

"Why not?" asked Miss Glitters, who was beguiling the twilight half-hour, before the lighting up of the billiard-room, with a cigar.

"Don't know," replied Seedeystick, twirling his moustache; "but I have a *presentiment* he won't."

"*Sure to come!*" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, knocking the ashes off his cigar on to the Tournay carpet. "I'll lay ten to one—ten fifties to one—he does."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Miss Glitters, adjusting the end of her cigar.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—he's just an ordinary sort of a man—nothing particular any way," drawled Captain Seedeystick, now wetting and twirling his moustache.

"Two legs, a head, a back, and so on, I presume," rejoined the lady.

"Just so," assented Captain Seedeystick.

"He's a horsey-looking sort of man, I should say," observed Captain Bouncey; "walks as if he ought to be riding—wears vinegar tops."

"Hate vinegar tops," growled Seedeystick.

Just then, in came Lady Scattercash, attended by Mr. Orlando Bugles, the ladies' attractions having caused that distinguished performer to forfeit his engagement at the Surrey Theatre; Captain Cutitfat, Bob Spangles, and Sir Harry quickly followed, and, being short of a subject, the Sponge discussion was renewed.

"Who says old brown boots comes?" exclaimed Seedeeybuck, from the sofa.

"Who's that with his dirty head on my satin sofa?" asked the lady.

"Bob Spangles," replied Seedeeybuck.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined the lady; "and I'll trouble you to get off."

"Can't—I've got a bone in my leg," rejoined the captain.

"I'll soon make you," replied her ladyship, seizing the squab, and pulling it on to the floor.

As the captain was scrambling up, in came Peter, one of the wageless footmen, with candles, which having distributed equitably about the room, he approached Lady Scattercash, and asked, in an independent sort of way, what room Mr. Soapsuds was to have.

"Soapsuds!—Soapsuds!—that's not his name," exclaimed her ladyship.

"Sponge, you fool!—Soapey Sponge," exclaimed Cutitfat, who owed Peter a grudge for dribbling some white soup over his new black coat.

"He's not come, has he?" asked Miss Glitters, eagerly.

"Yes, my lady—that's to say, miss," replied Peter.

"Come, has he!" chorussed three or four voices.

"Well, he must have a (hiccup) room," observed Sir Harry. "The green—the one above the billiard-room will do," added he.

"But *I* have that Sir Harry," exclaimed Miss Howard.

"Oh, it'll hold two well enough," observed Miss Glitters.

"Then *you* can be the second," replied Miss Howard, with a toss of her head.

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Glitters, bridling up. "I like that."

"Well, but where is the (hiccup) man to be put?" asked Sir Harry.

"There's Ladofwax's room," suggested her ladyship.

"The captin's locked the door and taken the key with him," replied the footman; "he said he'd be back in a day or two."

"Back in a (hiccup) or two," observed Sir Harry. "Where is he gone?"

The man smiled.

"Borrowed," observed Captain Quod, with an emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Harry; adding, "well, I thought that was Nabbum's gig with the old grey."

"He'll not be back in a hurry," observed Bouncey. "He'll be like the Boulogne gentlemen, who are always going to England but never go."

"Poor Wax," observed Quod; "he's a big fool, to give him his due."

"If you give him his due it's more than he gives other people, it seems," observed Miss Howard.

"Oh! fie, Miss H.!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Well, but the (hiccup) man must have a (hiccup) bed somewhere," observed Sir Harry; adding to the footman, "you'd better (hiccup) the door open, you know."

"Perhaps you'd better try what one of yours will do," observed Bob Spangles, to the convulsion of the company.

In the midst of their mirth Mr. Bottleends was seen piloting Mr. Sponge up to her ladyship.

"Mr. Soapey Sponge, my lady," said he, in as low and deferential a tone as if he got his wages every quarter-day.

"Thankee," replied Mr. Sponge, making a parting bow; "I'll get him at the stable."

"I'll go with you," said Jog, leading the way.

Leather had saddled, and bridled, and turned him round in the stall, with one of Mr. Jog's blanket-rugs on, which Mr. Sponge just swept over his tail into the manger, and led the horse out.

"Adieu!" said he, offering his hand to his host.

"Good-bye! — good (puff) sport to you," said Jog, shaking it heartily.

Mr. Sponge then mounted his hack, cocked out his toe, and rode off at a canter.

At the same moment, Bartholomew drove away from the front door; and Jog, having stood watching the phaeton over the rise of Penny-pound Hill, scraped his feet, re-entered his house, and rubbing them heartily on the mat, as he closed the sash-door, observed aloud to himself, with a jerk of his head—

"Well, now, that's the most impittent feller I ever saw in my life!"

The circuitous and miscellaneous transit described by Mr. Crowdey, as constituting his post, caused Mr. Sponge to arrive at Nonsuch House before his letter, where his coming or non-coming furnished the usual discussion incidental to idleness. Indeed, the inmates had been betting upon it: the odds at first being a hundred to one in favour of his coming, without any takers, though they had fallen on the arrival of the post without an answer—not that the captains meant to pay if they lost, but they thought it sounded fine talking of hundreds. We believe if the contents of all the purses in the house had been raked together, they would not have produced ten pounds.

"Well, *I* say Mr. Sponge doesn't come!" exclaimed Captain Seedybuck, as he lay full length, with his shaggy, greasy head on the fine rose-coloured satin sofa, and his legs cocked over the cushion.

"Why not?" asked Miss Glitters, who was beguiling the twilight half-hour, before the lighting up of the billiard-room, with a cigar.

"Don't know," replied Seedybuck, twirling his moustache; "but I have a *presentiment* he won't."

"*Sure to come!*" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, knocking the ashes off his cigar on to the Tournay carpet. "I'll lay ten to one—ten fifties to one—he does."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Miss Glitters, adjusting the end of her cigar.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—he's just an ordinary sort of a man—nothing particular any way," drawled Captain Seedybuck, now wetting and twirling his moustache.

"Two legs, a head, a back, and so on, I presume," rejoined the lady.

"Just so," assented Captain Seedybuck.

"He's a horsey-looking sort of man, I should say," observed Captain Bouncey; "walks as if he ought to be riding—wears vinegar tops."

"Hate vinegar tops," growled Seedybuck.

Just then, in came Lady Scattercash, attended by Mr. Orlando Bugles, the ladies' attractions having caused that distinguished performer to forfeit his engagement at the Surrey Theatre; Captain Cutitfat, Bob Spangles, and Sir Harry quickly followed, and, being short of a subject, the Sponge discussion was renewed.

"Who says old brown boots comes?" exclaimed Seedeeybuck, from the sofa.

"Who's that with his dirty head on my satin sofa?" asked the lady.

"Bob Spangles," replied Seedeeybuck.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined the lady; "and I'll trouble you to get off."

"Can't—I've got a bone in my leg," rejoined the captain.

"I'll soon make you," replied her ladyship, seizing the squab, and pulling it on to the floor.

As the captain was scrambling up, in came Peter, one of the wageless footmen, with candles, which having distributed equitably about the room, he approached Lady Scattercash, and asked, in an independent sort of way, what room Mr. Soapsuds was to have.

"Soapsuds!—Soapsuds!—that's not his name," exclaimed her ladyship.

"Sponge, you fool!—Soapey Sponge," exclaimed Cutitfat, who owed Peter a grudge for dribbling some white soup over his new black coat.

"He's not come, has he?" asked Miss Glitters, eagerly.

"Yes, my lady—that's to say, miss," replied Peter.

"Come, has he!" chorussed three or four voices.

"Well, he must have a (hiccup) room," observed Sir Harry. "The green—the one above the billiard-room will do," added he.

"But I have that Sir Harry," exclaimed Miss Howard.

"Oh, it'll hold two well enough," observed Miss Glitters.

"Then you can be the second," replied Miss Howard, with a toss of her head.

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Glitters, bridling up. "I like that."

"Well, but where is the (hiccup) man to be put?" asked Sir Harry.

"There's Ladofwax's room," suggested her ladyship.

"The captin's locked the door and taken the key with him," replied the footman; "he said he'd be back in a day or two."

"Back in a (hiccup) or two," observed Sir Harry. "Where is he gone?"

The man smiled.

"Borrowed," observed Captain Quod, with an emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Harry; adding, "well, I thought that was Nabbum's gig with the old grey."

"He'll not be back in a hurry," observed Bouncey. "He'll be like the Boulogne gentlemen, who are always going to England but never go."

"Poor Wax," observed Quod; "he's a big fool, to give him his due."

"If you give him his due it's more than he gives other people, it seems," observed Miss Howard.

"Oh! fie, Miss H.!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Well, but the (hiccup) man must have a (hiccup) bed somewhere," observed Sir Harry; adding to the footman, "you'd better (hiccup) the door open, you know."

"Perhaps you'd better try what one of yours will do," observed Bob Spangles, to the convulsion of the company.

In the midst of their mirth Mr. Bottleends was seen piloting Mr. Sponge up to her ladyship.

"Mr. Soapey Sponge, my lady," said he, in as low and deferential a tone as if he got his wages every quarter-day.

"Thankee," replied Mr. Sponge, making a parting bow; "I'll get him at the stable."

"I'll go with you," said Jog, leading the way.

Leather had saddled, and bridled, and turned him round in the stall, with one of Mr. Jog's blanket-rugs on, which Mr. Sponge just swept over his tail into the manger, and led the horse out.

"Adieu!" said he, offering his hand to his host.

"Good-bye!—good (puff) sport to you," said Jog, shaking it heartily.

Mr. Sponge then mounted his hack, cocked out his toe, and rode off at a canter.

At the same moment, Bartholomew drove away from the front door; and Jog, having stood watching the phaeton over the rise of Penny-pound Hill, scraped his feet, re-entered his house, and rubbing them heartily on the mat, as he closed the sash-door, observed aloud to himself, with a jerk of his head—

"Well, now, that's the most impittent feller I ever saw in my life!"

The circuitous and miscellaneous transit described by Mr. Crowdey, as constituting his post, caused Mr. Sponge to arrive at Nonsuch House before his letter, where his coming or non-coming furnished the usual discussion incidental to idleness. Indeed, the inmates had been betting upon it: the odds at first being a hundred to one in favour of his coming, without any takers, though they had fallen on the arrival of the post without an answer—not that the captains meant to pay if they lost, but they thought it sounded fine talking of hundreds. We believe if the contents of all the purses in the house had been raked together, they would not have produced ten pounds.

"Well, *I* say Mr. Sponge doesn't come!" exclaimed Captain Seedeystick, as he lay full length, with his shaggy, greasy head on the fine rose-coloured satin sofa, and his legs cocked over the cushion.

"Why not?" asked Miss Glitters, who was beguiling the twilight half-hour, before the lighting up of the billiard-room, with a cigar.

"Don't know," replied Seedeystick, twirling his moustache; "but I have a *presentiment* he won't."

"*Sure to come!*" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, knocking the ashes off his cigar on to the Tournay carpet. "I'll lay ten to one—ten fifties to one—he does."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Miss Glitters, adjusting the end of her cigar.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—he's just an ordinary sort of a man—nothing particular any way," drawled Captain Seedeystick, now wetting and twirling his moustache.

"Two legs, a head, a back, and so on, I presume," rejoined the lady.

"Just so," assented Captain Seedeystick.

"He's a horsey-looking sort of man, I should say," observed Captain Bouncey; "walks as if he ought to be riding—wears vinegar tops."

"Hate vinegar tops," growled Seedeystick.

Just then, in came Lady Scattercash, attended by Mr. Orlando Bugles, the ladies' attractions having caused that distinguished performer to forfeit his engagement at the Surrey Theatre; Captain Cuttifat, Bob Spangles, and Sir Harry quickly followed, and, being short of a subject, the Sponge discussion was renewed.

"Who says old brown boots comes?" exclaimed Seedeeybuck, from the sofa.

"Who's that with his dirty head on my satin sofa?" asked the lady.

"Bob Spangles," replied Seedeeybuck.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined the lady; "and I'll trouble you to get off."

"Can't—I've got a bone in my leg," rejoined the captain.

"I'll soon make you," replied her ladyship, seizing the squab, and pulling it on to the floor.

As the captain was scrambling up, in came Peter, one of the wageless footmen, with candles, which having distributed equitably about the room, he approached Lady Scattercash, and asked, in an independent sort of way, what room Mr. Soapsuds was to have.

"Soapsuds!—Soapsuds!—that's not his name," exclaimed her ladyship.

"*Sponge*, you fool!—*Soapey Sponge*," exclaimed Cutitfat, who owed Peter a grudge for dribbling some white soup over his new black coat.

"He's not come, has he?" asked Miss Glitters, eagerly.

"Yes, my lady—that's to say, miss," replied Peter.

"Come, has he!" chorussed three or four voices.

"Well, he must have a (hiccup) room," observed Sir Harry. "The green—the one above the billiard-room will do," added he.

"But *I* have that Sir Harry," exclaimed Miss Howard.

"Oh, it'll hold two well enough," observed Miss Glitters.

"Then *you* can be the second," replied Miss Howard, with a toss of her head.

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Glitters, bridling up. "I like that."

"Well, but where is the (hiccup) man to be put?" asked Sir Harry.

"There's Ladofwax's room," suggested her ladyship.

"The captin's locked the door and taken the key with him," replied the footman; "he said he'd be back in a day or two."

"Back in a (hiccup) or two," observed Sir Harry. "Where is he gone?"

The man smiled.

"*Borrowed*," observed Captain Quod, with an emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Harry; adding, "well, I thought that was Nabbum's gig with the old grey."

"He'll not be back in a hurry," observed Bouncey. "He'll be like the Boulogne gentlemen, who are always going to England but never go."

"Poor Wax," observed Quod; "he's a big fool, to give him his due."

"If you give him his due it's more than he gives other people, it seems," observed Miss Howard.

"Oh! fie, Miss H.!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Well, but the (hiccup) man must have a (hiccup) bed somewhere," observed Sir Harry; adding to the footman, "you'd better (hiccup) the door open, you know."

"Perhaps you'd better try what one of yours will do," observed Bob Spangles, to the convulsion of the company.

In the midst of their mirth Mr. Bottleends was seen piloting Mr. Sponge up to her ladyship.

"Mr. *Soapey Sponge*, my lady," said he, in as low and deferential a tone as if he got his wages every quarter-day.

"Thankee," replied Mr. Sponge, making a parting bow; "I'll get him at the stable."

"I'll go with you," said Jog, leading the way.

Leather had saddled, and bridled, and turned him round in the stall, with one of Mr. Jog's blanket-rugs on, which Mr. Sponge just swept over his tail into the manger, and led the horse out.

"Adieu!" said he, offering his hand to his host.

"Good-bye! — good (puff) sport to you," said Jog, shaking it heartily.

Mr. Sponge then mounted his hack, cocked out his toe, and rode off at a canter.

At the same moment, Bartholomew drove away from the front door; and Jog, having stood watching the phaeton over the rise of Penny-pound Hill, scraped his feet, re-entered his house, and rubbing them heartily on the mat, as he closed the sash-door, observed aloud to himself, with a jerk of his head—

"Well, now, that's the most impittent feller I ever saw in my life!"

The circuitous and miscellaneous transit described by Mr. Crowdey, as constituting his post, caused Mr. Sponge to arrive at Nonsuch House before his letter, where his coming or non-coming furnished the usual discussion incidental to idleness. Indeed, the inmates had been betting upon it: the odds at first being a hundred to one in favour of his coming, without any takers, though they had fallen on the arrival of the post without an answer—not that the captains meant to pay if they lost, but they thought it sounded fine talking of hundreds. We believe if the contents of all the purses in the house had been raked together, they would not have produced ten pounds.

"Well, *I* say Mr. Sponge doesn't come!" exclaimed Captain Seedeystick, as he lay full length, with his shaggy, greasy head on the fine rose-coloured satin sofa, and his legs cocked over the cushion.

"Why not?" asked Miss Glitters, who was beguiling the twilight half-hour, before the lighting up of the billiard-room, with a cigar.

"Don't know," replied Seedeystick, twirling his moustache; "but I have a *presentiment* he won't."

"*Sure to come!*" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, knocking the ashes off his cigar on to the Tournay carpet. "I'll lay ten to one—ten fifties to one—he does."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Miss Glitters, adjusting the end of her cigar.

"Oh—why—ha—hem—haw—he's just an ordinary sort of a man—nothing particular any way," drawled Captain Seedeystick, now wetting and twirling his moustache.

"Two legs, a head, a back, and so on, I presume," rejoined the lady.

"Just so," assented Captain Seedeystick.

"He's a horsey-looking sort of man, I should say," observed Captain Bouncey; "walks as if he ought to be riding—wears vinegar tops."

"Hate vinegar tops," growled Seedeystick.

Just then, in came Lady Scattercash, attended by Mr. Orlando Bugles, the ladies' attractions having caused that distinguished performer to forfeit his engagement at the Surrey Theatre; Captain Cuttiefat, Bob Spangles, and Sir Harry quickly followed, and, being short of a subject, the Sponge discussion was renewed.

"Who says old brown boots comes?" exclaimed Seedeeybuck, from the sofa.

"Who's that with his dirty head on my satin sofa?" asked the lady.

"Bob Spangles," replied Seedeeybuck.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined the lady; "and I'll trouble you to get off."

"Can't—I've got a bone in my leg," rejoined the captain.

"I'll soon make you," replied her ladyship, seizing the squab, and pulling it on to the floor.

As the captain was scrambling up, in came Peter, one of the wageless footmen, with candles, which having distributed equitably about the room, he approached Lady Scattercash, and asked, in an independent sort of way, what room Mr. Soapsuds was to have.

"Soapsuds!—Soapsuds!—that's not his name," exclaimed her ladyship.

"Sponge, you fool!—Soapey Sponge," exclaimed Cutitfat, who owed Peter a grudge for dribbling some white soup over his new black coat.

"He's not come, has he?" asked Miss Glitters, eagerly.

"Yes, my lady—that's to say, miss," replied Peter.

"Come, has he!" chorussed three or four voices.

"Well, he must have a (hiccup) room," observed Sir Harry. "The green—the one above the billiard-room will do," added he.

"But I have that Sir Harry," exclaimed Miss Howard.

"Oh, it'll hold two well enough," observed Miss Glitters.

"Then you can be the second," replied Miss Howard, with a toss of her head.

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Glitters, bridling up. "I like that."

"Well, but where is the (hiccup) man to be put?" asked Sir Harry.

"There's Ladofwax's room," suggested her ladyship.

"The captin's locked the door and taken the key with him," replied the footman; "he said he'd be back in a day or two."

"Back in a (hiccup) or two," observed Sir Harry. "Where is he gone?"

The man smiled.

"Borrowed," observed Captain Quod, with an emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Harry; adding, "well, I thought that was Nabbum's gig with the old grey."

"He'll not be back in a hurry," observed Bouncey. "He'll be like the Boulogne gentlemen, who are always going to England but never go."

"Poor Wax," observed Quod; "he's a big fool, to give him his due."

"If you give him his due it's more than he gives other people, it seems," observed Miss Howard.

"Oh! fie, Miss H.!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Well, but the (hiccup) man must have a (hiccup) bed somewhere," observed Sir Harry; adding to the footman, "you'd better (hiccup) the door open, you know."

"Perhaps you'd better try what one of yours will do," observed Bob Spangles, to the convulsion of the company.

In the midst of their mirth Mr. Bottleends was seen piloting Mr. Sponge up to her ladyship.

"Mr. Soapey Sponge, my lady," said he, in as low and deferential a tone as if he got his wages every quarter-day.

While the Moors and Jews were at this time being converted in Spain by force, and subjected to all kinds of horrible tortures, heretics and schismatics of every degree were made to suffer at the new seat of Papal charity. The vivid descriptions of Charles Dickens, of the Hall of the Inquisition at Avignon, in his "Pictures from Italy," must be fresh in the mind of the reader. Happy it is, that owing to the perpetual and successful struggles carried on by British kings and princes against Papal supremacy, the tourist can point to no such chamber of horrors in this country.

The sworn mission, *omnes hæreticos persequare et impugnare*, of all Romanist prelates, found a new field of activity in the reformers now rising up in all parts of Europe. John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were committed to the flames by a decree of the Council of Constance. It was the same council that declared it lawful to violate the most solemn engagements when made to heretics. The epoch, indeed, which immediately preceded the Reformation, that is, the fifteenth century, was most remarkable of all for the horrible persecutions of the Romanist clergy, the expulsion of the Moors and Jews from Spain, the massacre of Varnes, &c., and the frightful enormities committed by the Popes, and more especially by Alexander VI.

The sixteenth century opened under brighter aspects for a suffering humanity. The Reformation was introduced into Germany by Luther, in the year 1517; into France, by Calvin, about 1529; and into Switzerland, by Zuingli, in 1519. Henry VIII. followed up the good work by throwing off the Papal yoke, and asserting himself supreme head of the church in his own dominions. Edward VI. also encouraged the spirit of intellectual and religious emancipation that was abroad, and invited Martin Luther and other eminent divines over to finish the glorious work of the Reformation. John Knox introduced the Reformation into Scotland about 1560, and George Brown into Ireland about the same time.

But, alas! a progress so full of promise was not permitted without suffering and sacrifices. The succession of Mary brought back with it all the evils of Popery, and scenes of barbarity and persecution, too well known to need repetition, were exhibited in this country, which, at the present day, shock our nature even to think of. The Romanist clergy were roused by opposition to greater exertions, greater devotions, not to God, but to their cause, which with them is all and everything, and to more subtle, resolute, inveterate persecution. To this effect the order of JESUITS was founded by Ignatius Loyola, in the fatal year 1540. The famous Council of Trent was assembled, the Inquisition was established at Rome, and the cries of the first victims were heralded by a holy pontiff with such condescending facetiousness, that he bestowed a cardinal's hat upon the keeper of his monkeys. The example set by Rome was not lost upon the more bigoted party in France; and the massacre of the Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's-day, imparted an inglorious pre-eminence in persecution to the same epoch, the middle of the sixteenth century.

The authority of the Pope arose, we have seen, out of the gradual usurpation of many centuries. The Romanist clergy deny that their church, in order to exact that authority, maintain that excommunicated

princes may be deposed or murdered; that Popes and councils are to be obeyed if they command rebellion, disloyalty, and murder; that the Pope can dispense with an oath; that perjury, and sin, or crime, may be pardoned by a priest at pleasure, and that faith is not to be kept with heretics. But all history attests these facts. Did not the Pope, after he had published an edict, which suspended the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial, excommunicate King John, absolve the people from their oaths of allegiance, and at last depose the king, commissioning Philip, King of France, to execute the sentence, promising for reward the remission of his sins, together with the crown of England and his heirs for ever, when he had once dethroned the English tyrant?

The history of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. also amply proves the truth of all these charges. The final establishment of the Protestant Reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, is justly considered by our church as the greatest event in our national history. With civil wars raging on the Continent, where the opposite opinions of the Protestant and Romanist were embodied in the shape of armies, and with plots, and treason, and conspiracies at home, the triumph of the good cause was not brought about without the shedding of blood, and the punishment in many cases of those whose fate we deplore. But while Mary lighted up the flames, in obedience to the unaltered and unalterable opinions of an infallible church, Elizabeth executed for treason to the royal authority. The cruelty of Mary was the crime of her church. The blood of the martyrs is upon her,

And history, with its whip of steel,
Has stamp'd the character of shame so deep,
That not eternity shall wear it out.

The cruelty of Elizabeth was the fault of an individual.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, the mutual exasperations of the Romanists and Protestants in England were at their greatest height. Within a week before the death of Mary, five persons had been burnt at Canterbury. The lightning by which the fires had been kindled still flamed on the Continent from the red right hand of Papacy. Yet Elizabeth, while her first care was to settle the religion of the country, and to preserve it from civil war, made greater approaches to toleration than any prince who had hitherto reigned on any throne in Europe. So far did she carry her toleration, that the Dissenters to this day reproach her, and not without reason, for making the liturgy of King Edward "less decidedly Protestant, and more palatable to the Romanist."

The Queen of Scotland was the head of the Romanist party. The King of France obtained a bull from Pope Pius IV., declaring the illegitimacy of Elizabeth. A treaty was made between France and Spain to extirpate heresy; and the Queen of Scots, then Dauphiness of France, signed it as Queen of England. The two Guises were at the head of the administration, and under their auspices courts were erected, called *ARDENTES*, to go through a form of justice, whilst sending Protestants to the flames.

This was at the same period that the remorseless bigot Philip was extirpating heresy in Flanders, where fifty thousand men had suffered for

their religion since 1521 under the Emperor Charles V., long before the sanguinary persecutions of the Duke of Alva; or was reserving his captives for the pleasure of *auto da fes* at Valladolid and Seville. The savage details unfolded by the annals of the Inquisition, and the tragical pages of Fox, cannot be too much perused at the present moment by those, if there are such, who are indifferent to the aggressions of the Romanist clergy, or to the Romanist tendencies in our own church—lukewarm or indifferent Protestants, who, ignorant of the past, only see in the present struggle a contention between priestly partisans.

Arthur Pole and Sir Anthony Fortescue, when apprehended and attainted, confessed that they were united in a conspiracy with the Duke of Guise for deposing Elizabeth, and proclaiming the Queen of Scots. Yet they were forgiven. In 1569, Dr. Morton was sent to England to absolve the people from their allegiance, and to teach that the queen's right to govern was lost by her heresy. The insurrection of the two Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland to depose the queen and restore Romanism, was also sanctioned by the Pope. Yet we are told that the Pope only governs the consciences of the Romanists! What is their religion in such instances but treason, and their faith faction? The Pope was as much a political enemy as Philip of Spain, or Napoleon the Great. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this pretended distinction between spiritual conscience and moral and political allegiance. There are, unfortunately, some high in authority in our church, who disavow the supremacy of the Queen. Such are not true patriots, still less loyal subjects. Take away the power of kings and princes from over their own church, and you give up the realm to Popery or priestcraft. We do not say over "consciences," we say over their own church.

The Act of the 13th of Elizabeth, which was passed in the year 1571, declared that all who brought or received bulls, briefs, or absolutions from the Pope, were guilty of high treason; nor does it appear that this law has been repealed. The Pope had previously to this fulminated a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, "out of the fulness of his apostolic power; declaring the queen to be a heretic, and a favourer of heretics," and duly anathematising her—a most presumptuous and scandalous decree.

While the Pope was endeavouring to excite rebellion in England, Philip II. inflicted, for the first time, upon that unfortunate and misguided country, Ireland, the curse of religious dissension under which she still labours. Don John of Austria, while extirpating the Protestants in the Netherlands, was also planning a marriage with the Queen of Scots, and the possession of England and Scotland. There never was treason in the known world, if it was not among the Romanists in the reign of Elizabeth.

We pass, however, over the reign of Elizabeth, the plots of the French, and the fatal result to their unfortunate victim Mary, the Spanish Armada, and the more ignoble conspiracies of Throckmorton, Parry, Fathers Campion and Persons, and of the Seminarists, of whom two hundred suffered the extreme penalty of the law for teaching obedience to a *foreign enemy*, to arrive at the last great effort of the Romanist Church to re-establish its

power, by the *charitable* contrivance of a general destruction of king and parliament.

That the guilt of Gunpowder Plot must be charged upon the Romanist clergy is evident, when we consider that it was justified upon the principles taught by their church; that it was approved of by their superiors who had just been rejoicing at the murder of a sovereign, Henry III. of France, by a monk, and that it was executed by their agents.

"The principal leader, Catesby," says Lord Coke, "was resolved by the Jesuits, that it was both lawful and meritorious; and herewith he persuaded and settled the rest, as any seemed to make doubt." They took an oath of secrecy, which was administered by the Jesuits Gerrard and Greenwell, and received the sacrament to make that oath more solemn.

The design of the conspirators was to excite a general insurrection among the Romanists immediately after the blow was struck. Winter confessed that the meeting was to take place at Dunchurch by Catesby's appointment. The day after the plot had taken effect, the principal gentlemen of the Romanist party were to meet at Sir Everard Digby's, under the pretence of a hunting match. We need not illustrate our argument further by the collusion of Grant and the other Warwick conspirators, whose hot pursuit is narrated in Mr. Ainsworth's "*Guy Fawkes*."

Tresham was an old conspirator; in December, 1601, he and Garnet and Desmond, the Jesuits, Catesby and others, had sent Winter into Spain to invite the king to send over an army to England, which should be joined by the united forces of the Romanists in England. Garnet, who, in the first year of James, had taken out a pardon under the great seal, according to the king's proclamation, for all the treasons he had already committed, was nevertheless notoriously implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, and the equivocating and perjured traitor was justly executed.

With this event, the great contest between the Protestants and the Romanists—at least in England—may be said to terminate; for if the Gunpowder Plot had never been planned, that of Titus Oates would never have been believed. In the reign of Henry VIII. their power was equally balanced. The king became possessed of unlimited authority, because either party feared to offend him, lest the royal sanction should be given to their opponents. Under Edward the cause of the Protestants triumphed. No fires burned in Smithfield; no sanguinary persecutions disgraced the Protestant ascendancy. Under Mary the cause of the Romanists was successful. Her usual designation reminds us of the consequence. With Elizabeth commenced the reign of precautions and treasons; of plots and conspiracies; of jealousies and penalties; which terminated with Gunpowder Treason, and the rejection of the oath of allegiance to an indulgent sovereign, at the mandate of the ancient and perpetual enemy of the realm. The storm raged no longer; but the billows were not hushed, nor ever have been, to repose, although the voice of the nation at the Revolution commanded peace. One hundred and forty years of religious tranquillity attest, however, the wisdom of the most solemn national compact which the people and sovereign of a great country ever yet established.

If the Protestant religion and the blessings of civil liberty, finally established in Great Britain and Ireland by the accession of the House of Brunswick Lunenberg to the throne, are once more threatened by the aggressions of the Romanist clergy,—if the vessel of the state is again beginning to be agitated by the sound of a near storm,—the same great and glorious principles which guided our forefathers can alone save us.

In the 37th Article of the Church of England, the supremacy of the sovereign is explained: “We give not to our prince the ministering of God’s Word or the sacraments, but that prerogative only which we see to have been given always, to all godly princes, in holy Scriptures, by God himself,” that is, that they should govern all estates and decrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal. The church is also defined in the same articles to be “a congregation of the faithful;” that is, faithful to God, to Christ, and to the king, for God ruled that kings and princes should be obeyed. Such then as deny the Queen’s supremacy, and yet do not belong to the Church of Rome, do not either belong to the Church of England.*

There are lukewarm persons who say, “we have had enough, more than enough of anti-papal agitation;” these are, if all that we have passed in review of the undying and insidious arrogance and ambition of the Church of Rome is true, undesignedly, or designedly enemies of the Protestant faith. Others proclaim, “there is no cause for fear or apprehension;” but so long as a Romanist prelate is allowed to usurp power and authority—although said to be only spiritual—in this country, there is just cause for fear and apprehension; and no true Protestant should waver or slacken in his firm opposition to such a dangerous encroachment. If Queen Elizabeth, whose private feelings were with the Church of Rome, and who, even according to Camden, conformed in her youth with the practices of that church, was still induced, in the spirit of a politician, to carry out the work of the Reformation, to restore the queen’s supremacy, and to renew and confirm the acts of Edward concerning religion; how much more cheering will it be to see Queen Victoria, the inheritor of a whole family’s principles, educated in the simplicity and purity of the English Church, upholding that same supremacy, not with the temporal spirit of a politician, but with the same sincere and conscientious and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified the conduct of Edward.

* We are destined, we suppose, to see this class of persons form themselves soon into a body, to be called the “Free Anglican Church.” Truly, a sad state of things.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO .	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXV. and LXVI. .	224
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC .	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE .	263

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

NEW COMIC TALE, to be commenced in the March Number of the
"New Monthly Magazine," and to be continued during the
course of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE; or, What brought Monsieur Coquelicot and his Friends to London in 1851.

IN reference to the above, we have received the following letter,
which we hasten to publish:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SIR, MR. REDACTOR, ESQUIRE,—A few small words I will claim as a signal of friendly attention. It is not many days that London finds me here, but already, so great is the benevolence of a public of English, the hastiness of welcome accords itself to my grand desire. Any living man of polite nations has heard of the Exhibition of the World, which shall take his place in Hydes Parks in the next May; and, to assure my eye of its veracity, I arrive in advance of my innumerable countrymen. What I behold convinces the most opposing of a certitude; and, to acquaint myself of the morals, the dresses, and the language of so strange a people, I devote my hours, before my friends shall arrive to wonder at my proficient advancement and gain from my usefulness. In this task I am associate myself to a gentlemen of Germany, more ignorant of the delicate style of English than I possess, but to my thoughts and wishes he lends a strong buttress. To him, also, are coming parents out of his proper country, and more shall follow from further abroad. It is of these things to warn you that now I write; proposing a contributive history, but submissive to redaction, and not worthless of payment for heavy expenses.

Agree, therefore, Mr. Redactor,
the respectable compliments
of your obliging servants,
the undersigned,

Sablionière's Hotel, Leicester Squarr,
January, 31, 1851.

ADOLPHE COQUELICOT,
KARL BLUMENTHAL.

[The purport of the above communication, as far as we can understand it, is that M. Coquelicot and his German friend intend to send us an account of what happens to them and their friends during the season of the approaching Exhibition, and that they expect to be received as contributors on the usual terms. Believing this notion to be correct, we take the opportunity of giving publicity to their intention, assuring the public at the same time that we will do our best to render their communications as intelligible as, we doubt not, they will be found entertaining.—Ed. N. M. M.]

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA.

RUSSIA arrogates the right of protection in the Danubian Principalities. This claim is founded on a series of diplomatic documents, signed between the years 1774 and 1829. In no one of them does there exist a single word regarding protection, and her only duty or privilege in virtue of them is, that of guaranteeing to the Moldo-Wallachians certain religious and civil rights, which were progressively conferred on them by their legitimate sovereign, the Sultan. The right of guarantee differs widely from that of protection, as the former can never entitle the guaranteeing power to take the initiative under any circumstances whatsoever; and it merely obliges it to interpose on the appeal of those possessing the rights guaranteed when they are violated. It is an obligation, and not a prerogative; and it imparts no authority, excepting in such contingencies. That the conduct of Russia in the Principalities has not been confined to these limits is notorious to every one in the least conversant with their vicissitudes; and, even if it had extended no further, still her professed attributes would have been exceeded; for, whatever be the tenor of the stipulations on which her usurpation of influence over two provinces of Turkey is founded, there is a fact that appears to have been hitherto somewhat lost sight of, and which tends to show that all the titles adduced in support of her pretensions are null, as she has herself disavowed them by proclaiming a different principle on a subsequent occasion.

When the Sultan was threatened by his rebellious vassal of Egypt in the year 1840, his allies came to his assistance, and aided him to drive Ibrahim Pasha out of Syria. A treaty was then passed between him and four of the European Powers for the purpose of collectively securing the Ottoman Empire from the risk of dismemberment. England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria respectively engaged to protect the Sultan's dominions, and each declared herself to be desirous of maintaining the integrity and *independence* of Turkey, and to be actuated by a spirit of renunciation of *all exclusive influence* and *all commercial advantages over other nations*. The Danubian Principalities form an integral part of the Turkish territory. How then can Russia assume any exclusive rights over them after having formally disclaimed, in principle, all privileges or duties exceeding those of other powers in the Ottoman Empire?

It is true that the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi might, until lately, have been considered as a title for special intervention under certain circumstances on the part of Russia, but it matters not now whether it could be so regarded with justice or not, as the term of that treaty has expired; and no international contract with reference to *protection* in Turkey can

be considered in force at present, excepting that of the five Powers alluded to.

It has been the fashion amongst tourists and political writers of late years to expatiate on Russian schemes of conquest and on English diplomatic weakness; and orators have harangued on the dangers to which our interests in the East are exposed by the alleged superior ability of Russian agents to those of Great Britain. A bugbear has thus been raised to alarm the uninformed, and to lower us in the esteem of other nations by this apparent avowal of our own inferiority. However, little palpable foundation can be proved to exist either for apprehension or for humiliation, when the facts of the past are fully and dispassionately examined: the time has now come when unprejudiced and impartial observers will have the means of judging whether or not our policy, with regard to Turkey and Russia, is enlightened and vigilant. The Danubian Principalities are the ground on which the diplomatic struggle will be engaged, and it will soon be seen how far our political and commercial interests in that quarter are done justice to.

A close and deep insight into the existing state of matters in the Moldo-Wallachian provinces points out two remarkable and unusual circumstances, which might be effectually taken advantage of. The first is, the presence on the spot of an Ottoman diplomatist, who has proved himself fully adequate to cope with the difficulties of his position, and abundantly capable of meeting in open and determined strife any political combatants whom Russia can bring into the field. Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, the Turkish commissioner, is thoroughly master of the subject which he has to handle; he is frankly devoted to the cause of his country, which is identical with ours, and he is highly gifted with that unflinching fearlessness and resolute perseverance which, when coupled with such abilities, must go far to ensure success. In this respect the past and present answer for the future. He has more than once completely defeated his opponents, and he still fights gallantly and victoriously in the foremost rank. The other favourable circumstance is the character of the Prince of Moldavia, which must necessarily exercise a certain degree of influence over the important incidents now in preparation. Prince Gregory Ghika is a man of refined sentiments, endowed with a rare measure of kindness of heart and singleness of mind; he is incapable of playing a double part to the detriment of his fellow-countrymen, and of secretly submitting to that foreign usurpation of power so baneful to the welfare of his native province, to which he has always been sincerely attached. He will not serve the designs of Russia, because he knows them to be injurious to Moldavia; and he is loyally disposed to further the views of Turkey, inasmuch as he believes that they are conducive to the prosperity of the population committed by her to his charge, and that a cordial co-operation with the Porte is the only line of conduct consistent with his own honour. If these two eminent personages are rightly appreciated, their respective positions may be productive of the most salutary results: the natural diffidence and retiring disposition of the latter require that he should be warmly encouraged; and the spirited efforts of the former, who is in fact the mainspring of the powerful machinery which has been set in motion against Russia in the Principalities, only stand in need of being ably seconded.

There are vital questions now under consideration, and they are important, both as regarding the undue assumptions of Russia, and the justifiable resistance of Turkey, and as concerning our own political interests and our trade with the Danubian provinces. The navigation of the river is one of them, and it offers an apt illustration of the nature of that protection, the legitimacy of which is impugned.

The Treaty of Adrianople conferred on Russia, in the year 1829, the right of establishing and maintaining a quarantine station on one of the mouths of the Danube, which forms the boundary between the Turkish and Russian Empires, and bears the name of Sulina; and, as this is the only passage now practicable for shipping, she thus obtained a direct influence over the whole trade of the river. We shall see how far the exercise of that influence is consistent with the spirit of protection volunteered in favour of the two Principalities.

A bar of mud crosses the mouth of the channel, and the water becomes so shallow over it when no steps are taken to preserve a suitable depth, that only vessels of light draught can enter or leave the Danube in the end of summer. That being the season in which merchant ships frequent the Moldavian and Wallachian ports in search of grain for the European markets, the obstruction to trade is considerable, on account of the necessity of transshipping their cargoes into lighters, and in consequence of the danger to which both vessels and cargoes are exposed when bad weather overtakes them during the process. The expense of lighterage, and the higher rate of insurance required, entail a burden of three shillings per quarter on wheat exported from the two Principalities; and this increase of price on Danubian produce places it on disadvantageous terms in comparison with that exported by Russia, an equal quantity of which would be displaced in the consuming ports of Western Europe if those extra charges did not exist; while the total supply, which might be drawn from the northern provinces of Turkey, is also materially diminished.

The occupation of Sulina by the Russians received the sanction of Austria in a special convention, passed in 1840, for the maintenance of deep water on the bar in consideration of a tax, or toll, on all vessels crossing it. Although Great Britain was not a party to this arrangement, her immediate commercial interests might have been satisfied by its realisation; but, notwithstanding that the dues are regularly paid by all ships visiting the Danubian ports, including those of England, no measures are taken by Russia for the execution of the corresponding operation of dredging the bar; and our trade in this quarter suffers in consequence. The contribution would willingly be disbursed by our traders in favour of any one who faithfully secured a safe passage to their vessels; but, as long as that object remains unattained, not only is the tax inequitable, but we have also the right of insisting, in virtue of other international stipulations, that the work should be effected; and even of effecting it ourselves, if necessary.

The Treaty of Vienna declared, in the year 1815, that all the navigable rivers of Europe should be considered as "the highways of nations;" and every country having an interest in the navigation of the Danube is thereby justified in co-operating for its facilitation. The subsequent Treaty of Adrianople has never been recognised by the European Powers; the convention between Russia and Austria, concluded in 1840,

is not binding on England; and the unanimous settlement of the general interests of Europe, in 1815, is the only contract in which we participated. We, therefore, possess an undeniable right to claim, and even to enforce, its fulfilment; and we are invested with a legal title to exercise a direct influence over the state of the bar at Sulina, for we have never divested ourselves of the rights acquired by us through the Treaty of Vienna, as Austria has done by her special convention with Russia.

It has been argued that the regulations in the Treaty of Vienna regarding the navigable rivers of Europe, are not applicable to the Danube, because, at the time when it was concluded, that river was virtually closed; all provisions, coming from whatever country, could not then, by Turkish law, be removed from a Turkish port, while every other article of exchange had to pay three per cent. import and three per cent. export duties to Turkey, and because, Turkey not having been in any way a party to the Treaty of Vienna, the application of it to the navigation of the Danube was never demanded by her. How then can it be just, it is said, that a new rule should be applied merely on account of a change having taken place in the possession? It is perfectly true that in every treaty which can affect the navigation of the Danube, Turkey should be a party, as she is deeply interested in obtaining facilities on the opposite bank, which she is willing to grant on her own; but still the Treaty of Vienna is explicit; no one can deny that the Danube is a navigable river of Europe, and as such it is included in the collective bond; the peculiar circumstances connected with the lower part of its course did not prevent the application of the treaty where it flows through Germany; and it is a *reductio ad absurdum* to allege that a general principle for navigation can be applied to one part of a river and not to another, that other being also the most navigable, unless a special clause of exclusion exists, which is not the case with regard to the Danube. And even supposing that it really was not navigable at the time when the treaty was concluded, and that it had subsequently acquired that quality, it must now necessarily fall under the conditions laid down for all navigable rivers in Europe.

England was not called upon to participate in the special convention, and she would never have sanctioned it if she had been a party to it, as she could not reasonably expect that Russia would facilitate the navigation of the river at a great expense when it must be to the detriment of her own commerce; and Russia knew how prejudicial it would be to her to do so when she made the engagement, for in 1839, the year before she assumed it, 1208 ships left the ports of Galatz and Ibraila, and only 270 cleared from her own Danubian harbours of Ismail and Reni. The trade of the latter places could not increase, while that of the other two might be doubled, and the exports from the Danube, in general, were equal to those of the whole of Russia on the Black Sea. It was, therefore, evident that the arrangement was made for the express purpose of injuring the provinces of Turkey, by obstructing their trade, while it benefited that of Russia, and impeded that of England. These, if one may judge by the results, must have been the motives of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, that cabinet which professes to *protect* the provinces in question; and, as for Austria, the convention was a nullity as far as she was concerned, for none of its articles either

favoured or hurt her interests. The most cursory analysis of its terms will suffice to show their illusory nature. The preamble sets forth that it is the intention of the high contracting powers to assimilate the navigation of the Danube to that of the other navigable rivers of Europe. If that were the case, why were the other countries possessing trade in this quarter not invited to negotiate with them, and especially Turkey, who is more nearly concerned in the question than any other Power? Why was not provision made for the navigation of all the mouths of the Danube, instead of confining their deliberations to the subject of the only one which was in the possession of Russia? The second article establishes the right of towing along the islands of St. George, Lete, and Chatel, which Russia had never denied, although her guards always threw difficulties in the way of that practice; and it still forms one of the chief annoyances to the shipping, by the continual disputes which arise between their crews and the quarantine agents. Austria gained nothing by this. But when it is borne in mind that, up to the year 1835, there was no sanitary *cordon* on Lete or Chatel, and that towing on these islands was perfectly free, it will be understood that Russia thus stole a march by advancing her sanitary *cordon*, without the consent of any other government, at the nominal expense of a concession, which was not one in reality. The seventh article fixes the amount of the tax levied to cover the cost of deepening the water on the bar; that tax is all in favour of Russia, and not at all in favour of navigation, either as regarding Austria, or as benefiting trade in general, for, if Russia had engaged to defray the expenses of lighterage in all cases when vessels should be unable to cross the bar with their cargoes on board, in consideration of the dollar per mast which she received without having cleared the channel, there might have been some advantage to navigation, as large ships have been known to pay 300% for lighters, which cargoes have sometimes been lost by a sudden change of weather; but this condition was not included. Thus the bar was not dredged, lighterage was paid by vessels, and the tax was also exacted. These evils are of less importance to Austria, however, than to Turkey and Great Britain, for the produce of Hungary, being wanted only for the Mediterranean and the countries beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, does not come to the Black Sea, but is conveyed by the Danube, above the rapids at the Iron Gate, which form an obstacle to its descending the river, by the Save and Croatia to Fiume on the Adriatic, whence freights are cheaper, while the expenses thither are not higher than they would be to Galatz. This has been proved by experiments of bringing rapeseed to the latter port by river boats; and they have not been profitable. To Austria the convention was, therefore, comparatively a matter of indifference, but it has been most injurious to all other countries more deeply interested in the trade of the Danube.

The tenure of Russia at Sulina cannot be regarded as possession *de facto*, for she holds it for a special purpose, and in virtue of a treaty with another Power. Her conduct at the mouth of the Danube is, consequently, amenable to the censure and control of the other contracting party; Austria could not interfere in virtue of the convention, as she had no right to dispose of the property of another in concluding it; but Turkey can call upon Russia, on the basis of the treaty at Adrianople,

to render an account of her stewardship ; and every other government, which has trade to protect on the river, is fully warranted by the Treaty of Vienna in maintaining a system of active restraint on the designs of Russia in obstructing it. The question is, how that can be done?

The bar of Sulina is about two hundred yards in length. It is not similar to those which are found at the mouths of most tidal rivers, as it is not formed of sand washed in by the sea, which after having been removed may be brought back by the next tide or by a strong wind, but it is raised by the gradual deposit of mud conveyed by the stream ; and, in order to keep the passage clear, nothing further is required than to stir it, and then the current carries it off, while it can only be replaced by the slow process of the settling of more mud brought down by the river, as there is no tide in the Black Sea to drive it back again. Before the conclusion of the Treaty of Adrianople, the Turks maintained a uniform depth of sixteen feet on the bar, by means of heavy iron rakes which they obliged all vessels to drag after them during their passage out of the Danube ; whereas there are now barely nine feet of water on it. Two dredging machines were brought to Sulina by the Russians, after the signing of their convention with Austria ; they were worked by manual labour for one day, and then they were laid aside for ever. No further effort has been made, at any time or under any circumstances, to facilitate the navigation, although two Spanish dollars have been paid by every brig that has passed, and three by all ships and steamers. It is even said that bags of stones have been sunk, for the purpose of consolidating the bar, and of creating a permanent obstacle ; and an English captain declares, that he accidentally fished one up ; but, whether this be true or not, and it may be true without blame on the part of the Russian government, as the owners of lighters may have done it for their own interest, the fact of the intention of Russia to impede the Danubian trade is sufficiently demonstrated, by her having allowed the mouth of the river to be almost completely closed, without taking any steps to that result.

The Austrian Steam Navigation Company tried to avoid the Sulina altogether in their trade between Vienna and Constantinople, by disembarking their goods and passengers at Chernevodo, and transporting them by land to Kustendje, gaining thus two full days on the voyage ; but the idea has been abandoned, in consequence of the inadequacy of the latter harbour, where there was great difficulty in loading and embarking them in rough weather. Were that port improved, which is said to be practicable at a small expense, the steam trade might emancipate itself from the thralldom of Russia by perfecting this line, but it would never be suitable for general commerce.

The same company has now turned its attention to the St. George's, or southernmost mouth of the Danube, which is now being sounded and surveyed with the view of avoiding the Sulina, by taking the former channel on the Turkish side of the Delta. The first objection to this scheme is the impossibility of having a town or station on this mouth for the convenience of the shipping, unless, indeed, Turkey were to act with as little regard for her engagements as Russia does. The 3rd article of the Treaty of Adrianople proclaims the navigation of the St. George's branch free to the merchant vessels of all nations, as, also, to the ships of

war of Turkey and Russia; and it determines, that on the Turkish bank the country shall remain uninhabited for two leagues from the river, as high as the junction of the St. George's with the Sulina branch, while on the islands of the Delta, which are neutral, no establishment or building is to be erected, excepting for the purposes of quarantine. Russia observes the conditions of this latter clause, in so far as she does not raise any stone buildings on the Delta for other purposes; but a town of wooden houses has risen into existence at Sulina, which, though very necessary for the shipping, can hardly be classed as a quarantine establishment alone. If Turkey cannot form a similar settlement at the mouth of St. George, that channel cannot be availed of. Its entrance is rendered difficult and dangerous by banks of mud, which extend into the sea from two miles and a half to three miles, and there are no landmarks to assist the navigation, while the shifting nature of the shoals would oblige all vessels to feel their way into the river by sounding with a boat, and only with light and favourable winds. The depth of the water, moreover, does not exceed four feet in some places, which would entail more dredging than at the Sulina mouth. Another obstacle is the nature of the banks, which, for about ten miles up the stream, are so rough and irregular, that towing would not be easy; and on the whole the difficulties are estimated to be greater than the advantages.

A suggestion has appeared of late in the *Journal de Constantinople*, that the Portitsa mouth might be made use of, and that, by passing through the Lake Rasim, the St. George's branch might be reached by that which is called the Dumavez. But independently of the want of a suitable depth of water that exists at all the mouths of the Danube, this passage would prove exceedingly inconvenient on account of the impossibility of towing on the lake, which would oblige sailing vessels to wait for a fair wind.

The only other branch of the Danube is the Kilia, or most northern, which discharges itself into the Black Sea by no less than seven mouths, and the water is consequently very shallow at each of them, as their breadth is considerable. It is said that Russia projects rendering this passage navigable for the trade of her town of Ismail, which is on the Kilia branch. If the Sulina mouth were kept open, the general navigation of the river would be but little affected by the change; but if Russia continues to obstruct the Sulina with impunity, the opening of the Kilia would throw the whole Danubian trade under her immediate and indisputable control; and such is, probably, the motive of her alleged intention.

The clearing of the Sulina, therefore, becomes a question of paramount importance to all nations trading in the Danube. Besides the bar, there are the shoals of Aragany, in the Sulina branch, which require to be removed. They lie about six miles below the separation of the channels, and they are formed by an artificial deviation of the current, which was made for the purpose of fishing. There are at present only nine feet of water on them, and they might easily be carried off by closing that short channel called the Papadia, or by merely raking the mud, in the same manner as was the custom at Sulina when the Turks possessed it. Indeed, this seems to be the only process necessary for the security and economy of the Danubian trade in the Sulina branch, which would be kept in

If the Protestant religion and the blessings of civil liberty, finally established in Great Britain and Ireland by the accession of the House of Brunswick Lunenberg to the throne, are once more threatened by the aggressions of the Romanist clergy,—if the vessel of the state is again beginning to be agitated by the sound of a near storm,—the same great and glorious principles which guided our forefathers can alone save us.

In the 37th Article of the Church of England, the supremacy of the sovereign is explained: “We give not to our prince the ministering of God’s Word or the sacraments, but that prerogative only which we see to have been given always, to all godly princes, in holy Scriptures, by God himself,” that is, that they should govern all estates and decrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal. The church is also defined in the same articles to be “a congregation of the faithful;” that is, faithful to God, to Christ, and to the king, for God ruled that kings and princes should be obeyed. Such then as deny the Queen’s supremacy, and yet do not belong to the Church of Rome, do not either belong to the Church of England.*

There are lukewarm persons who say, “we have had enough, more than enough of anti-papal agitation;” these are, if all that we have passed in review of the undying and insidious arrogance and ambition of the Church of Rome is true, undesignedly, or designedly enemies of the Protestant faith. Others proclaim, “there is no cause for fear or apprehension;” but so long as a Romanist prelate is allowed to usurp power and authority—although said to be only spiritual—in this country, there is just cause for fear and apprehension; and no true Protestant should waver or slacken in his firm opposition to such a dangerous encroachment. If Queen Elizabeth, whose private feelings were with the Church of Rome, and who, even according to Camden, conformed in her youth with the practices of that church, was still induced, in the spirit of a politician, to carry out the work of the Reformation, to restore the queen’s supremacy, and to renew and confirm the acts of Edward concerning religion; how much more cheering will it be to see Queen Victoria, the inheritor of a whole family’s principles, educated in the simplicity and purity of the English Church, upholding that same supremacy, not with the temporal spirit of a politician, but with the same sincere and conscientious and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified the conduct of Edward.

* We are destined, we suppose, to see this class of persons form themselves soon into a body, to be called the “Free Anglican Church.” Truly, a sad state of things.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO .	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXV. and LXVI. .	224
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC . .	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE .	263

If the Protestant religion and the blessings of civil liberty, finally established in Great Britain and Ireland by the accession of the House of Brunswick Lunenburg to the throne, are once more threatened by the aggressions of the Romanist clergy,—if the vessel of the state is again beginning to be agitated by the sound of a near storm,—the same great and glorious principles which guided our forefathers can alone save us.

In the 37th Article of the Church of England, the supremacy of the sovereign is explained: “We give not to our prince the ministering of God’s Word or the sacraments, but that prerogative only which we see to have been given always, to all godly princes, in holy Scriptures, by God himself,” that is, that they should govern all estates and decrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal. The church is also defined in the same articles to be “a congregation of the faithful;” that is, faithful to God, to Christ, and to the king, for God ruled that kings and princes should be obeyed. Such then as deny the Queen’s supremacy, and yet do not belong to the Church of Rome, do not either belong to the Church of England.*

There are lukewarm persons who say, “we have had enough, more than enough of anti-papal agitation;” these are, if all that we have passed in review of the undying and insidious arrogance and ambition of the Church of Rome is true, undesignedly, or designedly enemies of the Protestant faith. Others proclaim, “there is no cause for fear or apprehension;” but so long as a Romanist prelate is allowed to usurp power and authority—although said to be only spiritual—in this country, there is just cause for fear and apprehension; and no true Protestant should waver or slacken in his firm opposition to such a dangerous encroachment. If Queen Elizabeth, whose private feelings were with the Church of Rome, and who, even according to Camden, conformed in her youth with the practices of that church, was still induced, in the spirit of a politician, to carry out the work of the Reformation, to restore the queen’s supremacy, and to renew and confirm the acts of Edward concerning religion; how much more cheering will it be to see Queen Victoria, the inheritor of a whole family’s principles, educated in the simplicity and purity of the English Church, upholding that same supremacy, not with the temporal spirit of a politician, but with the same sincere and conscientious and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified the conduct of Edward.

* We are destined, we suppose, to see this class of persons form themselves soon into a body, to be called the “Free Anglican Church.” Truly, a sad state of things.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO .	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXV. and LXVI. .	224
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC . .	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE .	263

If the Protestant religion and the blessings of civil liberty, finally established in Great Britain and Ireland by the accession of the House of Brunswick Lunenberg to the throne, are once more threatened by the aggressions of the Romanist clergy,—if the vessel of the state is again beginning to be agitated by the sound of a near storm,—the same great and glorious principles which guided our forefathers can alone save us.

In the 37th Article of the Church of England, the supremacy of the sovereign is explained: “We give not to our prince the ministering of God’s Word or the sacraments, but that prerogative only which we see to have been given always, to all godly princes, in holy Scriptures, by God himself,” that is, that they should govern all estates and decrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal. The church is also defined in the same articles to be “a congregation of the faithful;” that is, faithful to God, to Christ, and to the king, for God ruled that kings and princes should be obeyed. Such then as deny the Queen’s supremacy, and yet do not belong to the Church of Rome, do not either belong to the Church of England.*

There are lukewarm persons who say, “we have had enough, more than enough of anti-papal agitation;” these are, if all that we have passed in review of the undying and insidious arrogance and ambition of the Church of Rome is true, undesignedly, or designedly enemies of the Protestant faith. Others proclaim, “there is no cause for fear or apprehension;” but so long as a Romanist prelate is allowed to usurp power and authority—although said to be only spiritual—in this country, there is just cause for fear and apprehension; and no true Protestant should waver or slacken in his firm opposition to such a dangerous encroachment. If Queen Elizabeth, whose private feelings were with the Church of Rome, and who, even according to Camden, conformed in her youth with the practices of that church, was still induced, in the spirit of a politician, to carry out the work of the Reformation, to restore the queen’s supremacy, and to renew and confirm the acts of Edward concerning religion; how much more cheering will it be to see Queen Victoria, the inheritor of a whole family’s principles, educated in the simplicity and purity of the English Church, upholding that same supremacy, not with the temporal spirit of a politician, but with the same sincere and conscientious and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified the conduct of Edward.

* We are destined, we suppose, to see this class of persons form themselves soon into a body, to be called the “Free Anglican Church.” Truly, a sad state of things.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO .	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXV. and LXVI. .	224
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC . .	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE .	268

If the Protestant religion and the blessings of civil liberty, finally established in Great Britain and Ireland by the accession of the House of Brunswick Lunenberg to the throne, are once more threatened by the aggressions of the Romanist clergy,—if the vessel of the state is again beginning to be agitated by the sound of a near storm,—the same great and glorious principles which guided our forefathers can alone save us.

In the 37th Article of the Church of England, the supremacy of the sovereign is explained: “We give not to our prince the ministering of God’s Word or the sacraments, but that prerogative only which we see to have been given always, to all godly princes, in holy Scriptures, by God himself,” that is, that they should govern all estates and decrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal. The church is also defined in the same articles to be “a congregation of the faithful;” that is, faithful to God, to Christ, and to the king, for God ruled that kings and princes should be obeyed. Such then as deny the Queen’s supremacy, and yet do not belong to the Church of Rome, do not either belong to the Church of England.*

There are lukewarm persons who say, “we have had enough, more than enough of anti-papal agitation;” these are, if all that we have passed in review of the undying and insidious arrogance and ambition of the Church of Rome is true, undesignedly, or designedly enemies of the Protestant faith. Others proclaim, “there is no cause for fear or apprehension;” but so long as a Romanist prelate is allowed to usurp power and authority—although said to be only spiritual—in this country, there is just cause for fear and apprehension; and no true Protestant should waver or slacken in his firm opposition to such a dangerous encroachment. If Queen Elizabeth, whose private feelings were with the Church of Rome, and who, even according to Camden, conformed in her youth with the practices of that church, was still induced, in the spirit of a politician, to carry out the work of the Reformation, to restore the queen’s supremacy, and to renew and confirm the acts of Edward concerning religion; how much more cheering will it be to see Queen Victoria, the inheritor of a whole family’s principles, educated in the simplicity and purity of the English Church, upholding that same supremacy, not with the temporal spirit of a politician, but with the same sincere and conscientious and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified the conduct of Edward.

* We are destined, we suppose, to see this class of persons form themselves soon into a body, to be called the “Free Anglican Church.” Truly, a sad state of things.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

	PAGE
OCCUPATION OF SULINA BY RUSSIA	143
THE SEASONS OF LOVE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	156
HAWKING AT LOO, A PALACE OF THE KING OF HOLLAND. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	157
TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES	168
A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO .	187
THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN	203
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE	215
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXV. and LXVI. .	224
PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION	234
SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC . .	245
CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE	256
A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER	260
THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON. BY ONE WHO WAS THERE .	263

little village where I remember we stopped towards the close of our journey, the landlady, when made acquainted with the motives of our journey, gave us to understand, by *signs* and *wonders*, that the gentlemen were in the habit of going out for their sport very early, and that, as the hawking-ground lay some two *hours* or so beyond Loo, we must hurry, if we wished to see it on that day. Our leisurely pace had already brought us late into the morning, and there was evidently, if our information was to be relied on, a pressing necessity for speed. But our coachman, a young Netherlander of seventeen or eighteen, as though he had already effected the passage of the Andes, or the ascent of Mount Blanc, seemed to feel it his indisputable privilege to stop to fill his pipe; and notwithstanding our nag was as fat and as fresh as when we started, he quietly fixed himself on a bench by the door, and, with a phlegm quite melancholy to behold at an age in which one is accustomed to see sprightliness and enterprise, began to smoke and vegetate in a manner unmistakably *national*. In the mean while we were sitting in the waggon, waiting his movements, or, rather, his immobility. Had I been a master of Dutch, I might very likely have seduced him to accelerate his pace by the temptation of galore of tobacco and beer in Loo, but as I had only at my command French, and the severer dialect of my vernacular, there was no possibility of anything like an interchange of sentiments between us; and when I had exhausted my "indignant silence," we betook ourselves to what Demosthenes considers the most irresistible art of oratory, and expressed ourselves in *action*! This consisted in four determined fists being presented to him at once; and, startled by a vivacious display of this sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, probably never before experienced in his whole life, "*Jaw, jaw,*" drawled out Meister Hans Hoggeboom, and began to raise himself into the box of the waggon.

We again plodded forwards, and, on nearing Loo, entered upon pleasing scenery, diversified, like the vicinity of Arnheim, with trees and water, though no longer in *motion*. The instructions given to our fat boy were to deposit us at the inn. We consequently passed, *nolentes volentes*, a very large and tempting hotel, facing a small lawn, and, turning a corner to the right, were set down at the appointed *Gasthaus*, a low and long building, terminating at one end in a stable. Here we found several fellows lounging indolently about, with apparently nothing to do; and on my inquiring at what hour the sport would take place, one of them informed me, in very pure English, that the gentlemen went out every day at four o'clock P.M., though, if I remember correctly, he added, that the time was somewhat dependent on the weather. I soon learned that this knot of idlers were the falconers, whose occupation it was to train and tend upon the birds, and that they had lived many years in England.

It was not later than nine when we arrived, and it became a matter of some interest how we should manage to pass the interval till four o'clock. Loo is a resort of the royal family for a few months in summer, where they live in great simplicity and seclusion; and although the gardens are fine, the environs are monotonous and dreary. The palace itself is an edifice without architectural embellishment, standing a few paces from the public lawn, and opening behind upon the gardens, which have here and there pretty sheets of water. We continued to while away no little

time over our breakfast, which we prolonged as leisurely as our hostess had prepared it, but it was over long before the day could be considered much shorter than when we commenced. We regretted that our friend had not been able to come from the Hague, as he knew several members of the club, with whom we might have amused ourselves during the morning. As it was, we made shift to while away the hours in strolling about the lawn, planted with linden-trees, in looking into the hotel, and peeping through a gate which opened into the palace gardens—a *verbotener Eirgang*. But all this required very little time in comparison with what we had on our hands. To say the truth, we were terribly *bored* at Loo. I remember finally fixing myself listlessly at the inn window, and gazing vacantly at the absence of anything worth looking at on which the window opened. A road ran before the house, and I longed to follow it, little caring in which direction. But the falconers, luckily, were nearly as idle as ourselves. They had their pipes, however, and they were Dutch; consequently they smoked them the livelong day, and stood about as motionless as the time. At length one of them, a very clever fellow, drew near me, with an evident readiness to fall into conversation, if I were disposed to start one. He could not have been more socially inclined than I was myself; and when I opened by some remark on his profession, he followed it up by a long and learned discourse on the noble sport, in which, in former days, high lords and ladies delighted to excel. It was one of the entertainments enumerated by the author of "The Schoolmaster," the quaint Roger Ascham, as worthy the cultivation of every gentleman, if not indispensable to the accomplishment of his education. My informant, gratified to speak on what he was so able to describe, gave me, after the manner of persons of his class, very minute details of his mode of *taming* and *training*, or as it was termed in those gallant times, of *reclaiming* and *manning* the falcon; of the kind and quantity of food he was accustomed to allow them; of the qualities of peculiar breeds; their character, capabilities of endurance, and strength and weight; their courage and velocity; and, in a word, a running history of hawks individually and generically, with a conciseness and observation which would have given pleasure to the great Buffon himself. For the purpose of illustration, he begged me to cross the road I had been idly contemplating, and look at the falcons. I very gladly accepted the offer, and found them posted, starch as so many sentinels, on their separate perches. They had all small leathern hoods on, closely fitted to the head, and covered on each side with crimson plush or velvet, which gave a very gay air to the stately birds, though they were thereby completely deprived of the light. On their legs were small thongs of leather, closely buttoned, to which little bells were fastened, that tinkled as they moved. They were also tied to the perches either by leathern leashes or chains, connected to the leg by bits of leather, termed *jesses*. On our approach, the birds indicated their consciousness of our presence by a quick, jerking motion of the head, and a restive fluttering of the wings, as though sensible of the approach of strangers, or impatient of delay, and weary of waiting for their game. They were of a dark brown and black colour, and of nearly similar size, and apparently great strength.

The weather was fine for Holland, the sky pure, and the sun shone with unusual joyousness, so that I could not help regretting that nearly the only birds that delight to soar into the heavens, and can look it in

the face, should thus be hooded from its beams, and chained to the earth! But my sympathies were quite unknown to the falconer. He felt a pride in his art and a pride in his falcons, and esteemed them very lucky birds to have been singled out from their kind, in order to share in so gallant and noble a sport. They all had their names, and he was never so much at home as when he was talking to them, lifting them from their perches, and stroking their plumage. When we came close to them, they raised themselves up to a stately attitude, and moved quickly about as though a common feeling of daring, an *esprit de corps*, animated their patron and themselves. He showed a confidence and exultation in them, such as the Arab manifests for his barb in the desert, or a corsair for his bark. There might have been thirty or more of them, but I only saw those that were out of the mews, there being still more within.

When our communicative friend had given us every information concerning the hawks and the sport, we again resumed our places at the inn window, and soon afterwards remarked a gentleman pass in a hurry, who had at least passed three times before during the morning, always with the same bustle and nervousness in his manner. He was dressed very simply, in a way neither indicating elegance nor a want of taste: "un pantalon d'été, un chapeau blanc, et redingote couleur de vin." He carried a small stick, which he was continually switching about as though striking at insects, or like a nervous man who keeps himself in perpetual motion without knowing it. He seemed to remark us particularly, and, finally, called the falconer to ask who we were; on his return we put the same question to him, and learned that he was the Prince of Orange, the Crown Prince of Holland. It seems he was an amateur of horses, and kept his stud in the stable at the end of the inn, whither he was constantly going during the day. A few hours later I saw him again, quite alone with his little son, a youth of nine or ten years of age, teaching him to ride a pony on the lawn in front of the palace. He had a long whip, which he cracked like a riding-master in a circus, while the pony ran round in a ring, occasionally kicking up its heels as the prince cracked his whip, much to the delight of the young heir on its back. I could not help thinking whether he would in future hold the "reins of government" as cleverly as he did the pony, though his seat will no doubt be quite as secure, considering the character of the Dutch, who move on, like the dray-horse we had in the morning, phlegmatically and with a taught pace. The prince and his son spoke English constantly together, and, indeed, without the slightest foreign accent. They could doubtless speak the Dutch as well, though of all languages in Europe it is probably the most gross and unroyal—a bastard German.

During the morning, I had observed a close-covered waggon standing near the high fence which inclosed the palace, so as nearly to come under the outstretching branches of the garden trees. It had two wheels, and the shafts were propped up with pieces of wood. I concluded it was some itinerant exhibition, but it proved to be the travelling equipage of a party of gipsies. For what purpose they had established themselves at this remote little place, nobody seemed to know. They appeared to have more substance than most of their race, and their appendages were altogether superior to what one ordinarily sees. Perhaps they had arrived fatigued from a long journey, or possibly their habits preserved a keeping with their outward respectability; but the gipsies slept fashionably late,

and I rather envied them so many hours of unconsciousness at Loo. They did not appear before one o'clock, and the first living thing that peered out of a little door, at one end of the equipage, was a very experienced head on the shoulders of a woman. Spite of the assaults of some seventy years of a nomadic and varied life, her rich brown complexion had not yet deadened into sallowness, and her hair, still jet-black, contrasted vividly with a scarf of bright yellow wound round her head. Had Rembrandt still lived in the Netherlands, I know not where he could have found more lustrous eyes or a more genial subject! She seemed to be waiting for somebody, and leaned for a long time at the door, looking down the road. We approached nearer, and found that she was conversing with some one within. The language was strange; it was neither Dutch nor German; and to the questions she put, replied one of the most musical voices that ever reached my ear!

"What a barbarous language," said I, when the Rembrandt asked the first question.

"But what a musical one!" answered my friend, when the youthful voice replied to it from within.

Harmonious, indeed, was the voice! There was no bird in all the garden of Loo, nor a fountain under the royal balcony, that could yield a tone so melodious! I could have wished that the voice should never cease. We sat down near by and listened. The fine old face that looked out on us from the little door expressed no emotion with which we could in any way be connected; she looked at us and talked on, quite indifferent whether we listened or not. She had been wandering about the world too many years, and seen too many strange faces, to be affected by the idle curiosity of two commonplace men like us, dressed in a couple of travelling coats and foraging caps. At intervals the musical voice broke in upon the stern tone of the old woman, and it was evident the gipsy had started a subject which interested both in no common degree. Soon she turned half round, still leaning on the door with one arm, while she gesticulated vehemently with the other; then left the door and grew very boisterous, till the musical voice sunk beneath the storm. In a moment the door was slammed back, and we turned away with hearts full of sadness for this charming being we had never seen. Perhaps the dark old Hecate had a siren caged up! A few paces from the equipage we met a boy, evidently a gipsy, with the same sunburnt brown complexion, the same black eyes that had been looking at us, though brighter, quicker, and with all the fire of youth. He was not ill-dressed; he wore large trousers, a jaunty green jacket, with a broad low-crowned hat, exactly what the Spaniards call a *sombrero*. His hair was not long, as though worn for effect, but richly curled; and when he raised the *sombrero*, and bade us good day in German, I remembered a portrait of Murillo's for which I could have convinced myself he had sat.

"You see how it is," said I; "this must be the son of the old woman. You see all her former beauty reproduced in this fellow's beautiful face!"

He went to the waggon and spoke; in a moment the old head reappeared at the door. It opened, and the youth entered. And was this all? This question I asked myself, and my friend put it to me. We were both thinking of the musical voice; and yet, was it not enough?

A reasonable man would have been contented with what was so perfect; but love, like avarice, is never satiate! We were in love with the musical voice. It must be the voice of the old gipsy's daughter, the sister of the handsome youth; and if she resembled her brother, with all his fine features softened by the grace and delicacy of her sex, what a paragon it were to behold! How picturesque would be the group—an old mother with two such children! She, perhaps weary with the endless turmoil of the world, timorous and uncertain of its changes; they almost alone in its length and breadth, cast upon its surface like waifs on the sea. It was a sad thing to think what might become of them, of *her*; and to hear that sweet voice in sorrow, to listen to the plaints of a poor girl, with no heart in the universe to pity her but her young, feeble brother's, had been intolerable. I had become impatient at the speed of time; it flew like the falcons, and I would fain have fastened the jesses and hooded it. The hour, however, for the sport approached. There was a bustle among the falconers, and a flutter among the falcons; one even heard at the inn the busy tinkle of their little bells, and saw them nodding their red hoods, stepping impatiently along the perches, and spreading their strong wings in expectation of flight. The falconers, who had hung round the whole morning in the ordinary loose dress of the Dutch peasantry, now came out in the gallant costume of the olden time, which romancers have long delighted to describe, and the artists to portray. They were a strong set of fellows, imposing in stature, and energetic in their attitudes, accustomed all their lives to fly the falcon to its prey, and mount their horses for the chase. This inspiring sport had given a freedom to their carriage, and a certain dignity to their deportment, which well became the dress they wore. It consisted of top-boots, highly polished, with spurs attached, light drab tights, bright-coloured waistcoats, and a dark green coat, ornamented with large buttons embossed in forms of animals, or small reliefs representing scenes from the sport. Each had on a green hunting hat, with a tuft of heron's plume stuck jauntily in the band, while long buckskin gauntlets, coming far over the wrists, completed the gallant equipment. The falcons were sent in a species of cage before them, and in a few minutes afterwards the troop galloped away at full speed towards the scene of hawking.

But the rare old sport had lost for me a great part of its attraction. I had heard a voice more thrilling than the halloo; and now, drawn perhaps by the merry jingle of the bells and chains, or the noisy bustle of departure, the daughter of the old gipsy gently opened the door and descended from the waggon, and her gentle notes, before I knew it, came warbling into my ear in wild arbitrary music, to which she sang some plaintive verses in the same strange language I had heard in the morning. I turned quickly, and she stood almost at my shoulder. It was like a form from the East, or the heroine of a sad ballad of the Moors in their last days at Grenada! Nay, it was a Madonna of Murillo, with those melancholy, hopeful features that look down upon you with all modesty and the holy enthusiasm of a mother's tenderness! She stood picture-like, moving the lower chords of her guitar, her large eyes resting mournfully on me, while her voice echoed its despair in my heart. I never understood any song so little, and never have I felt one so much. It was her whole history—her heart breathed into sound. It was from no law of physiognomy that I comprehended her, and from no gesture, for she stood as still as marble, her eyes scarcely moving from me. But there was that,

a soul, in them that surpasses all motion, all change of expression—a perpetual sorrow, a sacred sentiment of unhappiness. She was not more than seventeen, and the melancholy which suffused her features was rather the tendency of her nature than the impress of misfortune. There was a refinement in her being which could not accustom itself to the vulgar relations forced upon her, and their shadows were wrought into the lineaments of her tender beauty. I would gladly describe this, but it was of a kind which no one may express; her eyes, like her brother's, were dark and lustrous; they were not piercing, but eloquent and winning; her forehead was high and symmetrical, the nose thin and tenderly moulded, her chin had the mere impress of a dimple, and her lips a beauty not dependent on voluptuousness. Her hair was partly concealed by a scarlet scarf wound round her head with no studied care, and a few tresses fell over the ear, and were brought round behind in a knot. Such the description, but of what avail?—

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

The same traits may produce a thousand different faces, but I have never seen but one like that! The refined spirit of her being beamed through the forms of her beauty, and softened them to the expression of a seraph. As it is beyond the power of the artist to reproduce the soul of the Cenci, so it seems that Nature had but one form of loveliness, and gave it to the gipsy's daughter. Her dress was simple, and became her diffident mien and manner. Before she finished the plaintive air, she must have remarked the pleasure it had given me, for, without my speaking, she seemed to rouse, as it were, the slumberous instrument to a more vigorous tone, and sang again with indeed more energy, but with the same prevailing sadness. The melody seemed to express a lament, but not one of despair. It rose and fell with the fitful variation of a passion, at times low and moanful, again startling and resistless. Her eyes brightened as the wail of the music grew louder; her bosom moved with an effort not occasioned by the exertion of her voice; and on a sudden, a gush of tears bedimmed the light in her eyes, and her notes trembled till inaudible. But in a moment she again collected herself, and said to me,

“You are sad; I will sing you gayer music!” And while the tears still hung in her eyelids, a smile shone through them like light into dew-drops; and she played a lively strain, and sang to it a merry ditty, like those one hears in the south of France.

Ere she had finished it, the carriage was ready; and my friend, who retained more self-possession, urged on me the necessity of departure. The girl ceased at once, and turned with a smile to leave, like one who felt herself in the way.

“But you will accept this, signorina?” said I, offering her a piece from my purse.

“*E che il Dio vi renda felice,*” replied she, smiling with her peculiar charm, while the tears still stood in her eyes.

I never saw her again; but I shall never forget her face nor her smile. When we returned from the hawking, she was gone. I inquired which way they went, and learnt they had taken the road to Arnheim. “*Che il Dio la renda felice!*” was also the wish of my heart. She was an Italian, another Mignon wandering in the North!

It was five o'clock when we reached the ground. We had driven nearly the whole distance over a by-way not much travelled, and very rough. Immediately after leaving the precincts of the palace the road turned towards the north-east, and entered a barren district of heath. The same dreary stretch of heather-grown common surrounded us as during the drive of the morning; the sky, too, was again overcast, and the cold grey tint of the clouds had cast a fitting canopy over the solitary waste. Suddenly the carriage turned from the narrow road to the left into a still narrower and ruder path. I looked with curiosity for a bird in the air, but nowhere was a living thing to be descried. We rattled on for some little time, till at length the vehicle stopped, and we found ourselves at the foot of a small elevation, surmounted by a little cabin, open in front, and provided with several seats, occupied by a party of some six or eight gentlemen. The falconers were standing near their horses in front, the birds resting on their fists, and the attention of every one directed towards the south, whence the herons were expected to appear. It was a spirited scene; with the desolate moor, the blackening sky, the restive horses, the falconers in costume, with the hawks perched on their gauntlets, and the leashes in the hand; behind them, several gentlemen, with their horses also ready at their side: a spectacle of another age, a perfect representation of the "gentle sport of hawking." I found the language spoken to be entirely English; as, indeed, were the majority of the members of the society. Nearly every person present was English; and among them the Duke of Leeds, who had brought his opera-glass, and was peering into the distance through it, though ineffectually,—thus uniting a modern contrivance with the amusements of the olden time. These gentlemen received me, as a stranger, with great civility; offered me every advantage to witness the sport, and gave me several particulars concerning the club.

While we were conversing together there was a cry of "A heron, a heron!" and the eyes, glasses, and *lorgnettes* of every one were at once directed towards the quarter indicated. Far away, and high up against the grey clouds, appeared a small black point in scarce perceptible motion. It became now a question of discussion how near the victim would approach, while the falconers were busy inspiring the hawks, and "*unstriking* the hood." The black point in the mean while grew larger and larger, and it became evident the heron would pass nearly above the spot where we were. The gentlemen stood ready to mount their horses, and the falconers had one foot in the stirrup. The heron came flying in a direct line, its long legs outstretched horizontally with its neck and body. It was now time; the hood was drawn, the jesses loosed, and lo! the proud falcon shot perpendicularly, like an arrow, into the air, while the unconscious heron laboured steadfastly along in a straight line towards its nest. At a distance of, I believe, some miles behind us, lay a thick wood in which they build, and from which they regularly fly in the morning to fish in a stream flowing through marshes into the Rhine. After a day of industrious angling they return towards nightfall to their nests, their crops laden with fish for their young. It is on this homeward passage that the hawk is taught to interrupt the heron's flight, and strike the devoted creature to the earth. The heron kept still unsuspectingly on its course; the falcon soared higher and higher, bearing continually towards his quarry, until he came directly above it, when, suddenly draw-

ing in his wings, he fell, as it seemed, like a heavy mass upon the heron, and missed it. It was then that it first perceived itself attacked, and in a paroxysm of terror screeched in the most piteous manner, fluttered its wings as though losing its strength, and hesitated in what direction it should endeavour to make its escape. But the voracious hawk, apparently vexed with its failure, shot again into the air, and was again preparing to stoop, with redoubled velocity, when the heron, with instinctive apprehension of peril, uttered violent screams, flew wildly about in irregular circles, and finally ejected all the fish that it had gathered during the morning, which fell one after the other among the heather. But it was of no avail to the poor creature. His doom was fixed; down came the falcon this time with unerring exactness, and seizing it by the neck, proudly fluttered a moment higher into the air, or, as it is termed, "*trussed*;" and then both falcon and heron descended perpendicularly, performing graceful gyrations, and presenting a spirited picture of lightness and motion, till they sunk in the heather. In a moment gentlemen and falconers, already mounted, spurred on their fine horses from every direction to the spot where the two birds were contending, or rather where the hungry hawk was pluming and hacking out the entrails of the heron with his beak, as he clutched its neck and body in its talons. The falconers arrived first, and hastened to substitute a fowl for the heron, whose flesh the hawk never feeds on; while the latter, not perceiving the change, commenced devouring the flesh with voracity. The heron, which lay gasping in pain, was now killed, and his carcase thrown aside upon the heath. Here closed, so to speak, the first scene. Either the weather was unfavourable, or for some other reason the herons were fewer on this occasion than usual; and while we waited for another, a gentleman of the club entertained me with some gossiping narrations of some of its members. It seems there still exists in Holland a very ancient family, that of the Fauconniers, who owe their name to their predominant passion for falconry. In earlier times all the portraits of the men were painted with a falcon resting on their fists; and among them were two by Rembrandt, of remarkable freshness, and in the best manner of the artist. There is a certain picturesqueness in the attitudes of these worthy old fellows, with their falcons on their fists, that evidently pleased the painter's fancy, and he seems to have made it a labour of love, and bestowed upon them all the rich effect of colouring and shade of which he was so eminent a master. Fortunately for the lovers of the Dutch school, these valuable portraits have recently come into the collection of the late King of Holland, who purchased them for 33,000 guilders from two members of the family unable to agree concerning their possession. Whether these unique portraits have passed into the collections of foreigners, having been sold together with the other treasures of art amassed by his late majesty, I know not, for I have not examined the catalogue of the Hague Gallery, on which the Emperor of Russia had a mortgage to an enormous amount—a million of guilders.

While I sat on a bank, agreeably entertained by my companion, time flew very gaily on, though no heron could be seen to follow its example. He amused me very much with piquant stories of several persons present, which I regret it would be improper to repeat, and which are yet a source of diversion as I recal them. This sketch of a worthy belonging to one of the learned professions, and a member as well of the club, was especially entertaining, and his anecdote derived no little vivacity from

the hero's being *in propria personâ* before us. Nature and good keeping had blessed him with a comfortable corpulency, that wonderfully became his roysterous manners and good-natured jocosity. He laughed at everything and everybody, and everybody laughed at him. He was one of those rare good fellows that nothing disturbs, and who journey on through life as the flowing beaker used to go down the olden banquet-board, diffusing good-humour on all sides; and, like the draught from the beaker, the fun he occasions, to judge from its cleverness, will probably long survive the period when he can himself enjoy it. He possessed at once, it seems, the somewhat contradictory devotion to Diana and Venus, and is said to have broken more horses and hearts than any other man in the realm.

In the midst of a humorous story about him, which was related with a vivacity quite worthy of its wit, our jolly subject himself interrupted it, by crying out at the top of his agreeable voice, "A heron! another heron!" and a second time the sportsmen were roused to the *qui vive*. It soon became evident that this would not approach so near as the first, and every one consequently mounted at once, to draw gradually towards the point whither he would be brought. It was a gallant sight to see the falconers, their herons' plumes nodding to the movement of their horses, while the falcons sat impatient on their fists, jingling their bells and stretching out their wings. For a few moments the cavalcade advanced slowly, every one keeping his eye on the heron, lowering towards us by degrees, but still very high in the air. Suddenly it changed its course several points eastward, whereon, with a halloo and a cry, every man put spurs to his horse and galloped forwards, the falconers foremost; the birds, animated by the resistance of the air, constantly fluttering their wings, and struggling to break from the jesses. Up and down, over hillock and hollow, galloped the gay party, hallooing and shouting, till of a sudden they drew up on a distant down, when at once two falcons flew like rockets into the air, and made towards the heron. But he kept steadily on, remarking no danger, while the falcons raked at a great distance from it, and seemed rather delighted with their own free movements, than wishing to interfere with those of the heron. He soon flew out of sight, and the troop again galloped back, and disposed themselves to wait for another attack.

We were not obliged to wait long. It was growing late, and the poor birds now hastened faithfully back to their young in constantly increasing numbers. The hawks were again got ready, everybody mounted, and all were on the point of starting, when the jolly gentleman described above, perceiving that his horse was somewhat blown, and that the Prince Alexandre's was in better condition, went up to him, and said, very amiably, "Come, come, prince, you're going to ride very badly; and don't you see we're going to have a brisk chase of it? Give me your horse!" And with his contagious good-humour, giving the prince rather an irresistible nudge, he fairly made his way into his saddle, and, amid the mirth of everybody present, kept it, with the most comical air conceivable, looking like the Silenus of the painters, or Bacchus on the return from a bout. The prince was not less amused, and looked after the retiring party with especial interest in the movements of his jocose usurper.

In a moment the jesses were loosed, and two hawks mounted more slowly than the former into the air. Two herons were flying at nearly

equal distance from each other, and not so high as the preceding. The falcon descended at the same moment, and each bound his victim with accurate aim: again, for a moment, a similar contest, and they all fell to the earth. One of the herons was rescued, with only a leg broken, and tied to a bush of hawthorn. His plumage was white, with beautiful dove-coloured wings, the legs and bill of a bright yellow. I stood over the poor creature, and pitied it from the bottom of my heart. It seemed confused with terror.

The night was nearly closing in; the heath looked still more gloomy; and the piteous screams of the heron, tied to the hawthorn, left an unpleasant impression on my mind of the "gentle sport of hawking."

A few words about the *Société de la Fauconnerie*.

The members nominally meet together in the month of June for a fortnight, though the period is by no means limited to so few days, but is protracted for many succeeding weeks.

I had imagined that the expense of such an establishment would be very great; but learnt that the individual annual subscriptions did not exceed 100 florins—little more than 8*l*. Probably his present majesty, who is very fond of field sports, contributes largely to the support of the Falconry. One of the party presented me with a list, in lithograph, of the members, which I subjoin; and by it, the revival of this noble sport would seem to be due to an Englishman in 1839; indeed, more than one-third of the members consists of our countrymen. The Duke of Leeds, I am told, never fails to attend the meets. A constant frequenter of Loo is also the celebrated painter, Gudin, though I am not aware that he has ever made hawking the subject of his easel. It is probable that his yearly visit to Holland is more directed to the study of marine subjects, for which he is inimitable, not even Backhuzen or Vandervelde surpassing him in his effects or the transparency of his water.

LISTE DES MEMBRES DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE.

1839 Mr. E. C. Newcome	M. le Baron van Westreenen
1840 S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince d'Orange	M. le Baron van Verschuer
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Alexandre	Mr. Millbank
des Pays-Bas	1844 Mr. Stirling Crawford
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Frédéric	Mr. W. Ellis
des Pays-Bas	M. le Comte Westerholt
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Henri	M. Borski
des Pays-Bas.	Mr. John Melvill
M. le Baron de Nyvenheim	1845 M. le Comte de Nomilles
M. le Baron Sloet de Foutenburg	M. le Baron van den Bogaerde
M. le Baron Sloet d'Oldruitenborgh	M. le Baron Mollerus
M. H. Steengracht	Lord Alvanley
M. le Baron de Zuylen de Nievelt tot	Sir Horace Seymour
den Schaffelaar	M. le Baron de Hardenbroek
M. le Baron de Constant Rebecque	The Earl of Chesterfield
M. le Général Baron Nahuys van Burgt	M. le Comte Alfred de Hatzfeld
M. Hodson	M. le Baron Fuyll de Serooskerken de
M. A. van der Hoop	Vleuten
M. W. van Loon	M. van Lennep
M. le Baron Fh. van Brienon	M. Crommelin
M. Fabritius van Leyenburg en Heuke-	M. le Baron de Brakel de Doornwerth
lam	1846 M. le Général Hare Charges
M. le Baron van Brienon van de Groote	M. le Comte de Hatzfeld
Lindt	M. le Baron de Knobelsdorff de Hamer-
Sir Ed. Disbrowe	stein
Hon. W. S. Jerningham	Mr. Thornhill
The Duke of Leeds	M. le Comte Breteuil
Mr. W. Newcome	1847 M. Gudin
1842 Lord C. Hamilton	Captain Montjoy Martyn
Mr. Knight	Lord Villiers
Mr. Ed. Green	Mr. Fred. Millbank
Mr. T. Balfour	Lord Strathmore
Lord Suffield	Mr. Ch. Martyn
1843 M. le Baron H. de Gablenz	S. A. R. Monseigneur le Duc Regnant de
M. Dubois	Nassau
Sir John Hanmer	

little village where I remember we stopped towards the close of our journey, the landlady, when made acquainted with the motives of our journey, gave us to understand, by *signs* and *wonders*, that the gentlemen were in the habit of going out for their sport very early, and that, as the hawking-ground lay some two *hours* or so beyond Loo, we must hurry, if we wished to see it on that day. Our leisurely pace had already brought us late into the morning, and there was evidently, if our information was to be relied on, a pressing necessity for speed. But our coachman, a young Netherlander of seventeen or eighteen, as though he had already effected the passage of the Andes, or the ascent of Mount Blanc, seemed to feel it his indisputable privilege to stop to fill his pipe; and notwithstanding our nag was as fat and as fresh as when we started, he quietly fixed himself on a bench by the door, and, with a phlegm quite melancholy to behold at an age in which one is accustomed to see sprightliness and enterprise, began to smoke and vegetate in a manner unmistakably *national*. In the mean while we were sitting in the waggon, waiting his movements, or, rather, his immobility. Had I been a master of Dutch, I might very likely have seduced him to accelerate his pace by the temptation of galore of tobacco and beer in Loo, but as I had only at my command French, and the severer dialect of my vernacular, there was no possibility of anything like an interchange of sentiments between us; and when I had exhausted my "indignant silence," we betook ourselves to what Demosthenes considers the most irresistible art of oratory, and expressed ourselves in *action*! This consisted in four determined fists being presented to him at once; and, startled by a vivacious display of this sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, probably never before experienced in his whole life, "*Jaw, jaw,*" drawled out Meister Hans Hoggeboom, and began to raise himself into the box of the waggon.

We again plodded forwards, and, on nearing Loo, entered upon pleasing scenery, diversified, like the vicinity of Arnheim, with trees and water, though no longer in *motion*. The instructions given to our fat boy were to deposit us at the inn. We consequently passed, *volentes volentes*, a very large and tempting hotel, facing a small lawn, and, turning a corner to the right, were set down at the appointed *Gasthaus*, a low and long building, terminating at one end in a stable. Here we found several fellows lounging indolently about, with apparently nothing to do; and on my inquiring at what hour the sport would take place, one of them informed me, in very pure English, that the gentlemen went out every day at four o'clock P.M., though, if I remember correctly, he added, that the time was somewhat dependent on the weather. I soon learned that this knot of idlers were the falconers, whose occupation it was to train and tend upon the birds, and that they had lived many years in England.

It was not later than nine when we arrived, and it became a matter of some interest how we should manage to pass the interval till four o'clock. Loo is a resort of the royal family for a few months in summer, where they live in great simplicity and seclusion; and although the gardens are fine, the environs are monotonous and dreary. The palace itself is an edifice without architectural embellishment, standing a few paces from the public lawn, and opening behind upon the gardens, which have here and there pretty sheets of water. We continued to while away no little

time over our breakfast, which we prolonged as leisurely as our hostess had prepared it, but it was over long before the day could be considered much shorter than when we commenced. We regretted that our friend had not been able to come from the Hague, as he knew several members of the club, with whom we might have amused ourselves during the morning. As it was, we made shift to while away the hours in strolling about the lawn, planted with linden-trees, in looking into the hotel, and peeping through a gate which opened into the palace gardens—a *verbotener Eingang*. But all this required very little time in comparison with what we had on our hands. To say the truth, we were terribly *bored* at Loo. I remember finally fixing myself listlessly at the inn window, and gazing vacantly at the absence of anything worth looking at on which the window opened. A road ran before the house, and I longed to follow it, little caring in which direction. But the falconers, luckily, were nearly as idle as ourselves. They had their pipes, however, and they were Dutch; consequently they smoked them the livelong day, and stood about as motionless as the time. At length one of them, a very clever fellow, drew near me, with an evident readiness to fall into conversation, if I were disposed to start one. He could not have been more socially inclined than I was myself; and when I opened by some remark on his profession, he followed it up by a long and learned discourse on the noble sport, in which, in former days, high lords and ladies delighted to excel. It was one of the entertainments enumerated by the author of "The Schoolmaster," the quaint Roger Ascham, as worthy the cultivation of every gentleman, if not indispensable to the accomplishment of his education. My informant, gratified to speak on what he was so able to describe, gave me, after the manner of persons of his class, very minute details of his mode of *taming* and *training*, or as it was termed in those gallant times, of *reclaiming* and *manning* the falcon; of the kind and quantity of food he was accustomed to allow them; of the qualities of peculiar breeds; their character, capabilities of endurance, and strength and weight; their courage and velocity; and, in a word, a running history of hawks individually and generically, with a conciseness and observation which would have given pleasure to the great Buffon himself. For the purpose of illustration, he begged me to cross the road I had been idly contemplating, and look at the falcons. I very gladly accepted the offer, and found them posted, starch as so many sentinels, on their separate perches. They had all small leathern hoods on, closely fitted to the head, and covered on each side with crimson plush or velvet, which gave a very gay air to the stately birds, though they were thereby completely deprived of the light. On their legs were small thongs of leather, closely buttoned, to which little bells were fastened, that tinkled as they moved. They were also tied to the perches either by leathern leashes or chains, connected to the leg by bits of leather, termed *jesses*. On our approach, the birds indicated their consciousness of our presence by a quick, jerking motion of the head, and a restive fluttering of the wings, as though sensible of the approach of strangers, or impatient of delay, and weary of waiting for their game. They were of a dark brown and black colour, and of nearly similar size, and apparently great strength.

The weather was fine for Holland, the sky pure, and the sun shone with unusual joyousness, so that I could not help regretting that nearly the only birds that delight to soar into the heavens, and can look it in

little village where I remember we stopped towards the close of our journey, the landlady, when made acquainted with the motives of our journey, gave us to understand, by *signs* and *wonders*, that the gentlemen were in the habit of going out for their sport very early, and that, as the hawking-ground lay some two *hours* or so beyond Loo, we must hurry, if we wished to see it on that day. Our leisurely pace had already brought us late into the morning, and there was evidently, if our information was to be relied on, a pressing necessity for speed. But our coachman, a young Netherlander of seventeen or eighteen, as though he had already effected the passage of the Andes, or the ascent of Mount Blanc, seemed to feel it his indisputable privilege to stop to fill his pipe; and notwithstanding our nag was as fat and as fresh as when we started, he quietly fixed himself on a bench by the door, and, with a phlegm quite melancholy to behold at an age in which one is accustomed to see sprightliness and enterprise, began to smoke and vegetate in a manner unmistakably *national*. In the mean while we were sitting in the waggon, waiting his movements, or, rather, his immobility. Had I been a master of Dutch, I might very likely have seduced him to accelerate his pace by the temptation of galore of tobacco and beer in Loo, but as I had only at my command French, and the severer dialect of my vernacular, there was no possibility of anything like an interchange of sentiments between us; and when I had exhausted my "indignant silence," we betook ourselves to what Demosthenes considers the most irresistible art of oratory, and expressed ourselves in *action*! This consisted in four determined fists being presented to him at once; and, startled by a vivacious display of this sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, probably never before experienced in his whole life, "*Jaw, jaw,*" drawled out Meister Hans Hoggeboom, and began to raise himself into the box of the waggon.

We again plodded forwards, and, on nearing Loo, entered upon pleasing scenery, diversified, like the vicinity of Arnheim, with trees and water, though no longer in *motion*. The instructions given to our fat boy were to deposit us at the inn. We consequently passed, *nolentes volentes*, a very large and tempting hotel, facing a small lawn, and, turning a corner to the right, were set down at the appointed *Gasthaus*, a low and long building, terminating at one end in a stable. Here we found several fellows lounging indolently about, with apparently nothing to do; and on my inquiring at what hour the sport would take place, one of them informed me, in very pure English, that the gentlemen went out every day at four o'clock P.M., though, if I remember correctly, he added, that the time was somewhat dependent on the weather. I soon learned that this knot of idlers were the falconers, whose occupation it was to train and tend upon the birds, and that they had lived many years in England.

It was not later than nine when we arrived, and it became a matter of some interest how we should manage to pass the interval till four o'clock. Loo is a resort of the royal family for a few months in summer, where they live in great simplicity and seclusion; and although the gardens are fine, the environs are monotonous and dreary. The palace itself is an edifice without architectural embellishment, standing a few paces from the public lawn, and opening behind upon the gardens, which have here and there pretty sheets of water. We continued to while away no little

Rosini and his followers, indeed, give no explanation of Tasso's unaccountable security under such terrible impending danger, but they try to show reason why Alfonso himself should have delayed the stroke for above a year or two, by a supposition that the obnoxious compositions were by Tasso's enemies laid in the duke's hands only by degrees, and in obscure and vague fragments, calculated, indeed, forcibly to rouse suspicion, but without affording such palpable proofs as could authorise the prince to proceed to extremities.

One surmise, however, is just as good as another. Had, indeed, Tasso's enemies—who stuck at nothing, and did not even shrink from a base and treacherous attempt upon his life—been in possession of documents which might with any plausibility criminate him, not only, we say, would it not be natural for them to put off firing the mine from month to month, but they would have made use of such documents, even had they been doubtful of their real import, even had they been convinced of their utter innocence, and endeavoured to aggravate Tasso's real or pretended guilt to the best of their abilities.

Our supposition, at least, would enable us to conceive Tasso's long and blind unconsciousness of guilt, and his unwarrantable recklessness of its consequence.

Rosini himself is compelled to screen the princess's memory from all imputation which might arise from Tasso's cowardly boasts, from the mere fact that “the princess appears to have forgiven him, and the duke suffered him to escape with life.” But we contend that the boast alone, in such broad utterance as occurs in those two unfortunate sonnets, would, in the estimation of a man of Alfonso's jealous temper, have been inexorably, and, we almost say even more, justly punishable with death.

Tasso must have known it, and yet he had reasons to suppose that those sonnets had been seen and taken from his desk—and he could yet slumber on his fate!

It is of the greatest importance to observe, that the two main incidents which brought about the crisis of Tasso's life are buried in impenetrable mystery. We allude to his quarrel with a false friend, and to his assault on a servant, which led to his arrest in June, 1577.

Manso and Serassi give only contradictory, and altogether unsatisfactory accounts of the former event. We have absolutely no other testimony to rely upon, except Tasso himself, who alludes to it in a letter written on the 10th of October, 1576. In this he merely states that he was urged to violence by the rashness of his adversary, who had given him the lie in the court-yard of the ducal palace; that he was afterwards attacked by the same man, backed by three of his relatives, on the main square of the town; that on his (Tasso's) first drawing his sword, the aggressors took to flight. The assassin alluded to seems clearly to be the same who had gained access to the papers in his desk by a false key; but it is not evident, though probable enough, that the present encounter took place in consequence of a breach of confidence which, as we have seen, Tasso had detected at least six months previously. This false friend is by Tasso merely designated by the nickname of Brunello (from a notorious thief in Ariosto's “Orlando”). Serassi thinks he can make out that his real name was Maddalò, but can furnish no further particulars.

From another letter to Scipio Gonzaga, without a date, but referable to this period, it appears that Tasso kept his rooms for several days after that encounter, whether under arrest (for a blow given in the *hall*, or

little village where I remember we stopped towards the close of our journey, the landlady, when made acquainted with the motives of our journey, gave us to understand, by *signs* and *wonders*, that the gentlemen were in the habit of going out for their sport very early, and that, as the hawking-ground lay some two *hours* or so beyond Loo, we must hurry, if we wished to see it on that day. Our leisurely pace had already brought us late into the morning, and there was evidently, if our information was to be relied on, a pressing necessity for speed. But our coachman, a young Netherlander of seventeen or eighteen, as though he had already effected the passage of the Andes, or the ascent of Mount Blanc, seemed to feel it his indisputable privilege to stop to fill his pipe; and notwithstanding our nag was as fat and as fresh as when we started, he quietly fixed himself on a bench by the door, and, with a phlegm quite melancholy to behold at an age in which one is accustomed to see sprightliness and enterprise, began to smoke and vegetate in a manner unmistakably *national*. In the mean while we were sitting in the waggon, waiting his movements, or, rather, his immobility. Had I been a master of Dutch, I might very likely have seduced him to accelerate his pace by the temptation of galore of tobacco and beer in Loo, but as I had only at my command French, and the severer dialect of my vernacular, there was no possibility of anything like an interchange of sentiments between us; and when I had exhausted my "indignant silence," we betook ourselves to what Demosthenes considers the most irresistible art of oratory, and expressed ourselves in *action*! This consisted in four determined fists being presented to him at once; and, startled by a vivacious display of this sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, probably never before experienced in his whole life, "*Jaw, jaw,*" drawled out Meister Hans Hoggeboom, and began to raise himself into the box of the waggon.

We again plodded forwards, and, on nearing Loo, entered upon pleasing scenery, diversified, like the vicinity of Arnheim, with trees and water, though no longer in *motion*. The instructions given to our fat boy were to deposit us at the inn. We consequently passed, *nolentes volentes*, a very large and tempting hotel, facing a small lawn, and, turning a corner to the right, were set down at the appointed *Gasthaus*, a low and long building, terminating at one end in a stable. Here we found several fellows lounging indolently about, with apparently nothing to do; and on my inquiring at what hour the sport would take place, one of them informed me, in very pure English, that the gentlemen went out every day at four o'clock P.M., though, if I remember correctly, he added, that the time was somewhat dependent on the weather. I soon learned that this knot of idlers were the falconers, whose occupation it was to train and tend upon the birds, and that they had lived many years in England.

It was not later than nine when we arrived, and it became a matter of some interest how we should manage to pass the interval till four o'clock. Loo is a resort of the royal family for a few months in summer, where they live in great simplicity and seclusion; and although the gardens are fine, the environs are monotonous and dreary. The palace itself is an edifice without architectural embellishment, standing a few paces from the public lawn, and opening behind upon the gardens, which have here and there pretty sheets of water. We continued to while away no little

time over our breakfast, which we prolonged as leisurely as our hostess had prepared it, but it was over long before the day could be considered much shorter than when we commenced. We regretted that our friend had not been able to come from the Hague, as he knew several members of the club, with whom we might have amused ourselves during the morning. As it was, we made shift to while away the hours in strolling about the lawn, planted with linden-trees, in looking into the hotel, and peeping through a gate which opened into the palace gardens—a *verbotener Eirgang*. But all this required very little time in comparison with what we had on our hands. To say the truth, we were terribly *bored* at Loo. I remember finally fixing myself listlessly at the inn window, and gazing vacantly at the absence of anything worth looking at on which the window opened. A road ran before the house, and I longed to follow it, little caring in which direction. But the falconers, luckily, were nearly as idle as ourselves. They had their pipes, however, and they were Dutch; consequently they smoked them the livelong day, and stood about as motionless as the time. At length one of them, a very clever fellow, drew near me, with an evident readiness to fall into conversation, if I were disposed to start one. He could not have been more socially inclined than I was myself; and when I opened by some remark on his profession, he followed it up by a long and learned discourse on the noble sport, in which, in former days, high lords and ladies delighted to excel. It was one of the entertainments enumerated by the author of "The Schoolmaster," the quaint Roger Ascham, as worthy the cultivation of every gentleman, if not indispensable to the accomplishment of his education. My informant, gratified to speak on what he was so able to describe, gave me, after the manner of persons of his class, very minute details of his mode of *taming* and *training*, or as it was termed in those gallant times, of *reclaiming* and *manning* the falcon; of the kind and quantity of food he was accustomed to allow them; of the qualities of peculiar breeds; their character, capabilities of endurance, and strength and weight; their courage and velocity; and, in a word, a running history of hawks individually and generically, with a conciseness and observation which would have given pleasure to the great Buffon himself. For the purpose of illustration, he begged me to cross the road I had been idly contemplating, and look at the falcons. I very gladly accepted the offer, and found them posted, starch as so many sentinels, on their separate perches. They had all small leathern hoods on, closely fitted to the head, and covered on each side with crimson plush or velvet, which gave a very gay air to the stately birds, though they were thereby completely deprived of the light. On their legs were small thongs of leather, closely buttoned, to which little bells were fastened, that tinkled as they moved. They were also tied to the perches either by leathern leashes or chains, connected to the leg by bits of leather, termed *jesses*. On our approach, the birds indicated their consciousness of our presence by a quick, jerking motion of the head, and a restive fluttering of the wings, as though sensible of the approach of strangers, or impatient of delay, and weary of waiting for their game. They were of a dark brown and black colour, and of nearly similar size, and apparently great strength.

The weather was fine for Holland, the sky pure, and the sun shone with unusual joyousness, so that I could not help regretting that nearly the only birds that delight to soar into the heavens, and can look it in

little village where I remember we stopped towards the close of our journey, the landlady, when made acquainted with the motives of our journey, gave us to understand, by *signs* and *wonders*, that the gentlemen were in the habit of going out for their sport very early, and that, as the hawking-ground lay some two *hours* or so beyond Loo, we must hurry, if we wished to see it on that day. Our leisurely pace had already brought us late into the morning, and there was evidently, if our information was to be relied on, a pressing necessity for speed. But our coachman, a young Netherlander of seventeen or eighteen, as though he had already effected the passage of the Andes, or the ascent of Mount Blanc, seemed to feel it his indisputable privilege to stop to fill his pipe; and notwithstanding our nag was as fat and as fresh as when we started, he quietly fixed himself on a bench by the door, and, with a phlegm quite melancholy to behold at an age in which one is accustomed to see sprightliness and enterprise, began to smoke and vegetate in a manner unmistakably *national*. In the mean while we were sitting in the waggon, waiting his movements, or, rather, his immobility. Had I been a master of Dutch, I might very likely have seduced him to accelerate his pace by the temptation of galore of tobacco and beer in Loo, but as I had only at my command French, and the severer dialect of my vernacular, there was no possibility of anything like an interchange of sentiments between us; and when I had exhausted my "indignant silence," we betook ourselves to what Demosthenes considers the most irresistible art of oratory, and expressed ourselves in *action*! This consisted in four determined fists being presented to him at once; and, startled by a vivacious display of this sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, probably never before experienced in his whole life, "*Jaw, jaw,*" drawled out Meister Hans Hoggeboom, and began to raise himself into the box of the waggon.

We again plodded forwards, and, on nearing Loo, entered upon pleasing scenery, diversified, like the vicinity of Arnheim, with trees and water, though no longer in *motion*. The instructions given to our fat boy were to deposit us at the inn. We consequently passed, *volentes volentes*, a very large and tempting hotel, facing a small lawn, and, turning a corner to the right, were set down at the appointed *Gasthaus*, a low and long building, terminating at one end in a stable. Here we found several fellows lounging indolently about, with apparently nothing to do; and on my inquiring at what hour the sport would take place, one of them informed me, in very pure English, that the gentlemen went out every day at four o'clock P.M., though, if I remember correctly, he added, that the time was somewhat dependent on the weather. I soon learned that this knot of idlers were the falconers, whose occupation it was to train and tend upon the birds, and that they had lived many years in England.

It was not later than nine when we arrived, and it became a matter of some interest how we should manage to pass the interval till four o'clock. Loo is a resort of the royal family for a few months in summer, where they live in great simplicity and seclusion; and although the gardens are fine, the environs are monotonous and dreary. The palace itself is an edifice without architectural embellishment, standing a few paces from the public lawn, and opening behind upon the gardens, which have here and there pretty sheets of water. We continued to while away no little

time over our breakfast, which we prolonged as leisurely as our hostess had prepared it, but it was over long before the day could be considered much shorter than when we commenced. We regretted that our friend had not been able to come from the Hague, as he knew several members of the club, with whom we might have amused ourselves during the morning. As it was, we made shift to while away the hours in strolling about the lawn, planted with linden-trees, in looking into the hotel, and peeping through a gate which opened into the palace gardens—a *verbotener Eirgang*. But all this required very little time in comparison with what we had on our hands. To say the truth, we were terribly *bored* at Loo. I remember finally fixing myself listlessly at the inn window, and gazing vacantly at the absence of anything worth looking at on which the window opened. A road ran before the house, and I longed to follow it, little caring in which direction. But the falconers, luckily, were nearly as idle as ourselves. They had their pipes, however, and they were Dutch; consequently they smoked them the livelong day, and stood about as motionless as the time. At length one of them, a very clever fellow, drew near me, with an evident readiness to fall into conversation, if I were disposed to start one. He could not have been more socially inclined than I was myself; and when I opened by some remark on his profession, he followed it up by a long and learned discourse on the noble sport, in which, in former days, high lords and ladies delighted to excel. It was one of the entertainments enumerated by the author of "The Schoolmaster," the quaint Roger Ascham, as worthy the cultivation of every gentleman, if not indispensable to the accomplishment of his education. My informant, gratified to speak on what he was so able to describe, gave me, after the manner of persons of his class, very minute details of his mode of *taming* and *training*, or as it was termed in those gallant times, of *reclaiming* and *manning* the falcon; of the kind and quantity of food he was accustomed to allow them; of the qualities of peculiar breeds; their character, capabilities of endurance, and strength and weight; their courage and velocity; and, in a word, a running history of hawks individually and generically, with a conciseness and observation which would have given pleasure to the great Buffon himself. For the purpose of illustration, he begged me to cross the road I had been idly contemplating, and look at the falcons. I very gladly accepted the offer, and found them posted, starch as so many sentinels, on their separate perches. They had all small leathern hoods on, closely fitted to the head, and covered on each side with crimson plush or velvet, which gave a very gay air to the stately birds, though they were thereby completely deprived of the light. On their legs were small thongs of leather, closely buttoned, to which little bells were fastened, that tinkled as they moved. They were also tied to the perches either by leathern leashes or chains, connected to the leg by bits of leather, termed *jesses*. On our approach, the birds indicated their consciousness of our presence by a quick, jerking motion of the head, and a restive fluttering of the wings, as though sensible of the approach of strangers, or impatient of delay, and weary of waiting for their game. They were of a dark brown and black colour, and of nearly similar size, and apparently great strength.

The weather was fine for Holland, the sky pure, and the sun shone with unusual joyousness, so that I could not help regretting that nearly the only birds that delight to soar into the heavens, and can look it in

the face, should thus be hooded from its beams, and chained to the earth! But my sympathies were quite unknown to the falconer. He felt a pride in his art and a pride in his falcons, and esteemed them very lucky birds to have been singled out from their kind, in order to share in so gallant and noble a sport. They all had their names, and he was never so much at home as when he was talking to them, lifting them from their perches, and stroking their plumage. When we came close to them, they raised themselves up to a stately attitude, and moved quickly about as though a common feeling of daring, an *esprit de corps*, animated their patron and themselves. He showed a confidence and exultation in them, such as the Arab manifests for his barb in the desert, or a corsair for his bark. There might have been thirty or more of them, but I only saw those that were out of the mews, there being still more within.

When our communicative friend had given us every information concerning the hawks and the sport, we again resumed our places at the inn window, and soon afterwards remarked a gentleman pass in a hurry, who had at least passed three times before during the morning, always with the same bustle and nervousness in his manner. He was dressed very simply, in a way neither indicating elegance nor a want of taste: "un pantalon d'été, un chapeau blanc, et redingote couleur de vin." He carried a small stick, which he was continually switching about as though striking at insects, or like a nervous man who keeps himself in perpetual motion without knowing it. He seemed to remark us particularly, and, finally, called the falconer to ask who we were; on his return we put the same question to him, and learned that he was the Prince of Orange, the Crown Prince of Holland. It seems he was an amateur of horses, and kept his stud in the stable at the end of the inn, whither he was constantly going during the day. A few hours later I saw him again, quite alone with his little son, a youth of nine or ten years of age, teaching him to ride a pony on the lawn in front of the palace. He had a long whip, which he cracked like a riding-master in a circus, while the pony ran round in a ring, occasionally kicking up its heels as the prince cracked his whip, much to the delight of the young heir on its back. I could not help thinking whether he would in future hold the "reins of government" as cleverly as he did the pony, though his seat will no doubt be quite as secure, considering the character of the Dutch, who move on, like the dray-horse we had in the morning, phlegmatically and with a taught pace. The prince and his son spoke English constantly together, and, indeed, without the slightest foreign accent. They could doubtlessly speak the Dutch as well, though of all languages in Europe it is probably the most gross and unroyal—a bastard German.

During the morning, I had observed a close-covered waggon standing near the high fence which inclosed the palace, so as nearly to come under the outstretching branches of the garden trees. It had two wheels, and the shafts were propped up with pieces of wood. I concluded it was some itinerant exhibition, but it proved to be the travelling equipage of a party of gipsies. For what purpose they had established themselves at this remote little place, nobody seemed to know. They appeared to have more substance than most of their race, and their appendages were altogether superior to what one ordinarily sees. Perhaps they had arrived fatigued from a long journey, or possibly their habits preserved a keeping with their outward respectability; but the gipsies slept fashionably late,

and I rather envied them so many hours of unconsciousness at Loo. They did not appear before one o'clock, and the first living thing that peered out of a little door, at one end of the equipage, was a very experienced head on the shoulders of a woman. Spite of the assaults of some seventy years of a nomadic and varied life, her rich brown complexion had not yet deadened into sallowness, and her hair, still jet-black, contrasted vividly with a scarf of bright yellow wound round her head. Had Rembrandt still lived in the Netherlands, I know not where he could have found more lustrous eyes or a more genial subject! She seemed to be waiting for somebody, and leaned for a long time at the door, looking down the road. We approached nearer, and found that she was conversing with some one within. The language was strange; it was neither Dutch nor German; and to the questions she put, replied one of the most musical voices that ever reached my ear!

"What a barbarous language," said I, when the Rembrandt asked the first question.

"But what a musical one!" answered my friend, when the youthful voice replied to it from within.

Harmonious, indeed, was the voice! There was no bird in all the garden of Loo, nor a fountain under the royal balcony, that could yield a tone so melodious! I could have wished that the voice should never cease. We sat down near by and listened. The fine old face that looked out on us from the little door expressed no emotion with which we could in any way be connected; she looked at us and talked on, quite indifferent whether we listened or not. She had been wandering about the world too many years, and seen too many strange faces, to be affected by the idle curiosity of two commonplace men like us, dressed in a couple of travelling coats and foraging caps. At intervals the musical voice broke in upon the stern tone of the old woman, and it was evident the gipsy had started a subject which interested both in no common degree. Soon she turned half round, still leaning on the door with one arm, while she gesticulated vehemently with the other; then left the door and grew very boisterous, till the musical voice sunk beneath the storm. In a moment the door was slammed back, and we turned away with hearts full of sadness for this charming being we had never seen. Perhaps the dark old Hecate had a siren caged up! A few paces from the equipage we met a boy, evidently a gipsy, with the same sunburnt brown complexion, the same black eyes that had been looking at us, though brighter, quicker, and with all the fire of youth. He was not ill-dressed; he wore large trousers, a jaunty green jacket, with a broad low-crowned hat, exactly what the Spaniards call a *sombrero*. His hair was not long, as though worn for effect, but richly curled; and when he raised the *sombrero*, and bade us good day in German, I remembered a portrait of Murillo's for which I could have convinced myself he had sat.

"You see how it is," said I; "this must be the son of the old woman. You see all her former beauty reproduced in this fellow's beautiful face!"

He went to the waggon and spoke; in a moment the old head reappeared at the door. It opened, and the youth entered. And was this all? This question I asked myself, and my friend put it to me. We were both thinking of the musical voice; and yet, was it not enough?

A reasonable man would have been contented with what was so perfect; but love, like avarice, is never satiate! We were in love with the musical voice. It must be the voice of the old gipsy's daughter, the sister of the handsome youth; and if she resembled her brother, with all his fine features softened by the grace and delicacy of her sex, what a paragon it were to behold! How picturesque would be the group—an old mother with two such children! She, perhaps weary with the endless turmoil of the world, timorous and uncertain of its changes; they almost alone in its length and breadth, cast upon its surface like waifs on the sea. It was a sad thing to think what might become of them, of *her*; and to hear that sweet voice in sorrow, to listen to the plaints of a poor girl, with no heart in the universe to pity her but her young, feeble brother's, had been intolerable. I had become impatient at the speed of time; it flew like the falcons, and I would fain have fastened the jesses and hooded it. The hour, however, for the sport approached. There was a bustle among the falconers, and a flutter among the falcons; one even heard at the inn the busy tinkle of their little bells, and saw them nodding their red hoods, stepping impatiently along the perches, and spreading their strong wings in expectation of flight. The falconers, who had hung round the whole morning in the ordinary loose dress of the Dutch peasantry, now came out in the gallant costume of the olden time, which romancers have long delighted to describe, and the artists to portray. They were a strong set of fellows, imposing in stature, and energetic in their attitudes, accustomed all their lives to fly the falcon to its prey, and mount their horses for the chase. This inspiring sport had given a freedom to their carriage, and a certain dignity to their deportment, which well became the dress they wore. It consisted of top-boots, highly polished, with spurs attached, light drab tights, bright-coloured waistcoats, and a dark green coat, ornamented with large buttons embossed in forms of animals, or small reliefs representing scenes from the sport. Each had on a green hunting hat, with a tuft of heron's plume stuck jauntily in the band, while long buckskin gauntlets, coming far over the wrists, completed the gallant equipment. The falcons were sent in a species of cage before them, and in a few minutes afterwards the troop galloped away at full speed towards the scene of hawking.

But the rare old sport had lost for me a great part of its attraction. I had heard a voice more thrilling than the halloo; and now, drawn perhaps by the merry jingle of the bells and chains, or the noisy bustle of departure, the daughter of the old gipsy gently opened the door and descended from the waggon, and her gentle notes, before I knew it, came warbling into my ear in wild arbitrary music, to which she sang some plaintive verses in the same strange language I had heard in the morning. I turned quickly, and she stood almost at my shoulder. It was like a form from the East, or the heroine of a sad ballad of the Moors in their last days at Grenada! Nay, it was a Madonna of Murillo, with those melancholy, hopeful features that look down upon you with all modesty and the holy enthusiasm of a mother's tenderness! She stood picture-like, moving the lower chords of her guitar, her large eyes resting mournfully on me, while her voice echoed its despair in my heart. I never understood any song so little, and never have I felt one so much. It was her whole history—her heart breathed into sound. It was from no law of physiognomy that I comprehended her, and from no gesture, for she stood as still as marble, her eyes scarcely moving from me. But there was that,

a soul, in them that surpasses all motion, all change of expression—a perpetual sorrow, a sacred sentiment of unhappiness. She was not more than seventeen, and the melancholy which suffused her features was rather the tendency of her nature than the impress of misfortune. There was a refinement in her being which could not accustom itself to the vulgar relations forced upon her, and their shadows were wrought into the lineaments of her tender beauty. I would gladly describe this, but it was of a kind which no one may express; her eyes, like her brother's, were dark and lustrous; they were not piercing, but eloquent and winning; her forehead was high and symmetrical, the nose thin and tenderly moulded, her chin had the mere impress of a dimple, and her lips a beauty not dependent on voluptuousness. Her hair was partly concealed by a scarlet scarf wound round her head with no studied care, and a few tresses fell over the ear, and were brought round behind in a knot. Such the description, but of what avail?—

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

The same traits may produce a thousand different faces, but I have never seen but one like that! The refined spirit of her being beamed through the forms of her beauty, and softened them to the expression of a seraph. As it is beyond the power of the artist to reproduce the soul of the Cenci, so it seems that Nature had but one form of loveliness, and gave it to the gipsy's daughter. Her dress was simple, and became her diffident mien and manner. Before she finished the plaintive air, she must have remarked the pleasure it had given me, for, without my speaking, she seemed to rouse, as it were, the slumberous instrument to a more vigorous tone, and sang again with indeed more energy, but with the same prevailing sadness. The melody seemed to express a lament, but not one of despair. It rose and fell with the fitful variation of a passion, at times low and moanful, again startling and resistless. Her eyes brightened as the wail of the music grew louder; her bosom moved with an effort not occasioned by the exertion of her voice; and on a sudden, a gush of tears bedimmed the light in her eyes, and her notes trembled till inaudible. But in a moment she again collected herself, and said to me,

"You are sad; I will sing you gayer music!" And while the tears still hung in her eyelids, a smile shone through them like light into dew-drops; and she played a lively strain, and sang to it a merry ditty, like those one hears in the south of France.

Ere she had finished it, the carriage was ready; and my friend, who retained more self-possession, urged on me the necessity of departure. The girl ceased at once, and turned with a smile to leave, like one who felt herself in the way.

"But you will accept this, signorina?" said I, offering her a piece from my purse.

"*E che il Dio vi renda felice*," replied she, smiling with her peculiar charm, while the tears still stood in her eyes.

I never saw her again; but I shall never forget her face nor her smile. When we returned from the hawking, she was gone. I inquired which way they went, and learnt they had taken the road to Arnheim. "*Che il Dio la renda felice!*" was also the wish of my heart. She was an Italian, another Mignon wandering in the North!

It was five o'clock when we reached the ground. We had driven nearly the whole distance over a by-way not much travelled, and very rough. Immediately after leaving the precincts of the palace the road turned towards the north-east, and entered a barren district of heath. The same dreary stretch of heather-grown common surrounded us as during the drive of the morning; the sky, too, was again overcast, and the cold grey tint of the clouds had cast a fitting canopy over the solitary waste. Suddenly the carriage turned from the narrow road to the left into a still narrower and ruder path. I looked with curiosity for a bird in the air, but nowhere was a living thing to be descried. We rattled on for some little time, till at length the vehicle stopped, and we found ourselves at the foot of a small elevation, surmounted by a little cabin, open in front, and provided with several seats, occupied by a party of some six or eight gentlemen. The falconers were standing near their horses in front, the birds resting on their fists, and the attention of every one directed towards the south, whence the herons were expected to appear. It was a spirited scene; with the desolate moor, the blackening sky, the restive horses, the falconers in costume, with the hawks perched on their gauntlets, and the leashes in the hand; behind them, several gentlemen, with their horses also ready at their side: a spectacle of another age, a perfect representation of the "gentle sport of hawking." I found the language spoken to be entirely English; as, indeed, were the majority of the members of the society. Nearly every person present was English; and among them the Duke of Leeds, who had brought his opera-glass, and was peering into the distance through it, though ineffectually,—thus uniting a modern contrivance with the amusements of the olden time. These gentlemen received me, as a stranger, with great civility; offered me every advantage to witness the sport, and gave me several particulars concerning the club.

While we were conversing together there was a cry of "A heron, a heron!" and the eyes, glasses, and *lorgnettes* of every one were at once directed towards the quarter indicated. Far away, and high up against the grey clouds, appeared a small black point in scarce perceptible motion. It became now a question of discussion how near the victim would approach, while the falconers were busy inspiring the hawks, and "*unstriking* the hood." The black point in the mean while grew larger and larger, and it became evident the heron would pass nearly above the spot where we were. The gentlemen stood ready to mount their horses, and the falconers had one foot in the stirrup. The heron came flying in a direct line, its long legs outstretched horizontally with its neck and body. It was now time; the hood was drawn, the jesses loosed, and lo! the proud falcon shot perpendicularly, like an arrow, into the air, while the unconscious heron laboured steadfastly along in a straight line towards its nest. At a distance of, I believe, some miles behind us, lay a thick wood in which they build, and from which they regularly fly in the morning to fish in a stream flowing through marshes into the Rhine. After a day of industrious angling they return towards nightfall to their nests, their crops laden with fish for their young. It is on this homeward passage that the hawk is taught to interrupt the heron's flight, and strike the devoted creature to the earth. The heron kept still unsuspectingly on its course; the falcon soared higher and higher, bearing continually towards his quarry, until he came directly above it, when, suddenly draw-

ing in his wings, he fell, as it seemed, like a heavy mass upon the heron, and missed it. It was then that it first perceived itself attacked, and in a paroxysm of terror screeched in the most piteous manner, fluttered its wings as though losing its strength, and hesitated in what direction it should endeavour to make its escape. But the voracious hawk, apparently vexed with its failure, shot again into the air, and was again preparing to stoop, with redoubled velocity, when the heron, with instinctive apprehension of peril, uttered violent screams, flew wildly about in irregular circles, and finally ejected all the fish that it had gathered during the morning, which fell one after the other among the heather. But it was of no avail to the poor creature. His doom was fixed; down came the falcon this time with unerring exactness, and seizing it by the neck, proudly fluttered a moment higher into the air, or, as it is termed, "*trussed*;" and then both falcon and heron descended perpendicularly, performing graceful gyrations, and presenting a spirited picture of lightness and motion, till they sunk in the heather. In a moment gentlemen and falconers, already mounted, spurred on their fine horses from every direction to the spot where the two birds were contending, or rather where the hungry hawk was pluming and hacking out the entrails of the heron with his beak, as he clutched its neck and body in its talons. The falconers arrived first, and hastened to substitute a fowl for the heron, whose flesh the hawk never feeds on; while the latter, not perceiving the change, commenced devouring the flesh with voracity. The heron, which lay gasping in pain, was now killed, and his carcase thrown aside upon the heath. Here closed, so to speak, the first scene. Either the weather was unfavourable, or for some other reason the herons were fewer on this occasion than usual; and while we waited for another, a gentleman of the club entertained me with some gossiping narrations of some of its members. It seems there still exists in Holland a very ancient family, that of the Fauconniers, who owe their name to their predominant passion for falconry. In earlier times all the portraits of the men were painted with a falcon resting on their fists; and among them were two by Rembrandt, of remarkable freshness, and in the best manner of the artist. There is a certain picturesqueness in the attitudes of these worthy old fellows, with their falcons on their fists, that evidently pleased the painter's fancy, and he seems to have made it a labour of love, and bestowed upon them all the rich effect of colouring and shade of which he was so eminent a master. Fortunately for the lovers of the Dutch school, these valuable portraits have recently come into the collection of the late King of Holland, who purchased them for 33,000 guilders from two members of the family unable to agree concerning their possession. Whether these unique portraits have passed into the collections of foreigners, having been sold together with the other treasures of art amassed by his late majesty, I know not, for I have not examined the catalogue of the Hague Gallery, on which the Emperor of Russia had a mortgage to an enormous amount—a million of guilders.

While I sat on a bank, agreeably entertained by my companion, time flew very gaily on, though no heron could be seen to follow its example. He amused me very much with piquant stories of several persons present, which I regret it would be improper to repeat, and which are yet a source of diversion as I recal them. This sketch of a worthy belonging to one of the learned professions, and a member as well of the club, was especially entertaining, and his anecdote derived no little vivacity from

the hero's being *in propria personâ* before us. Nature and good keeping had blessed him with a comfortable corpulency, that wonderfully became his roysterous manners and good-natured jocosity. He laughed at everything and everybody, and everybody laughed at him. He was one of those rare good fellows that nothing disturbs, and who journey on through life as the flowing beaker used to go down the olden banquet-board, diffusing good-humour on all sides; and, like the draught from the beaker, the fun he occasions, to judge from its cleverness, will probably long survive the period when he can himself enjoy it. He possessed at once, it seems, the somewhat contradictory devotion to Diana and Venus, and is said to have broken more horses and hearts than any other man in the realm.

In the midst of a humorous story about him, which was related with a vivacity quite worthy of its wit, our jolly subject himself interrupted it, by crying out at the top of his agreeable voice, "A heron! another heron!" and a second time the sportsmen were roused to the *qui vive*. It soon became evident that this would not approach so near as the first, and every one consequently mounted at once, to draw gradually towards the point whither he would be brought. It was a gallant sight to see the falconers, their herons' plumes nodding to the movement of their horses, while the falcons sat impatient on their fists, jingling their bells and stretching out their wings. For a few moments the cavalcade advanced slowly, every one keeping his eye on the heron, lowering towards us by degrees, but still very high in the air. Suddenly it changed its course several points eastward, whereon, with a halloo and a cry, every man put spurs to his horse and galloped forwards, the falconers foremost; the birds, animated by the resistance of the air, constantly fluttering their wings, and struggling to break from the jesses. Up and down, over hillock and hollow, galloped the gay party, hallooing and shouting, till of a sudden they drew up on a distant down, when at once two falcons flew like rockets into the air, and made towards the heron. But he kept steadily on, remarking no danger, while the falcons raked at a great distance from it, and seemed rather delighted with their own free movements, than wishing to interfere with those of the heron. He soon flew out of sight, and the troop again galloped back, and disposed themselves to wait for another attack.

We were not obliged to wait long. It was growing late, and the poor birds now hastened faithfully back to their young in constantly increasing numbers. The hawks were again got ready, everybody mounted, and all were on the point of starting, when the jolly gentleman described above, perceiving that his horse was somewhat blown, and that the Prince Alexandre's was in better condition, went up to him, and said, very amiably, "Come, come, prince, you're going to ride very badly; and don't you see we're going to have a brisk chase of it? Give me your horse!" And with his contagious good-humour, giving the prince rather an irresistible nudge, he fairly made his way into his saddle, and, amid the mirth of everybody present, kept it, with the most comical air conceivable, looking like the Silenus of the painters, or Bacchus on the return from a bout. The prince was not less amused, and looked after the retiring party with especial interest in the movements of his jocose usurper.

In a moment the jesses were loosed, and two hawks mounted more slowly than the former into the air. Two herons were flying at nearly

equal distance from each other, and not so high as the preceding. The falcon descended at the same moment, and each bound his victim with accurate aim: again, for a moment, a similar contest, and they all fell to the earth. One of the herons was rescued, with only a leg broken, and tied to a bush of hawthorn. His plumage was white, with beautiful dove-coloured wings, the legs and bill of a bright yellow. I stood over the poor creature, and pitied it from the bottom of my heart. It seemed confused with terror.

The night was nearly closing in; the heath looked still more gloomy; and the piteous screams of the heron, tied to the hawthorn, left an unpleasant impression on my mind of the "gentle sport of hawking."

A few words about the *Société de la Fauconnerie*.

The members nominally meet together in the month of June for a fortnight, though the period is by no means limited to so few days, but is protracted for many succeeding weeks.

I had imagined that the expense of such an establishment would be very great; but learnt that the individual annual subscriptions did not exceed 100 florins—little more than 8*l*. Probably his present majesty, who is very fond of field sports, contributes largely to the support of the Falconry. One of the party presented me with a list, in lithograph, of the members, which I subjoin; and by it, the revival of this noble sport would seem to be due to an Englishman in 1839; indeed, more than one-third of the members consists of our countrymen. The Duke of Leeds, I am told, never fails to attend the meets. A constant frequenter of Loo is also the celebrated painter, Gudin, though I am not aware that he has ever made hawking the subject of his easel. It is probable that his yearly visit to Holland is more directed to the study of marine subjects, for which he is inimitable, not even Backhuzen or Vandervelde surpassing him in his effects or the transparency of his water.

LISTE DES MEMBRES DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE.

1839 Mr. E. C. Newcome	M. le Baron van Westreenen
1840 S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince d'Orange	M. le Baron van Verschuer
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Alexandre des Pays-Bas	Mr. Millbank
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Frédéric des Pays-Bas	1844 Mr. Stirling Crawford
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Henri des Pays-Bas.	Mr. W. Ellis
M. le Baron de Nyvenheim	M. le Comte Westerholt
M. le Baron Sloet de Foutenburg	M. Borski
M. le Baron Sloet d'Oldruitenborgh	Mr. John Melvill
M. H. Steengracht	1845 M. le Comte de Noailles
M. le Baron de Zuylen de Nievelt tot den Schaffelaar	M. le Baron van den Bogaerde
M. le Baron de Constant Rebecque	M. le Baron Mollerus
M. le Général Baron Nahuys van Burgt	Lord Albanley
M. Hodson	Sir Horace Seymour
M. A. van der Hoop	M. le Baron de Hardenbroek
M. W. van Loon	The Earl of Chesterfield
M. le Baron Fh. van Bienen	M. le Comte Alfred de Hatzfeld
M. Fabritius van Leyenburg en Heukelum	M. le Baron Fuyll de Serooskerken de Vleuten
M. le Baron van Bienen van de Groote Lindt	M. van Lennep
Sir Ed. Disbrowe	M. Crommellin
Hon. W. S. Jerningham	M. le Baron de Brakel de Doornwerth
The Duke of Leeds	1846 M. le Général Hare Charges
Mr. W. Newcome	M. le Comte de Hatzfeld
1842 Lord C. Hamilton	M. le Baron de Knobelsdorff de Hamerstein
Mr. Knight	Mr. Thornhill
Mr. Ed. Green	M. le Comte Breteuil
Mr. T. Balfour	1847 M. Gudin
Lord Suffield	Captain Montjoy Martyn
1843 M. le Baron H. de Gablenz	Lord Villiers
M. Dubois	Mr. Fred. Millbank
Sir John Hanmer	Lord Strathmore
	Mr. Ch. Martyn
	S. A. R. Monseigneur le Duc Regnant de Nassau

TASSO'S MENTAL INFIRMITIES.

ALL the evidence of Tasso's guilt, of his irreverent passion for the duke's sister, and his unmanly boast of its unhallowed gratification, is said to rest on some poems which saw the light soon after the poet's imprisonment. Rosini quotes four of these fatal compositions. One is the dialogue above alluded to, first published by Baldini, in Ferrara, under the direction of Guarini, in 1582. There is no clue to the subject of that amorous effusion, unless we are willing to regard as such the line already quoted.

The second is a sonnet, entitled, "Per la sua Donna che navigava sul Po,"* which certainly contains no perceptible allusion to the princess. Finally, two other sonnets,† which are, indeed, too plain and intelligible, in which the poet brings down his angel from heaven. The two sonnets seem, indeed, but two different versions of the same composition, and convey but one and the same thought. In the edition made at Ferrara, in 1581, under Guarini's superintendence, they are entitled as follows—"Fatto in nome di M. G. Per La sua Donna," and "Per M. G. C. Alla sua Donna." In Baldini's edition of the following year, they are printed without a title. Rosini remarks that the sonnet 185, and the dialogue already cited, were never republished during the poet's lifetime. The same may not be said of these two sonnets (258-9), which, however, *alone*, might indeed be considered decisive. Tasso evidently addresses a woman who had made him *immeasurably blessed*; and it is by a long and minute compilation of collateral evidence—evidence, the best part of which we flatter ourselves with having satisfactorily disproved, that Rosini would force upon us the conviction that these scandalous verses were meant for Leonora of Este. The two sonnets bear no intrinsic proofs of such destination: even the *nobil petto*, substituted to the *real seno*, occurring in some of the above poems, cannot by any stretch of fancy be construed into an allusion to the exalted station of the poet's love. Poems of an equally—even if not more decidedly—licentious character may be found, more or less traceable to Eleonora Sanvitale and other ladies. These Rosini very conveniently ascribes to Guarini, or other bards.‡ The professor seems to give little importance to the fragments brought into light at Rome, amongst the MSS. of the Falconieri family; and it was lucky he did so, for those documents have been generally looked upon as mere forgeries. The meanness of their versification removes all doubt on that score, were we even willing to deem them the hasty sketches of a notoriously fastidious and high-finishing poet. They are very harmless in meaning besides, although the name of Leonora occurs in more than one of them.

The whole strength of Rosini's argument is, therefore, condensed upon four lyrics merely; and even of these, two only would be unanswerable, if they could satisfactorily be traced to any well-known person. This, we think, is beyond any man's power.

* "Tu godi il sol che agli occhi miei si asconde." Sonnet 185, tom. i., p. 98.

† Rime, tom. i. Sonnets, 258, 259.

‡ See among others the *Canzone de' baci*, and sundry madrigals. Rime, tom. ii., p. 294. See also the madrigal lxii. Rime Inedite, p. 127.

Indeed, unless we are willing to charge Tasso with uncommon coarseness of mind, no less than with insane disregard for his own safety, we are at a loss to conceive how he could revel in such free images with respect to a princess, who, whatever might be the nature of her partiality to the poet, was distinguished by the most lovely modesty and gentleness of manners, and by a rare, unaffected piety, whose beauty, even in its zenith, owing to long and frequent indisposition, is described as frail and delicate, and whom the poet has everywhere *openly* painted with colours so much more suitable to a Madonna than to a Venus.

Be it kept in mind that the professor himself does not for one moment think Leonora of Este guilty of the weakness imputed to her by her lover. He gives good reasons to believe that the poet "wrote from sheer effect of imagination—describing, as already attained, the bliss he aspired to."

All this is simply monstrous. Tasso must either have been the basest of mortals, or, indeed, the most dangerous of madmen.

To these flagrant evidences of most unpardonable indiscretion, according to Rosini, the long series of Tasso's sufferings must be exclusively referred. These were the poems the discovery of which fired the soul of the vindictive Alfonso, and which the atonement of seven years' martyrdom seemed not to have sufficiently expiated. Here we must beg to refer our readers to the authentic dates of Tasso's life, previously reported. It appears, hence, that the poet had verses not intended for publication as early as the year 1570. Those verses were said to have been composed for the benefit of some friend; and the two most outrageous sonnets (258-9) came out with a title to that effect. Rosini, indeed, scorns the idea of a man of Tasso's loftiness of mind "lending his own pen for so unworthy a purpose." That Tasso lent his own rooms, court apartments, too, for a no less ignoble object, appears from his own letter, where he says, "Egli" (Brunello, the treacherous friend we shall have occasion to mention presently) "mi dimandava la chiave delle mie stanze, mostrando di volersene servire in fatti d' amore ed io gliele concedeva." The subterfuge itself of conveying one's own feelings under another's name is neither very dignified nor ingenuous; but be it granted that the verses and the letters alleged to be written for a friend were, indeed, used in the poet's own case; Tasso, then, in 1570, on the eve of his journey to France, in a memorial which has all the earnestness and importance of a testament (inasmuch as directions are left for a monument to be erected to his father's memory), requests his friend, Rondinelli, to bury with him these poems, written by proxy. Rosini will not deny that Tasso's injunction to his friend was conditional, and referred to the "uncertainty of human life." The poems were to be destroyed, or rather doomed to oblivion—that is, not published—only in the case of his death; that is, when the poet should be out of reach of any man's displeasure. Tasso's apprehensions about those poems had then nothing to do with personal fears, but must have proceeded either from a just regard for the fair fame of the frail beauty compromised by those lines, or else—and that is more in keeping with Tasso's character—from a religious scruple of the offence that such lascivious productions might give to the young and innocent. Be it remembered that Tasso did not actually insist upon the destruction of those evil papers, but wished that they should be buried with him;

and by saving from the common doom a sonnet* indited to "Laura Peperara," or in other editions to "Ilis Lady," he obliged his friend to look into the whole collection—a dangerous proof of trust even with the best of friends, if the poems really were fraught with mortal danger to himself.

These same poems, or poems of the same nature, must have been still in Tasso's possession in 1575, when in two letters to Scipio Gonzaga, both written in the same day, he shows the greatest apprehension that his correspondence was detained and opened (May 3rd, 1576); and again in Lent, 1576, when he thinks he has ascertained that his desk has been opened and his papers pryed into. It was then, only, that is, six years at least after his French travels, that those verses could have come into the hands of men interested in working his ruin; and yet, from that time to his first arrest, in June, 1577, above a twelvemonth is suffered to elapse ere the great blow is struck.

How Tasso could keep in his desk, or trust to the custody of a friend, those perilous documents of his rashness for the full space of six years—always, indeed, supposing that there was high treason in those verses, or that they admitted of such a construction—never thinking of destroying them, in spite of the strange suspicions which maddened him, especially from 1575—and that, notwithstanding long and frequent absence from court, notwithstanding a prodigious retentive faculty, which enabled him to recite by heart several hundred stanzas of his own composition—why those few verses were never done away with, never secreted in some safe hiding-place, never rather carried about his person—why, finally, if he thought himself committed by such poems, he continued at Ferrara, or having quitted that sojourn, why he returned to it again and again; all that forms part of the great mystery of Tasso's life—a mystery which admits of but one plausible solution—that of mental derangement.

It is, meanwhile, worthy of remark, that the discovery of this violation of his correspondence, and breaking open of his desk, did not at first give rise to any great alarm or indignation on the part of Torquato. When he thinks of his sonnets in honour of Eleonora Sanvitale are out in circulation, "as if by magic," he merely "flatters himself that no one can write better."† He felicitates himself on the habit he had of invariably tearing the letters of his friends which referred to his intentions of quitting Alfonso's service for that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as if he had no fears except on that score.‡ The tone of his letters at this period—up to the time of his encounter with his false friend, in September, 1576—prove also that his spirits were but slightly, if at all, affected by these momentous discoveries. We have also excellent proofs of Alfonso's unceasing benevolence and active interest in behalf of the poet before and after that event; and what, perhaps, may appear more conclusive, the Princess Leonora invited Torquato for a few days—eleven days—to bear her company at her villa of Consandoli (June, 1576), a proof of good-will in which Mr. Milman seems determined to perceive "a snare," but which is perfectly in harmony with innumerable favours of the same nature lavished on the gifted bard by all and each of the members of the ducal family.

* "Or che l' aura mia dolce altrove spira." Sonnet 114, tom. i., p. 62.

† Lettere, tom. v., p. 18. (Feb. 1576.) ‡ Lettere, tom. ii., p. 249.

Rosini and his followers, indeed, give no explanation of Tasso's unaccountable security under such terrible impending danger, but they try to show reason why Alfonso himself should have delayed the stroke for above a year or two, by a supposition that the obnoxious compositions were by Tasso's enemies laid in the duke's hands only by degrees, and in obscure and vague fragments, calculated, indeed, forcibly to rouse suspicion, but without affording such palpable proofs as could authorise the prince to proceed to extremities.

One surmise, however, is just as good as another. Had, indeed, Tasso's enemies—who stuck at nothing, and did not even shrink from a base and treacherous attempt upon his life—been in possession of documents which might with any plausibility criminate him, not only, we say, would it not be natural for them to put off firing the mine from month to month, but they would have made use of such documents, even had they been doubtful of their real import, even had they been convinced of their utter innocence, and endeavoured to aggravate Tasso's real or pretended guilt to the best of their abilities.

Our supposition, at least, would enable us to conceive Tasso's long and blind unconsciousness of guilt, and his unwarrantable recklessness of its consequence.

Rosini himself is compelled to screen the princess's memory from all imputation which might arise from Tasso's cowardly boasts, from the mere fact that “the princess appears to have forgiven him, and the duke suffered him to escape with life.” But we contend that the boast alone, in such broad utterance as occurs in those two unfortunate sonnets, would, in the estimation of a man of Alfonso's jealous temper, have been inexorably, and, we almost say even more, justly punishable with death.

Tasso must have known it, and yet he had reasons to suppose that those sonnets had been seen and taken from his desk—and he could yet slumber on his fate!

It is of the greatest importance to observe, that the two main incidents which brought about the crisis of Tasso's life are buried in impenetrable mystery. We allude to his quarrel with a false friend, and to his assault on a servant, which led to his arrest in June, 1577.

Manso and Serassi give only contradictory, and altogether unsatisfactory accounts of the former event. We have absolutely no other testimony to rely upon, except Tasso himself, who alludes to it in a letter written on the 10th of October, 1576. In this he merely states that he was urged to violence by the rashness of his adversary, who had given him the lie in the court-yard of the ducal palace; that he was afterwards attacked by the same man, backed by three of his relatives, on the main square of the town; that on his (Tasso's) first drawing his sword, the aggressors took to flight. The assassin alluded to seems clearly to be the same who had gained access to the papers in his desk by a false key; but it is not evident, though probable enough, that the present encounter took place in consequence of a breach of confidence which, as we have seen, Tasso had detected at least six months previously. This false friend is by Tasso merely designated by the nickname of Brunello (from a notorious thief in Ariosto's “Orlando”). Serassi thinks he can make out that his real name was Maddalò, but can furnish no further particulars.

From another letter to Scipio Gonzaga, without a date, but referable to this period, it appears that Tasso kept his rooms for several days after that encounter, whether under arrest (for a blow given in the *hall*, or

even *court-yard*, of a royal house under any provocation might be considered as an offence), or from mere voluntary measures of caution on his own part, is by no means clear. But during the same period Tasso paid visits to the Duchess of Urbino and Leonora; the duke took him in his company to Lopare; and, both from his own lips, and through his privy-councillor, Crispo, he gave the best assurances of his good-will to Tasso, and of his exertions to bring his base adversaries to justice.

We have letters written by Alfonso's own hand, in November and December of the same year, in behalf of "his servant, Tasso," soliciting the protection of Italian princes, in favour of the "Jerusalem," from the attempts of piratical booksellers. Finally, Tasso was still free in his movements in December and on the following January, 1577, as we find him spending the Christmas season with Count Ferrante Tassone at Modena, paying his homage in prose and verse to the beautiful and accomplished Tarquinia Mobza; and, although in a state of great mental depression, repeatedly expressing his determination not to quit Alfonso's service, "to whom he had obligations, not to be paid even by the sacrifice of his own life;" but to remain at Ferrara, "as another place could not screen him from the persecutions he endured there, and he would not suffer mere considerations of ease or emolument to influence him." This, on the 7th of January; four days later he states, that he will "continue in the duke's service, as he neither could nor ought to do otherwise—and *all cannot be committed to writing.*"

Are we told that at Modena he was still within the boundaries of Alfonso's states, and consequently in his power; and that those letters were so written to deprecate the duke's anger? But, then, the anger of the duke, at the utmost, might only be owing to Tasso's plans of quitting Ferrara, and "bettering himself" at the court of Tuscany, not to any secret offence for which he must know there could be no forgiveness. Had there been so serious a cause of apprehension, no way of escape could possibly have suggested itself, save only in precipitate flight. From the 11th of January to the eventful 17th of June, 1577, we have no information respecting Tasso's doings. On the evening of the latter day he was arrested. All that is known about the mode and cause of his imprisonment rests upon the evidence of Maffeo Veniero, a Venetian nobleman, then residing at Ferrara, who on the following day wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany in these terms:—

"Concerning Tasso, I have to inform you that he was last evening imprisoned for having, in the apartment of the Duchess of Urbino, thrown a knife at a servant; but he was taken rather on account of the scandal, and for an opportunity of having him cured, than for the purpose of punishing him. He suffers from a double delusion,—both from a fancy of having sinned in matters of heresy, and from a fear of being poisoned; all this arising, as I think, from a congestion of melancholy blood about the heart, which vapours upwards to the brain. A lamentable event, if we reflect upon the worth of such a man and on his goodness."

It is rather remarkable that all the translations of this singular letter, by Black, Wilde, and Milman, should be little better than every one of them a tissue of blunders. In the first place, they render "*per aver tratto un coltello dietro a un servitore*," by "having drawn a knife behind a servant," or "having run with a drawn knife upon a servant;" by which it would seem that the poet was holding a secret converse with the duchess in her *chamber* (as they translate), and that he did really

unsheath a dagger to chastise the indiscretion of a spy. Tasso, in the only allusion to this incident occurring in his writings, says that he was talking about some (unknown) matter with the duchess on the *evening* of his arrest (*quella sera ch' io fui preso*), words which Mr. Milman does not fail to translate *on the very moment* that he was taken. Still we have no ground to believe that the interview with the duchess was of a clandestine nature. Indeed, on a simple perusal of Maffeo Veniero's letter, our impression would be that the poet was seated at table in the duchess's apartment, and that upon a slight provocation, such as an insolent sneer of the fellow, or the accidental or wilful spilling of some gravy-dish on the poet's court-dress, the latter, long since vexed and goaded by courtly slights and impertinence, seized the table-knife before him and flung it at the man. Knives or daggers, used as weapons, are not *thrown*, except by the *Lazzaroni*, who make a study of it; and no Italian would interpret that *tratto* by "drawn." The value of every syllable is here of importance, as we know absolutely nothing of the occurrence from other sources. The English translators, also, give those words "*preso per il disordine*" the meaning of "arrested on account of his *disorder*." Such is not the value of the word in Italian. We understand that Tasso's melancholy had already given symptoms of mental derangement, and that on that first sally of downright violence, they took occasion from that *offence* (venial though, in his case, it might be deemed) to prevent further mischief, and provide for his recovery.

Rosini, who otherwise reads the Italian letter as we do, contends that the *flinging of the knife* might be looked upon as the deed of an "extremely passionate man, but not of a maniac." It would be an unpardonable fault in itself; but if we consider that Torquato had already forgotten himself in the same manner on a previous occasion, and that his friends had been long anxious about the soundness of his intellect, we cannot blame them if they began to question the expediency of suffering him any longer at large.

Rosini thinks that Alfonso had long since determined in his mind that Tasso should be represented as a madman; that, in the present occurrence, he availed himself of a foreign minister (Veniero), in order to prepare the minds of the Italian princes for this report of Tasso's derangement, so that the declaration of his actual insanity should take no man by surprise. "Did Veniero," asks the professor, "add nothing" (to his brief and hurried note) "in his secret correspondence? Why does he not state the reason which induced Torquato to a deed of violence against the duchess's servant?"

These are idle and impertinent questions, unanswerable by any man at the present time. That a foreign minister should lend his office to Alfonso's deep-laid schemes, that the whole plot should be concocted between them in the course of one night, can only rest upon the most gratuitous assertion. Veniero's letter is short and hurried, written very evidently without the shadow of an after-thought. The Venetian mentions the affair of the knife without any comment, for the mere reason that he deems it irrelevant in itself, except inasmuch as it may be considered as the breaking out of the poet's disorder. The madness itself was the important point, not the manner of its manifestation.

Singular enough, at any rate! The plan of avenging his sister's honour by charging Torquato with madness, must have been laid by Alfonso at least since the spring of 1576,—and yet it only ripens in the

summer of 1577, when, that is, the poet himself gives him the best opportunity by a breach of decorum which, few men would deny, borders very closely upon sheer insanity.

But, to proceed. Tasso's confinement to one of the ground-floor rooms of the court-yard of the palace (the nearest lock-up place at hand) throws the poor poet into unutterable consternation. He sends for Coccapani, the duke's steward, trusts him with a letter to Alfonso, suing for immediate release. The steward hesitates, impressed with the real circumstances of the case, and assured that Tasso's arrest is only a feint to submit him to medical treatment; but Tasso insists that seclusion is driving him to distraction, that he is willing to submit to a cure, so only it be in his own apartments.

His request is granted. Tasso is removed to his lodgings; and presently the duke takes him in his own company to his delightful villa at Belriguardo. "What took place there," says a German biographer, "never transpired." It seems that the poet remained with the duke about twelve days, though the dates cannot be strictly ascertained. The next date is of the 11th of July, on which day Tasso is sent back to Ferrara—not to a prison, not to an hospital, not to his own lodgings, but to the convent of St. Francis, accompanied by a letter from one of the duke's secretaries to the same steward, Coccapani, in which it is stated—

"Tasso returns to Ferrara for the purpose of going to the convent of St. Francis, and having two of those monks in his company. It seems, however, to his highness that he is now in a worse plight than ever, inasmuch as he is wont to say everything in confession, and breaks out into a great many mad freaks. If, therefore, the monks are willing to keep him company (provided two of their number be appointed as his keepers by the Father Righino, and they be such as will be fit to admonish him with some dexterity of his madness), his highness will be content. But if no monk will undertake the charge, or no one at least suited to the purpose, it is his highness's pleasure that he should be taken back to his rooms at court, and that you should tell him that, as the monks decline having anything to do with him, it seems improper that he should inconvenience those good men, and that he should remain in his rooms waited upon by the two porters and other servants as before."

From this letter it seems very clear that Tasso's removal from Belriguardo into the Franciscan convent took place at his own desire; that even before he was conveyed to Belriguardo he was under the strong custody of *due facchini* (common street porters), rough nurses, such as are placed in the sick-room of persons from whom extreme violence is apprehended; that it was deemed necessary to guard against his fits of madness; and that the monks should, in some gentle manner, make him aware of his infirmity. What seems rather odd and incoherent in this letter is merely that sentence, that "Tasso lets out everything in his confessions." The phrase has hardly any meaning as it stands there by itself, and we may be allowed to think that it ought to be read "*è solito di dire ogni cosa in confusione*" ("he talks without rhyme or reason").

The monks granted the required hospitality, and the first use Tasso made of his leisure was to address himself with breathless anxiety to the office of the Inquisition at Rome, on the subject of the absolution which the inquisitors at Ferrara, yielding to his importunity, had awarded him, and of which the poet still disputed the validity. Mr. Milman states that, upon releasing him from his *dungeon*, "the duke directed the poet

to present himself at the tribunal of the Inquisition." The truth is, however, that neither the assurances of the inquisitors, nor the kind words of all around him, could lay Tasso's morbid conscience at rest, and this not only during these critical moments, but during many years of his after-life, long after his final release from St. Anna. The fancies that most incessantly ran through his brains were this unaccountable alarm about the soundness of his religious tenets, and fears for his life on the part of envious and malignant courtiers—a fear for which the treacherous assault of Maddalò and his accomplices had most unfortunately afforded sufficient ground. Every line written by Tasso about this period (notwithstanding the obvious agitation of the writer's mind) bears the strongest confirmation of what we have advanced.

"I confess," says he, in a letter to the duke, written from St. Francis's, "that I am worthy of punishment for my faults, and thank your highness, who forgives them. I confess that I deserve medical treatment, on account of my melancholy humour, and thank your highness, who prescribes it. But sure am I that in many things I am no humorist (madman); and your highness is as much so (forgive the expression, I beseech) as any prince in the world. You think I have no persecutors in your service, and I am sure I have had them, most cruel and deadly. You think you have released me from the Inquisition, and I am more than ever in its toils." Scarcely a week after this was written, Tasso eludes the vigilance of the monks, and makes his escape from Ferrara.

Upon these few and ill-connected facts Rosini builds his own theory. From the circumstance of Tasso's encounter with Maddalò, he argues Tasso's love was either partly revealed or strongly suspected. The duke wished to have more positive proofs in his hands. The catastrophe of the knife empowered him to secure the person of the offender. He conveyed him to Belriguardo, in order to examine him more at leisure, in a *tête-à-tête*, and know the whole truth. The poet's guilt was then proved by his own unguarded expressions, and the vindictive prince issued that terrible sentence—"that he should be a madman for life!"

This is the dark surmise upon which the sympathetic Mr. Milman has exhausted all his powers of harrowing declamation.

Meanwhile, it seems to us very plain that Maddalò's assault gave but too strong a confirmation of Tasso's worst suspicions of the treachery of all and each around him; that the outbreak with the servant arose from a natural resentment of real or fancied indignities to which the morbid state of his mind had long exposed him; that his arrest was looked upon by him as the hatching of a plot long and deeply laid against him, to which almost every man at court, if not the duke himself, was privy: and what he "was wont to blurt out in confession," if we must admit the correctness of the text, refers merely to violent and unreasonable abuse against men of all ranks enjoying the favour and confidence of Alfonso.

It is very certain that there were no friends of Tasso—not Cardinal Albano, not Scipio Gonzaga, not the Count of Paleno, not his own loving sister—that were not at some time or other the object of his most exaggerated and ungenerous suspicions.

It seems, at any rate, quite certain that Tasso's removal to a convent took place at his own request, and such a request was in keeping with Tasso's inclinations in after-life, as he hardly ever sought hospitality or actually found rest anywhere but within the cloisters, having too good rea-

sons to prefer them to courts and castles. It seems certain that Alfonso had some scruple as to the inconvenience the company of a madman would occasion to those good recluses; that he insisted that he should not be taken into the convent unless it were in the keeping of persons able to deal with madmen; finally, that the duke's alternative, in case of refusal on the part of the friars, was that Tasso should be taken back to his chambers, there to be replaced in the position he occupied previous to his removal to Belriguardo.

Tasso's madness, then—or, at least, the duke's conviction of it, whether real or affected—did not date from the poet's sojourn at the duke's villa, but from the very moment of his arrest after the untoward affair of the knife, when the evil spirit that had hovered so long about him seemed at last to have laid hold of him in good earnest.

Next, we must be allowed to question whether, had indeed Alfonso contemplated the infliction of a long and slow torture, the poet would so very easily (as Mr. Milman describes it) have "availed himself of a moment when he was left unguarded, and fled."

The proofs of this dark plot of revenge on the part of the duke are found by Rosini in the first lines of a sonnet which, as he says, "appears to have been written" during Tasso's short stay at Belriguardo. The professor assigns that as the *probable* date, without any further proof, and ever afterwards refers to those lines as unanswerable evidence, as if the date had been most triumphantly authenticated.

We will not appeal to the authority of Manso, who places that sonnet, with great plausibility, among the compositions issued from the poet's pen during his melancholy leisure at St. Anna's Hospital. We will not advert to the obvious impossibility that Tasso, at this stage of his calamity, could preserve sufficient serenity for any effusion of this nature. We will allow Rosini the benefit of his supposition, that the sonnet was actually penned at Belriguardo, and quote the lines in question.

The sonnet is addressed to the manes of Hercules II., father of Alfonso*—

Alma grande d' Alcide, io so che miri
L' ASPRO RIGOR della Real sua Prole,
Che con INSOLITE ARTI, atti e parole
Trar da me cerca onde con me si adiri, &c.

This CRUEL HARSHNESS, these UNWONTED ARTS, by which Hercules's son endeavoured to wrench from the poet CAUSE OF ANGER AGAINST HIM, and upon which Rosini grounds all his arguments, can, according to him, only refer to that exquisite moral torture by which Alfonso wished to worm out the secret of the poet's love at Belriguardo. We might agree with Rosini, if he could prove that Tasso knew what he was writing, if he could prove that his mind was never seriously and grievously affected; but if, from the letter written immediately upon his return from the duke's villa, in which, amongst other odd matters, the poet tells Alfonso that he must be *as great a humorist as any prince in Christendom*, we have reason to infer that Tasso was really out of his senses, are we not entitled to conclude that his own unconsciousness of mental alienation, his stout denial of it, and as frequent admission of melancholy humour—of his willingness, and of the necessity of submitting to a cure—his sinister interpretation of the conduct of all around him—did, in fact,

* Sonnet 101, Rime, t. iii., p. 55.

afford the best proof of that egregious hallucination, of that *touchiness on the subject of his sanity*, which is so very often amongst the most unmistakable symptoms of lunacy, especially when partial and temporary?

The duke (let us lay down for one instant) thought Tasso mad; he wished, by gentle persuasion, to make him aware of his situation, so as to bring in medical attendance. Tasso (like any lunatic) took umbrage at the insinuation; felt sure, or nearly sure, of the firmness of his understanding; thought the conceit of his derangement could not have spontaneously sprung up in the duke's mind, but was the result of the perfidious suggestions of courtiers plotting his ruin; launched out into bitter invectives against them. He became more and more unmanageable, till the duke gave him up in despair; and, upon Tasso's own request, and seeing him, above all, haunted by religious scruples, determined to send him back, trusting him to the care of the monks, who should take upon themselves the task in which he had himself been unsuccessful—who should be his ghostly advisers and his keepers at the same time.

The duke's gentle hints, his occasional and unavoidable fits of impatience, might, we think, account for the *harsh rigour* and *unusual arts* by which Tasso was tried during that short residence in the country. There is, we believe, hardly a line in Tasso's most incoherent writings, between the period of this first arrest and his final release from St. Anna's in 1586; there is hardly any of the passages triumphantly cited by Rosini in support of his own theory, to which the above hypothesis may not afford the easiest explanation.

Tasso thought himself sane, and fancied that the duke or his courtiers wished to represent him as insane.

Hence his expressions as to the "honesty and necessity" of his flight from the convent, his frequent, *but always qualified*, vindications of the soundness of his understanding, his hints as to the *sacrifice* he made of his own conviction on that score, out of deference to the duke's own opinions; and the still clearer hints, "that the duke forced him to assume the *part of Brutus and Solon by affecting madness*, and his wrathful remark, "that those who insist that a man should be a maniac, must not complain if he can put no limit or check upon his madness."

In the same manner he said of the keeper whom he struck during his confinement at the hospital, that the fellow "wished to be struck;" by which we must understand that his keeper's hardness, whether arbitrary or unavoidable, was such as to call forth violence on his side. Only, unfortunately, the inmates of a madhouse are not the best judges of the treatment that should be adopted towards them; and a wise man, shut up on a false charge of insanity, either through malice or mistake, would hardly suffer any provocation to drive him to acts of violence, likely to supply his enemies with strong arguments in support of their assertion.

At any rate, Alfonso, agreeably to Rosini's assumption, had resolved upon a systematic exercise of cruelty; and the first specimen of his proficiency in the arts of tyranny is—to allow his victim almost immediately to slip through his fingers!

"Oh!" Rosini will say, "Alfonso was well aware that Tasso's passion for Leonora would soon replace the poet in his power." Was he so sure of that? That love was by this time of more than twelve years' standing. Its fatal object was now two-and-forty, worn out, too, by illness, and not

far from the grave, which awaited her only four years later. Tasso had withstood the attraction in 1570, when he was for a year in Paris, and away from the charmer altogether for more than eighteen months, when, too, it can be proved that he was led back from France by strong religious antipathy to the policy then in fashion at the court of Charles IX., and brought back to Ferrara by views of personal emolument.

Had Tasso settled quietly at Naples or Sorrento, and there convinced the world of the groundlessness of all imputation upon the health of his brains by sober and steady behaviour, what, we would ask, would have become of Alfonso's long-laid and refined revenge?

But now, see the sequel! Tasso wanders forth, on foot, without means, without clothes, along the Apennines, all the way to Sorrento, plays with his sister a scene that partakes of the masquerade and the melodrama, throws her into fits, is at last recognised and welcomed, and—subjected to that same medical treatment from which he had ran away from Ferrara—Tasso was ever willing enough to admit that all was not right with him. He confessed to a *frenesia*, for which he in vain sought a cure during all his lifetime.

“Immediately after his flight,” says Rosini, “Tasso writes to the duke—to both the princesses.” He receives no answer but from Leonora(!), who states that “she can do nothing for him.” There is sufficient proof, however, that Tasso did not correspond with Ferrara for three months, at least, after his domestication with his sister. His letters alluded to are not extant, neither is Leonora's answer. Still it seems strange that the first move did not come from the tyrant who had so much interest in the recal of the fugitive. It is stranger, that when this latter made some advance, it should meet with so little encouragement; stranger still, that the duke should so far forget his dignity as to allow his sister to write under present circumstances; strange, above all, that the high-minded princess should lend herself for such an unworthy and treacherous office.

Well, poverty and *ennui*, if not love, force Torquato out of his safe retreat. His first step is to Rome (in November, 1576), whence, on the 30th of that month, Cardinal Albano writes in his name to the Duke Alfonso, soliciting *not for Tasso's return*, but for the duke's forgiveness, and the restoration of Tasso's papers, which had been left behind.

The duke answers, on the 13th of January of the year ensuing, that his sister, the Duchess of Urbino, has long been busy collecting Tasso's writings (moved also by Tasso's sister, Cornelia's, petition to the same effect), and that they will be sent as soon as ready.

The papers were not soon forthcoming, owing either to the sublime disorder in which Tasso always kept them, or perhaps to a reluctance on the part of Alfonso to give up that “Jerusalem” on which rested his own hopes for immortality; or, finally, out of consideration to Tasso's disease, which, it might be justly expected, would be aggravated by intense occupation.

The writings are not coming forth, and Tasso waxes impatient. He resolves to go back for them. He solicits for re-admittance into Alfonso's service, who replies, consistently enough, “that Tasso might be allowed to return, on condition that he may be made aware that he is full of melancholy humours; that those *suspensions of malice and persecution* which he fancies he has met here have no other source than in the said humour; that he imagines (amongst other odd whims) that *Alfonso*

harboured a design of putting him to death, notwithstanding Alfonso's unwearied proofs of kindness and interest, notwithstanding that it ought to be obvious to him (Tasso) that nothing could have been easier than to carry such a design into execution, had it ever been entertained."

The duke concludes by a threat, that if the poet prove refractory, he shall—be confined to a madhouse?—no, but “forthwith expelled from his highness's dominions.”

This is all the bait with which Tasso's hook was made irresistible. By these “deep arts” the poet was brought back into the tyrant's toils after a respite of nine months. He is scarcely a fortnight at Ferrara, when—will it be believed?—he is once more suffered to depart.

And, the reason? We have it from Tasso's own mouth. His first reception at court was such as to induce him to hope that golden days had dawned again. His papers are not given back to him indeed, but the duke, it appears, recommends that he should have himself cured, that he should “eat, drink, and be merry.”

All this is by the too susceptible poet construed into an intention on the duke's part to *rob him of his glory*; to force him to a *self-degradation*, to bring him down from *Plato's gardens* into *Epicurus's sty*. Any allusion to the questionable soundness of his brains is interpreted into a peremptory order to *imitate Brutus and Solon*. If the patron is silent, the poet insists that *such wishes are conveyed by nods and signs*; and the frown of impatience with which the importunity of his remonstrances and insistence for explanations are visited, again sets that poor brain on fire, and again sends him forth a wanderer.

This time it is not said that Tasso eluded his keeper's watchfulness. He is very plainly *suffered to depart*.

He travels in his usual plight to Mantua, Padua, and Venice: the *displeasure of his mighty lord*, he fancies—more probably the report of his sad disease—*make all men cold and distant to him*. Matteo Veniero, who sees him on the 12th of July, 1578, in Venice, describes him as “disturbed in mind; his intellect not quite sound, though exhibiting symptoms rather of melancholy than of madness.” And that was probably the truth of Tasso's story—settled melancholy with occasional outbreaks of more dangerous humours, hurrying him to his doom beyond all interference of his stanchest well-wishers.

Pressed on by the dark fiend within him, he vanishes from Venice without awaiting the result of his application to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; he comes suddenly into the Duchy of Urbino—*declares himself mad* for having ever sought refuge elsewhere—and when we fancy him settled at peace at Pesaro, we hear of him again toiling through the plains between Novara and Vercelli, enjoying the hospitality of a courteous stranger near the latter city; and, scarcely two days after, behold him at the gates of Turin, on foot, in so wretched a condition as to be, like a common vagrant, refused admittance!

Admittance is gained, however, through the lucky interference of a friend, and Tasso finds himself at Turin surrounded by ease, luxury, gay and kind company, and with the prospect of a splendid home at the court of Savoy.

Here, truly, the poet's madness (for it is impossible otherwise to characterise it) took the shape described by Rosini, when he represents him

as "haunted by an ardent longing" for what he had left behind him (at Ferrara). Tasso solicits Cardinal Albano's forgiveness for his unjust suspicions, and receives the cardinal's answer (November 29th) kindly admonishing him against that *mistrust which is no less laughable than pitiable*; warning him that *his suspicions and fears, wholly imaginary, may cause him to lose both life and honour*; that *far from averting danger by his objectless wanderings, he only increased it*; and winding up by pressing upon him the necessity of *placing himself in the hands of physicians, on account of his peccant humour, and strictly complying with their prescriptions*.

This from an honest man, a real friend, one, too, who had had opportunity of studying Tasso's infirmity at Rome on the previous year, and who judged of it, and ascribed it to the same causes, as the Duke of Ferrara had done from its first outbreak.

Tasso's reply, on the 14th December, contains a request that the cardinal should exert himself with Alfonso, *by whom he wishes to be released from this misery rather than by any one else*. It is not clear whether at this time he solicited permission to return, or merely forgiveness—to allay the fears of Alfonso's vengeance, with which he seemed frequently possessed. What causes of offence he had given, besides the terrible one hinted by Rosini, is sufficiently manifest, and is to be looked for in those very *suspensions and fears* at which the good cardinal could hardly refrain from laughing in the midst of all his compassion, and by which the poet intimated that Alfonso had designs on his life.

Supposing Alfonso to have worked hard to cure Tasso of his unreasonable mistrust of his courtiers, and to see himself repaid for his troubles by becoming himself the object of outrageous suspicions, we shall have no reason to wonder if his indignation got the better of his patience; nor are we at a loss to understand what fresh alarm must, in the peculiar frame of his mind, have accrued to poor Tasso from the assurance that his stern patron had actually taken offence at his conduct.

Cardinal Albano, however, did not limit his kind offices to a mere appeal to Alfonso's placability. He returns to the charge about Tasso's writings, which Alfonso, now more than ever persuaded of the unfitness of Torquato for mental exertion, was less than ever disposed to place within his reach. His answer was merely a repetition of what he had written to Rome, viz., that *Tasso could do no better than come back to Ferrara and trust himself to his doctors*. The cardinal, in an evil moment, communicated this welcome message to Tasso, adding, that Alfonso's third marriage with Margaret of Mantua afforded an excellent opportunity for finding the duke in his happiest mood, and that the nuptial festivities would afford him that diversion his shattered mind was so greatly in need of.

There was not one of Tasso's friends more immediately about him at the time, and better able, consequently, to judge of the real state of his mind, that did not in the strongest language dissuade him from that perilous journey. But Tasso's evil genius was not to be resisted. On the 21st of February (1579) he was once more at Ferrara. On the 24th, he had already repented having gone, and begged his Roman friends to intercede so that he may have his papers and be allowed to depart in peace. On the 12th of March he solicited their good offices, that he may, at least,

obtain some accommodation at court. In the midst of the bustle and confusion consequent upon the inroad of a royal bride's retinue, the unfriended poet had been wilfully or accidentally overlooked. He had in vain sued for an audience with the duke, or with either of the princesses, his sisters. The base minions of the court received him, as he alleges, with every mark of contempt: possibly only with cold and embarrassed looks, which might be the effect of their impression of the hopeless case of Tasso's disease, but which it was too natural for him to attribute to their sense of his irretrievable disgrace.

Then did Tasso break out into the bitterest language against them; against the duke, too, and his family. What his words actually were, in what tone uttered, and where; how often repeated, and with what aggravation reported to Alfonso, it is now impossible to ascertain. Tasso himself makes light of them, sometimes saying that "he offended the duke only by *a few slight words*, the like of which are often uttered by discontented courtiers."* But elsewhere he asks pardon for his "*false, mad, and rash words*" (false, pazze e temerarie),† and refers his misfortunes mainly, if not quite solely, to them.

Thus had the prince (agreeably to Rosini's views) obtained his fell intent. He took, or affected to take, those few words as a fresh instance of the dangerous character of Tasso's illness, and issued orders that he should be conveyed to a place of security.

All this, two years after Tasso's first arrest, had already laid him at his discretion; four years, at least, after the obscene verses which we supposed to have supplied him with the proofs of the poet's offence first came into his hands; and nine years after those unlucky poems were written—at least, alluded to.

Well might old Homer say that a king's wrath loses nothing by keeping!

And yet we do not think that we need go further for proofs of Tasso's derangement than such as too plainly result from the infatuation which brought him back to Ferrara—an infatuation for which all Mr. Milman's apt and novel illustrations of the "irresistible loadstone," and "the moth hovering about the flame," &c., afford no satisfactory explanation. Indeed, Tasso's infatuation will appear all the more unaccountable, if we admit that he had any surmise of the real source of Alfonso's displeasure; but, indeed, we think Rosini's troubles to find in Tasso's writings any allusion to such a surmise have been to little purpose. Indeed, it may be demonstrated, that if Tasso ever had, either by his deeds or writings, given any offence of the nature mentioned by Rosini, he lived to the last in utter unconsciousness of it. Else, where would have been the prudence of his frequent pathetic addresses to the princesses? Must not the poet be aware that any mention of one of those two royal ladies on his part would have added fresh fuel to the fury which Alfonso with so much difficulty smothered in his breast? Up to Leonora's dying day (February 10th, 1581), he sent her a message, in free and affectionate terms, through her spiritual attendant. After her death, it is true, the poet seems to have banished her from his thoughts utterly; and this silence Mr. Milman considers as characteristic of "a great passion." There is, how-

* Discourse to Scipio Gonzaga, written probably in May, 1579.

† Letter to Alfonso. Lettere, tom. v., p. 292.

ever, no reason to believe that Tasso, in the most critical moments, evinced any conscious dread of any allusion to the subject.

He was not, it is true, without misgivings respecting some impure verses which he looked upon as "tares among the wheat," and which he purposed to "remove from his compositions."* There is a famous passage† in which he implores to be released from St. Anna, "without being troubled for those things which he had written on matters of —." The last word is nowhere to be found in the MSS. Mr. Wilde suggests that "the ominous blank" should be filled up by "LOVE." But even allowing him to read those garbled fragments to his best satisfaction, we do not think either of those two passages could bear any relation to the case of the princess. Mr. Wilde must not forget, that all Tasso's writings at this period passed through the hands of rigid censors, and seldom, at first, reached their destination. Had they admitted of such a construction as Mr. Wilde puts upon it, they would never have come to the critic's hands. And we must, indeed, think the American gentleman must have read and translated those lengthy and desultory documents (the "Discourses to Scipio Gonzaga—to Buoncompagno, &c.") to little purpose, if he did not perceive, in the midst of great wanderings and glaring inconsistencies, what the real thoughts were by which Tasso's mind was beset. "Tares amongst wheat," he called the luxurious descriptions of the nymphs in Armida's gardens, and similar flights of a too warm imagination in any of his compositions, either epic or lyric. The gloomy and bigoted character of his religion, such as the Jesuits had fostered in him from earliest childhood, made him look upon those effusions with morbid regret. Hence, as early as 1570, he had, as we have seen, decreed that verses of that voluptuous nature should not survive him. Hence, his great jealousy of any interference with his papers, which drove him with such precipitancy from the University of Bologna, in 1564, and which equally deprived him of a comfortable home with the Count of Paleno, or Conca, in 1592, on the most groundless suspicions. Hence, finally, his endless fears, and at last despair, at the premature and unacknowledged publication of his "Jerusalem," ere the *tares* had been carefully removed. Hence the "Jerusalem Conquered," and the "Seven Days of Creation," in his later years, intended as an antidote to his juvenile compositions—even as "Le Lagrime di San Pietro," were written by Marino in atonement for the profligate style of his "Adone."

These licentious poems, together with his fears of heterodoxy and utter scepticism, constituted in Tasso's mind a long score for which he fancied himself amenable to the jurisdiction of the holy office. It would be difficult to decide whether remorse for such sins was, or was not, greater than his fears of their consequences. But it is very possible that he ascribed to the tenebrous vengeance of the Dominican tribunal what seemed to him too harsh in the treatment he met with at Alfonso's hands. His immediate guilt with respect to that prince, he thought, consisted merely in his design to quit Ferrara for the court of Tuscany, and in several deliberate marks of personal disrespect, both in words and deeds.

Nothing, meanwhile, seems more decidedly clear than the fact, that the Inquisition never, at any time, interfered with Tasso, except at his own

* Discourse to Scipio Gonzaga.

† Letter to the Duke of Urbino, tom. i., p. 287.

earnest and urgent request; and that, although Alfonso may eventually have suffered the poet's provocation to get the better of his feelings of humanity, yet he hesitated for full two years before proceeding to extreme measures, and would, most probably, fain have been rid of Tasso in any other manner, if he had been able. It is in vain, we think, to refer, for proofs to the contrary, to a hint from Tasso himself* in a letter to his sister, dated Pesaro, September 25th, 1578, in which the poet states "that a gentleman of the Duke of Ferrara had been there on purpose to bring him back;" for the poet immediately adds, that he "waits to be invited;" by which it remains more than doubtful whether indeed the "gentleman" was at all sent by the duke, and empowered to make advances for his return—even supposing that Tasso's boast did not arise from a pious wish to tranquillise his sister's alarm for his safety. Similar misstatements and contradictions, as to the real state of his fears and hopes, occur but too frequently in his writings; witness the confidence with which he asserted to Veniero at Venice (in July of the same year, 1578) that he could always write a better poem than his "Jerusalem," in the same breath as he bewailed its loss, and assigned it as the great cause of his incurable hankering after Ferrara.

When we frankly express our opinion that Tasso was but too surely his own greatest enemy—that a constitutional weakness, the traces of which are discernible in him from the cradle to the grave, at last broke out into repeated fits of actual madness—and that Alfonso (together with Cardinal Albano, the Duke of Mantua, and all his best friends) was actuated by a conviction that it was not safe for the unhappy man himself that he should be indulged with the further enjoyment of his freedom—we do not mean to exonerate the Duke of Ferrara from the charge of harshness and obstinacy, or even to insinuate that something like ungenerous and unreasonable resentment did not mingle with the originally benevolent intentions with which he, at first, consigned Torquato to a lunatic asylum.

There is, however, no need of painting the devil any blacker than he really is. Had it not been for Tasso's unhappy romance, and a certain haughty displeasure shown to Guarini, Alfonso's memory would have passed unchallenged to posterity, as that of a prince of high chivalrous spirits in his youth, and an active and provident ruler in maturer age. The charges brought against him by a writer in the pay of a rival house, respecting the murder of his first wife, and other dark tragedies of that nature, so eagerly seized upon by Mr. Milman, rest upon no historical ground.† Rosini was too wise to allow himself even a passing admission

* Lettere, tom. v., p. 22.

† "Lucrezia, seconda figliuola del Duca Cosimo, fu la prima moglie d' Alfonso, Duca di Ferrara; — questa signora ebbe altri pensieri che il duca, e s' avvide questo signore che non era amato da Lei e perciò procurò al tutto farla morire, siccome fece."—Origine e discendenza della Real Casa de' Medici.—MSS., Vita di Cosmo. Even admitting the truth of this dark hint, it contains not the slightest allusion to poison, or other violent means. Alfonso *endeavoured to cause her death*, which he might have done by breaking her heart. Other writers, in fact, say very plainly that the duke killed her by his neglect; that is, he followed the wars during the whole time that she was at Ferrara. The young Prince of Urbino acted in the same manner with respect to Lucrezia of Este, to whom he had equally been married from mere reasons of state. These gallant princes, it would seem, cared less to face the Turk on the high seas, or the plains of Hungary, than the "Tartar" at home.

of such idle traditions. A great deal of Tasso's hardships in St. Anna, if they need be ascribed to Alfonso, must be set down on the score of neglect only, and readiness to dismiss an unpleasant subject from his thoughts. Tasso himself invariably contends, that the duke was kept in the dark as to the real amount of his sufferings; and the well-known personal enmity of the prior of the hospital, Agostino Mosti, gives us good reason to suspect that Alfonso's directions were either wilfully misinterpreted or flagrantly disregarded. We must also never lose sight of the peculiar notions of a barbarous age, with regard to mental infirmities—an age when a poet could devise no better means of bringing his demented hero to his senses than—

Molt' acqua, poco pane, e bastonate.

Of the real state of Tasso's mind, immediately before and after his arrest, it must also be borne in mind, we have actually no positive information. Rosini, indeed, thinks, that on the very fourth day of his confinement to a madhouse, Tasso had already obtained sufficient comfort and composure of mind to indite a metrical supplication to the princesses.* His assertion is, however, not only made in defiance of all common sense, but depends upon the interpretation of a line or two, wrong both in grammar and logic. It requires no mighty stretch of imagination to conjecture, that Tasso was conveyed to his melancholy abode, and continued there, in a state of violent frenzy, for at least two or three months, during which it might, without cruelty, be deemed expedient to subject him to the common treatment of a maniac; that, when at last he awoke from his horrid dream, and looked up from the blindness of his affliction, he beheld with dismay the squalor and wretchedness which environed him. It is impossible to fix any positive date to his writings previous to the month of May (1579); and it is quite evident, that he had no sooner exhibited any symptom of tranquillity, than he found himself supplied with writing materials—the very best solace he could wish for against weariness and desolation; and at the first sign of life he gave, his “den” in the madhouse becomes “le sue stanze in St. Anna.” A free intercourse with friends and strangers is subsequently allowed. (Montaigne's visit took place, according to Ginguené, in November, 1580, but the Prince of Mantua must have been admitted at least a year previously.) His letters

* See Sonnet 343. Rime, tom. i., p. 177 :—

Suore del grande Alfonso, il terzo giro
Ha già compiuto il gran pianeta eterno
Ch' io dallo strazio afflitto e dallo scherno
Di Fortuna crudele egro sospiro.

Il terzo giro (the third evolution) can equally apply to the third day, third month, and third year. Manso gave it the last interpretation, and thought the sonnet to have been written after the expiration of the third year of the poet's confinement. Rosini adverts to the fact, that one of the princesses, Leonora, was dead more than a year before that time, and that the sonnet must therefore be referred to the fourth day. But as *il gran pianeta* (the great luminary) equally applies to the moon, the date may be postponed by three months, without inconvenience. Besides, Tasso does not, by these lines, number the years of his confinement, but merely looks back on the long period of his calamities, which he may well date from his first arrest in 1577. It is the hastiness of such conclusions that from the first put us on our guard against the professor.

and discourses, his appeals to popes and emperors, to the free cities, and all the princes of Italy, were suffered, in many instances, to reach their destination, notwithstanding endless complaints, notwithstanding even an occasional sneer against the person of his princely gaoler. Finally, the very gates of his prison-house are thrown open, and he is, under the custody of kind friends, taken to the villas and palaces of the great, to masquerades, and other diversions. These are proofs that Alfonso, however stern and arbitrary, was neither methodical nor inexorable in his exercise of cruelty. Had he been actuated by a secret and delicate resentment, such as is attributed to him, his ferocity would have been progressive and deliberate. His object, above all things, would have been to deprive his victim of all power of retaliation, for he well knew that Torquato had a tongue and a pen; and nothing would have been easier than so to guard and encompass him, as to prevent him from letting out a secret that involved the honour of Alfonso's family.

It is true that Alfonso resisted the entreaties that were urged from all quarters for the poet's release; but it must be observed, that such solicitations generally came from parties at a great distance from Ferrara, and likely, therefore, to be imposed upon by the apparent lucidity and grandiloquence of Tasso's addresses; that Alfonso was, therefore, probably justified, when he invariably met such requests, by observing that Tasso's friends did not know what they were asking, and that he best knew what was good for his prisoner. Alfonso's obstinacy, however, could hardly arise from a wish to secure the poet's silence to eternity; since Tasso's confinement implied neither strict seclusion, nor a check upon the freest intercourse; and since, however late, the day of rescue came at last.

Alfonso, it is well known, granted Tasso's liberty to the Prince of Mantua, on condition that he should take the safe keeping of the convalescent madman upon himself. And the poet was strictly guarded at Mantua for above a year; nor did he break bonds even then without great regret and alarm on the part of his new patrons. This seems to us sufficient proof that others, besides Alfonso, were not quite satisfied about the poet's recovery.

At any rate, it seems obvious enough, that neither at St. Anna, nor at large abroad, was Tasso looked upon by Alfonso as possessed with any secret of which the prince had reason to dread the revelation. After all the provocation of seven years' false imprisonment, Alfonso still seemed, as it were, to defy him. And yet, were there any truth in Rosini's hypothesis, Tasso had only to print, in or out of Italy, some of his most objectionable sonnets, with the headings that really belonged to them, and the fair name of Leonora must have become a by-word among the enemies of her house.

This Alfonso must have apprehended; and yet Tasso lived, and moved unconfined among the living.

And Tasso, be it remembered, not only had generosity enough to spare Leonora, and her brother for her sake, but hardly a mention occurs in his writings, from the day of his release to his last letter to Alfonso himself, written almost on his deathbed (Rome, December 10, 1594)—hardly a word written to, or about, his former patrons at Ferrara, which is not conceived in the most extravagant tone of fulsome adulation—a meekness and forbearance which some would ascribe to abject fear on the poet's part of

the tyrant's far-reaching revenge. For to this we come at last, that, in order to do away with the painful but irresistible fact of Tasso's mental disease, his vindicators scruple not to involve him in contradictions more outrageous than madness itself, and to attribute to him the meanest and most puerile shifts of simulation and pusillanimity—to him, the creator of such lofty characters as—we will not say the knightly Godfrey and Tancred—but the high-minded Pagans, Argante, and Soliman themselves!

But our task was not, after all, to afford fresh proofs of Tasso's madness—a fact already sufficiently established by the mere testimony of the cool and disinterested Montaigne*—a fact for which the poet's constitutional gloom, restlessness, and suspiciousness, prepare us long before his confinement, and of which all the actions of his after-life afford the most ample confirmation.

Nor was it our purpose to reject altogether the theory of Tasso's love for Leonora, nor the influence that this passion might have upon his reason no less than upon his fortunes: we merely wished to prove that the hypothesis rests on no solid ground; and that the arguments by which Rosini has endeavoured to present it under a new aspect, and to give it a new and more stringent demonstration, appear to us anything but unanswerable.

The question remains, therefore, in our opinion, on exactly the same terms as it was left by Dr. Black, in a work distinguished as much by candour as by extensive research and ability—the work of a man who, no matter what may be said of Serassi, could hardly be suspected of any design to burn posthumous incense to the House of Este.

Having thus expressed our opinion of the untenableness of Rosini's views, we shall be understood to have equally passed our judgment upon Mr. Milman's work, in which those same views are rather indiscriminately adopted, and not very soberly bodied forth and enlarged upon.

It is "the blind led by the blind," and we know what fate awaits them both.

* "J'en eus plus de dépit encore que de compassion de le voir à Ferrara en si piteux état survivant à soy-même, méconnoissant et soy et ses ouvrages."—Lib. ii., chap. 2. Montaigne attributed Tasso's madness to intense mental occupation: "A cette exacte et tendue apprehension de la raison qui l'a mis sans raison; à la curieuse et laborieuse queste des sciences qui l'a conduit à la bestise," &c. Mr. Milman quotes, in refutation of Montaigne, the opinions of Aldus and others, who also visited Tasso, and found "his senses perfectly sound and entire." But, in the first place, the visits alluded to took place several years after that of Montaigne (that of Aldus in 1581); then, we never for one moment doubted that Tasso's malady had its long lucid intervals. Mr. Milman, however, does not well interpret Muzio Manfredi's expression: "è assai in cervello;" which he renders by "is thoroughly in his senses." The Italian *assai* means "he is *pretty well* in his senses, *considering*." For the rest, we could quote Tasso's own misgivings, a thousand times, to prove that he, at least, did not think *his senses perfectly sound and entire*, even long after his deliverance.

A HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY MISTAKE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

HOW MESSRS. FLUFFY AND GIMP HEARD OF SOMETHING GREATLY TO THEIR ADVANTAGE.

It was at a celebrated "sporting-house" in the Haymarket, well known for the "finish" which it gives to the young men of fashion who frequent it, that one evening, towards the end of last October, two individuals who aimed at the above distinction were enjoying some very excellent oysters and a bottle of execrable Chablis, *à la façon de Paris*, though, had they followed their real inclinations, the accompaniment to the "natives" would rather have been *à la façon de Londres*, in the shape of a pot of stout. But the youths in question wished to seem fine, and, like most persons in that predicament, they punished themselves accordingly.

Their conversation was of a highly intellectual nature—turning chiefly on sporting subjects—and whoever paid attention to it might have discovered, without much difficulty, that they had still a good deal to learn before they actually became the knowing ones they already thought themselves. This, at all events, appeared to be the impression of a third "party" in a cut-away coat, drab shorts, and a pair of long, wrinkled gaiters, buttoning down the front of the legs, who was seated alone at a small table near them, engaged with a glass of gin-and-water and a cigar, but apparently more intent upon a soiled copy of *Bell's Life* than anything else. That such was actually the case may, however, be doubted, for his eye might occasionally be seen above the edge of the paper, watching the "knowing ones" with a very peculiar expression.

The elder of the pair, who answered to the name of Fluffy, was a heavy young man, with a large body, large head, and large eyes—the last without any kind of meaning in them; the younger, on the contrary, whom he addressed as Gimp, was of that meagre style of build which is familiarly symbolised by the "shotten herring," and seemed as nervous in temperament as his companion was sedate.

They had exhausted many topics, and were just coming to a stand-still, when Mr. Fluffy observed that he wished he knew where he could get any good shooting, and Mr. Gimp echoed his friend's remark by wishing that he did also.

"Beg pardon, gents," said the man from the other side of the newspaper, "but was you ever in France?"

"No," replied Mr. Gimp, answering for both; "what for?"

"Why," returned the stranger, "because there's plenty of shooting to be had over there."

"Is there?" said Mr. Fluffy, with the calm philosophy which distinguishes the disciples of the Portico and the sporting school alike; "whereabouts?"

"At Montrool," replied the stranger, whose accuracy of pronunciation was not quite equal to his local knowledge.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Fluffy. "Where's Montrool?"

"A little ways up the country; about twenty mile or so from Bolong," returned his informant.

"What kind of shooting is it?" inquired Mr. Gimp.

"Cock and duck and snipe, and all that sort of thing," answered the stranger. "Blest if I haven't flushed twenty brace of cocks of a morning, in a little wood there, not far from Nampong. Ah! and in the marshes, too, round about Montrool itself, I've seen more snipe in a day than half a dozen gents could shoot in a month!"

"Is the place get-at-able?" asked Mr. Fluffy, beginning to take more interest in the question, as he heard of the fatness of the promised land.

"There's the rail from Bolong takes you in half an hour from the Eat-apples station, or the one beyond it—no matter which—and then you makes your way across in a 'buss or a potash, or whatever they calls the conveyance. That's about seven mile further; but if any one as I knowed was a goin' a sportin' in them parts, I should recommend 'em altogether different."

"What would you recommend?" demanded Mr. Gimp, in his quick, suspicious manner.

"Why you see, gents," said the stranger, edging his chair a little nearer as he spoke, "France isn't England—and what does very well for one country doesn't do at all for another. The proper way to enjoy a month or two's shootin' in France is to take and hire a shatter. You has it all to yourself, and then there's nobody what can perwent you from goin' and doin' just what you like."

"What's a shatter?" inquired Mr. Fluffy.

"A shatter, sir, is what the French calls their country 'ouses. There's one as I know myself in that very neighb'rood—belongs to a brother-in-law of mine—leastways he rents it of the pro-pre-rioter—which would suit any gent as was so minded to take it."

"Does your brother-in-law live there?" interrogated Mr. Gimp.

"You'll excuse me, gents," said the stranger, drawing quite close up to the table where the two friends were seated—"you'll excuse *me*, but if it's a matter of bisness, I can give the best of satisfaction. My name's Doo—Thomas Doo—the landlord of this 'ouse has known me 'onnerable a many years. Before I set up for myself I was stud groom to the Hearl of Mountsplasher—a Hirish nobleman, which his estate is now encumbered, and his lordship in the Killdevil Union. Here's my brother-in-law's card—'Sniggs, late Doo's, livery stables, Bolong-sur-Mare.' I looks after the concern occasionally myself, buys his 'osses and that, for Sniggs has his objections to crossin' the sea more than he can help, and so it's generally me as comes over to Tatt's to lay out his money for him. I think Sniggs gives hisself too much to do, what with the stables and carri'ges and a brewery as he's got a share in, and then this here shatter! 'Jane,' says I to my sister, 'can't you persuade Sniggs to let the shatter; 'taint of no manner of use to him, with his increasin' bisness?' 'Well,' says my sister, 'I'll talk to him about it;' and so she did, and the upshot of the matter is, that Sniggs give his consent only last Toosday was a week, and there the shatter is, if nobody hasn't snapped it up, for there's a many sportin' gents at Bolong as would be glad enough to get it."

Mr. Doo paused here to observe the effect of his oratory. It had been

listened to very attentively by the "sporting gents" whom he had addressed, and Mr. Gimp, who gave himself credit for looking further into milestones than his friend, proceeded, with a very knowing air, to cross-examine the ex-groom of Lord Mountsplasher.

"How far do you say this shattoe is from Bullon?" he asked, correcting Mr. Doo's pronunciation in two important particulars, though after a fashion of his own.

"Why, for the matter of that," returned the horse and house-dealer, "it may be two-and-twenty, or it may be five-and-twenty mile. I can't say to a killymitter or two."

"What's a killymitter?" ejaculated Mr. Fluffy.

"A French milestone, sir," replied Mr. Doo, in an apologetic tone; and then added, as a sort of moral reflection, "Poor fellers! it's their natur'. They can't call nothing by its right name."

"What's the size of the shattoe?" pursued Mr. Gimp.

"A goodish big size," answered he of the wrinkled gaiters; "a'most as large as one of the clubbusses in Pell-Mell. It's a splendid place, with the very best accommodation for man and 'oss. Per'aps there isn't such another for miles round."

"And what's the figure—the rent, you know?" urged Mr. Gimp, winking, at the same time, at Mr. Fluffy, as much as to say, "I'm not to be had; I've bought and sold before now, I have."

"Taking the shatter by the year," replied Mr. Doo, "it's five thousand frongs per hannum."

"Put that into English," said Mr. Fluffy.

"Five thousand frongs is jest two 'underd a year," was the reply. "If taken for a shorter term, why it rises proportially."

"How much a quarter?" asked Mr. Gimp, decisively.

"You see, sir," returned Mr. Doo, fencing with the question, that he might see exactly how far to lay it on—"you see, sir, Sniggs never calkilated upon less than a half, otherways it would leave him with the 'ouse on his 'ands at the dead time of the year. This is a'most Nowember, and three months brings it to Febuary. Now Febuary, March, and April is *not* quite the season when gents such as you—unless you was worry fond indeed of shootin'—would go for to hire a French shatter, when most of the game is killed or flowed away. You gents knows too much for that."

Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp hereupon shook their heads, and said, "*That* wouldn't do with *them*;" and, by way of parenthesis, the former ordered glasses of brandy-and-water all round, to which Mr. Doo offered a very feeble opposition, though he did say he wasn't in the habit of mixing his liquors. Having submitted, however, and drunk "towards" the good health of his entertainers, he proceeded:

"Now, if I was to try and get Sniggs to halter his determination about the lettin' of this here shatter, I don't think he'd let it go for the quarter under eighty or ninety pound. It's been nooly put into repair, and the furnitur' has cost him a sight o' money——"

"It's furnished, then?" interrupted Mr. Gimp.

Mr. Doo bit his lips, perceiving the mistake he had made; but it was too late to retract.

"Furnished!" he replied; "in coorse it is. That's what makes it so dirt cheap. What should you say, sir," he continued, appealing to Mr.

Fluffy, "if Windsor Castle, and her Majesty's best drorrin'-rooms and budwars, and the use of the stables, and the right of shootin' over the Great Park, and ridin' after Prince Halbert's 'arriers, was offered you at thirty pound a month? What should *you* say? I'll tell you," he went on, perceiving that Mr. Fluffy remained with his mouth and eyes wide open, utterly unable to grapple with so bewildering a supposition; "you'd say you was in clover, that's all. And that's what you *will* say, if so be as you thinks proper to hire the Shatter Dellyfange. That's the name it goes by in them parts."

Mr. Doo then proceeded to enumerate the many attractive features which rendered the Château de la Fange so eligible as a winter residence for gentlemen devoted to the sports of the field.

The château, he said, stood in its own grounds, on a pleasant level, nicely sheltered, and surrounded by wood and water, about a couple of miles from the high road between Montreuil and Abbeville. The coach-house and stables were undeniable, and he strongly recommended any one who lived there to take his own carriage and horses—or hire them at Boulogne, it was all the same—for the public conveyances were scarce in that part of the country now the rail was open. There were rooms enough in the building for at least a dozen best beds, if gentlemen had friends to accommodate; the saloons, on which he insisted with much force, were splendid, and the kennels first-rate. In short, it was a gem of the first water, and almost too good to live in—at the price.

Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp listened to his glowing periods with unrestrained delight, and, in proportion as the fumes of their renovated tumblers ascended to the receptacles where the brain is usually lodged—in heads that have any—they mentally bagged no end to woodcocks, duck, teal, snipe, curlew, moorhens, golden and grey plover, every aquatic fowl, indeed, that Mr. Doo released from the aviary of his imagination; and before the party separated for the night they bound themselves in a writing—which the landlord of the Spotted Buffalo and his head waiter kindly witnessed—to take the Château de la Fange for a period of three months from that date, and in default thereof to pay to Mr. Thomas Doo, "or his order," the sum of twenty pounds, "merely," said that gentleman, "for his damnification, in case the gents should change their minds."

But, in order to satisfy Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp (who had reached that point of comprehension which "doesn't require any explanation") that it was no part of Mr. Doo's system to be hard upon his friends, he positively refused to fill up the amount on a piece of stamped paper which he drew from his pocket-book.

"Let it remain in blank," said he, with a generosity that is rarely met with. "All I care about as a man of 'onner is your two signatura, just to keep myself from gettin' into trouble with Sniggs. I know that, as men of 'onner, you'd fill it up if ever you was called to, and that's all about it."

Accordingly, in handwriting rather reedy, but sufficiently legible for a souvenir—at three months—Mr. Gimp put his name to the bill, and Mr. Fluffy indorsed it. All three then departed, perfectly satisfied with the share each had borne in the night's transaction.

II.

HOW THEY WENT IN SEARCH OF IT.

HAD the estimable Mr. Zadkiel been requested to set the horoscopes of Peter Fluffy, or Octavius Gimp, he would, after a brief consideration of the laws of metoposcopy, have come to the conclusion that neither of them were born when Jupiter—who conferreth wisdom—was in the ascendant; and, deducing an inference from this fact, he would probably have discovered—to use the words of his science—that “Saturn was opposed in the house of life at some of the most important junctures of their affairs;” in other words, that each of them ran a considerable risk of being “done” in the course of his worldly career. He would not, however, have told them so, for the votaries of astrology are not willing listeners to disagreeable predictions; neither do they “fork out” so handsomely for a bad fortune as a good one. But we, who never expect to hear the Californian chink of their liberality, may unhesitatingly utter our real opinion, though, after the occurrences just described, it may scarcely be thought necessary; “*Soit fait pour dict*,” as the old law phrase has it. But we may add, what has not yet been set forth, that besides their natural folly—though it runs counter to general experience—these youths were as unlucky in the issue of their plans as unwise in the conception of them, and it was almost a pity that they hunted in couples, for, taken separately, either would have offered a very fair mark for the world to shoot at.

On the morning after the *soirée* at the Spotted Buffalo, Mr. Fluffy awoke with a slight headache, which was shared by Mr. Gimp, who also shared the expenses of the suite of chambers in which the friends resided. They met at breakfast, and, on comparing notes, felt satisfied that they had embarked in a scheme in which neither of them felt quite equal to go alone, and which presented difficulties even to their united abilities. They were not sorry, therefore, when their *tête-à-tête* was broken in upon by the appearance of Mr. Thomas Doo, who “respectfully called,” according to promise, intimation of where they were to be found having been given to him the over-night. A slight misgiving might have haunted them when they “affably” shook hands with their new acquaintance, for the first time in their sober moments; but the feeling passed away immediately, the company they were in the habit of keeping not being the most select.

Mr. Doo was full of information; not about the château—there was no necessity for describing that over again which was a *fait accompli*—but about the means of getting to it; he wanted, in fact, to wash his hands of Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp as soon as he could, trusting that his brother-in-law would give as good an account of them in Boulogne as he had already done in London. For this purpose he obligingly undertook to procure their passports, at the out-of-the-way hole in the city where that business is now carried on, to the extreme disgust of every west-end traveller; and, the regular charge not being enough, tacked on to it something very like a “Foreign-office” addition, which sufficiently rewarded him for the trouble he had put himself to. The money preparations of the travellers being then accomplished—without the intervention of Mr. Doo—

their packing done, their own and their dogs' tickets taken, and nothing left but to step into the train, they took a polite leave of that gentleman, and, in defiance of railway regulations, smoked all the way down to Folkestone, considering it "a jolly lark" to have evaded the not over-scrupulous guard.

But there was one thing they could not evade, and that was the penalty exacted by the marine deities from strangers to their element. In Steele's humorous comparison between the two actors Penkethman and Bullock, he says, that "Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active in jumping over a stick." Without being humorous, but only truthful, we may say, in instituting our comparison, that Mr. Fluffy exhibited a most extraordinary aptitude for reclining under the cabin-table, while Mr. Gimp made himself equally wretched on a deceitful horse-hair sofa. Even the dogs had a happy time of it, compared with their masters; and what would have become of the whole lot, biped as well as canine, it would have been difficult to say, had they not all been taken in tow by a gentleman who wore a gold band round his forage cap, and buttons of a nautical type, and who took the unusual liberty of speaking to the man at the wheel. The uninformed on board the steamer imagined him the captain at the very least, but when it became apparent that he sympathised with those who suffered from sea-sickness, they were at once undeceived.

His compassionate aid was very freely bestowed on our friends Fluffy and Gimp; he ordered hot brandy-and-water for them, wrapped them up in cloaks, extricated them from beneath tables, steadied them on their uneasy couches, held the— But no matter, it is enough to say that he acted the part of a ministering angel in every particular, and when these youthful travellers were finally subdued to a state of comparative composure, he gently insinuated the nature of his profession, which was that of *commissionnaire* to the Pavilion Hotel at Boulogne. This caravanseraï was, he assured them, one of the most splendid on the Continent, its situation close to the sea (here both the young men shuddered audibly)—that is to say, only near enough to be pleasant; its situation was the very best in all the town, its charges excessively moderate, its waiters all attention, its chambermaids all grace and good-humour, its landlord the model of all that was polite and agreeable. All those who are not in the habit of shifting for themselves will recognise this formula, and admit that it is as applicable to any one hotel as to all. But there was no need of so much eloquent hyperbole to persuade two such forlorn individuals as Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp at that moment were, to submit themselves entirely to his guidance. He at once obtained a *carte-blanche* to deal with them as he pleased. He registered their names in his pocket-book, took their keys, possessed himself of their retrievers, fought for them amid the host of rival *commissionnaires* on the wharf, interpreted for them at the Douane, and succeeded eventually in housing them at the Hotel du Pavillon, as valuable a capture as that establishment had profited by during the whole season.

It is no intention of ours to describe the proceedings of two such neophytes as Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp on their first arrival in France. Their story has been often told a thousand times, and will hardly bear repetition. Let it suffice for us to say that these distinguished foreigners inducted themselves after the usual manner of their class; and that the

process by which they did so was not calculated to enhance the reputation of their countrymen for sobriety or politeness. These preliminaries settled, they bethought themselves of the purpose for which they had crossed over to Boulogne; and under the guidance of Monsieur Alphonse, the commissionaire with the gold band and nautical buttons, they were conducted to the abode of Mr. Sniggs, the brother-in-law of Mr. Doo, whom they found engaged in his customary avocations.

Mr. Sniggs was one of those persons whose profession it is easy to recognise as soon as you see them. Though he had now been for some time a resident in France, his garments were of the same cut, and his manners of the same pattern, as when he officiated in Bayhorse Mews, Piccadilly, before that affair of "Running Rein," which got him into a little trouble, and made it desirable that he should seek a milder climate than that of England. He was, indeed, altogether the same man; a little more hardened, perhaps, in his purpose—though it was difficult to improve upon his original character—and a little more off-hand in his style; but these slight alterations arose from the nature of the society with which he had latterly been obliged to mix. In Bayhorse Mews, Piccadilly, he had been in the habit of meeting as many flats as sharps, and the full powers of his intellect had not, therefore, been brought into play on every occasion; but at Boulogne-sur-Mer, every Englishman with whom he dealt was a sharp, whose acuteness nearly equalled his own; and it behoved him, consequently, to exercise redoubled wariness, not merely to circumvent, but to prevent himself from being circumvented. This accounted for any internal change, and what exterior alteration had taken place was attributable to the more familiar terms on which he lived with his customers. If Colonel Saint Aubyn invited Bob Sniggs to dine with him, that they might talk the matter over about the foundered horse the colonel wanted to put up for sale at Sniggs's stables, why, Bob Sniggs was as useful to the colonel as the colonel was to him. If Major Grenville Fitz-Cavendish, who found *écarté* a much more valuable property than his Irish, or even his English estates, was occasionally in want of a little "ready," and Bob Sniggs was able—somehow—to get it for him,—or, what was the same thing, to find a pigeon for Fitz-Cavendish to pluck,—why, again the *maquignon* was on a level with the major. If Captain— But no, there are no captains at Boulogne—not a single *chevalier d'industrie* in the place holds a rank under that of a field officer—so we will say nothing more about the military; but if any of the gentlemen, laymen with two wives, or clergymen with three, who are always going over to England "next week," and never get nearer home than the "Hotel d'Angleterre" in the upper town,—if any of these required an arrangement of affairs that would not very well bear the light, and came to Bob Sniggs, as they generally did, for assistance, it was not surprising that Bob Sniggs should thrust his hands in his pockets, and swagger about his stable-yard with the air of a man who thought himself as good as the best of the lot,—nor be very far wrong in doing so.

Mr. Sniggs had no sooner set eyes on the new comers than he took their measure accordingly.

"It's hosses, I suppose," was the conjecture; and straightway he summoned before him a mental array of the showiest and worst in his stables; but when Mr. Gimp broke ground by speaking of the "shattoe,"

he instantly recollected the contents of a very ill-spelt, but very pregnant epistle which he had received the day before from Mr. Thomas Doo, and was "fly to the whole thing."

"Ah!" said he, "the Château de la Fange. You want to hire it for the winter's shooting? Well, you couldn't do a better thing. But I'm not sure that I have it to let. There was the Marquis de Lever le Vent here yesterday about it, and I half promised it to him; but the marquis is an uncertain chap, and I daresay I should be safer with you. You wouldn't ill-use the property like these French *sacrés gredins*." Mr. Sniggs had learnt a few choice expressions, as well as a tolerable mastery over the language, since he came to France. "I fancy you know the terms?"

"We understood from Mr. Doo," replied the astute Mr. Gimp, who was Mr. Fluffy's mouthpiece on the occasion, "that we could have the place for about eighty pounds the quarter;" and he chuckled to himself at having named the lowest sum the ex-groom had mentioned.

"Eighty pounds!" mused Mr. Sniggs; "let's see—how much is that in French money? I've been so long in France," he continued, looking up with a cheerful smile, "that I've almost forgot to reckon in English. Just step this way to my *bureau*. Eighty pounds," he repeated, as he led the way across the yard to a sort of counting-house under the *porte cochère*, where there was a wire screen in the window, some piles of five-franc pieces, and the words, "Change de *monnaies*" written above; "eighty pounds! we'll just ask my clerk." But the clerk was not in the way, and Mr. Sniggs was thrown back on his own resources; they, however, so far availed him that he was able to inform Mr. Gimp, with confidence, that eighty pounds sterling was exactly two thousand five hundred francs.

Mr. Sniggs made a trifling mistake here—unintentionally, of course—but he was set right in his error by Mr. Gimp, who, "not to be imposed upon by these French sharks," had made himself master of the relative values of French and English currency, and entered the same in his pocket-book, which, while Mr. Sniggs was speaking, he had been intently studying.

"Eighty pounds," observed he, stolidly, "is two thousand frongs."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Sniggs, "so it is; how could I make such a mistake? I told you I was a bad reckoner; my clerk, now, would have set me right in a minute; so it would have come to the same thing. Two thousand francs! I didn't mean to let it go for that; but if Tom Doo has said so, I suppose I must. That's a nice pair of retrievers; you'd have plenty of work for 'em to do if they knew how to do it. Ever over here before? I thought not. Capital dogs, I daresay; but no use in this country."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Gimp, shortly.

"Stands to reason," said Mr. Sniggs; "they don't know the language."

"What has that to do with it?" retorted Mr. Gimp.

"Everything," returned the other, quietly; "how do you think they're to make themselves understood if they can't bark in French?"

Mr. Gimp looked puzzled, as if the idea had never struck him before; and Mr. Fluffy rubbed his chin with the silver horse's fore-leg that ornamented the end of his cane.

"If you want a really useful brace of dogs," continued Mr. Sniggs, "I've got two beauties in that stable—big-'uns, rather, but better suited to the sort of country they have to travel over; no odds to them where they go; they can bark all languages—had 'em bred on purpose—show 'em to you by-and-by. But first about the château. You couldn't step in and take a bit of dinner with me, could you? Mine's just ready," he added, appealing to his watch; "we could soon settle the matter then."

Mr. Gimp said he should be "too happy," and Mr. Fluffy said nothing, but looked intense approval; and in the course of about ten minutes those gentlemen found themselves the honoured guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sniggs, doing justice to an excellent *pot au feu*, a *fricandeau*, fried soles, a superb dish of cauliflower, some *perdrix aux choux*, a piece of roast beef, a salad, and an enormous *poulet aux cressons*; to a dinner, in short, that was worth eating: for Mr. Sniggs was *un peu gourmand*, and "Mrs. S.," as he called her, did not hold the creature comforts in disdain. She was a stout, comely woman, as free and easy in manners as her husband, very nearly as wide awake, and a trifle more vulgar—the last-named distinction having its origin at the bar, to which she was bred, where she served out spirits and played the fine lady to grooms, cabmen, and flying dustmen.

Mr. Sniggs, who dealt in wine as well as in horses, produced some very fizzy champagne, which he pronounced first-rate—as every man does at his own table—and Messrs. Gimp and Fluffy confirmed his assertion; the result was, of course, the ordering of a supply for the château, nor did they omit to lay in a stock of the somewhat violent brandy to which they also did justice. Under the combined influence of these liquors, not only the dinner, but the business which followed it, passed off very agreeably; and when Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp rose from the table, they did so as the temporary proprietors of the Château de la Fange, with all the seignorial rights attached to the proprietorship, and the exclusive right of shooting over the illimitable territory that surrounded it. Mr. Sniggs, who had conscientiously made them acquainted with "the custom of the country," received his rent beforehand by an order upon the Boulogne bankers, which he got cashed before his guests left the room; at the instance of Mr. Fluffy, who overruled Mr. Gimp in the matter, the retrievers were exchanged for the gaunt nondescripts in the stable, Mr. Sniggs absolutely refusing to take anything to boot; and, at the recommendation of their host, they hired "his own britska" at the tune of five hundred francs a month, that they might "travel comfortably like gentlemen, with all their things about them."

Everything, therefore, being arranged, with the addition of a servant, who was not only "a native of the country," but spoke English perfectly, the horses were put to, and the travellers rattled off on their way to the Château de la Fange.

III.

HOW THEY FOUND WHAT THEY SOUGHT, WHICH WAS NOT EXACTLY
WHAT THEY WANTED.

To reach the château that evening, when we consider the hilly character of the road, and the steady resolve of French horses to subside into a walk the moment they feel the collar, was not to be expected;

and when the impatient sportsmen were informed by Louis, who soon proved himself a factotum, that they must pass the night at Montreuil, it required one of those admirable woodcock pies, for which the Cour de France has obtained so just a *renommée*, and which was served up to them at supper, to reconcile them to the detention.

Had Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp known the nature of the country through which they had just passed, they would not have been so desirous of exploring its charms in the dark; but after giving vent to some tremendously satirical remarks on French carriages, horses, roads, and postilions, which, if printed, would have produced an immense sensation, and perhaps have induced the "extreme right" to vote for war against perfidious Albion, our travellers fell asleep, and never completely awoke till they crossed the drawbridge of Montreuil, where their passports were demanded before the britska was permitted to penetrate within the martial but somewhat mouldy fortifications of that important town. They, therefore, only knew that they had arrived at Montreuil, and were obliged to be content with that knowledge. Had fate permitted them a more extended range of vision, it is possible that they might not have slept so soundly.

But the morning came, and with the morning was renewed the eagerness of Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp to instal themselves in their new abode.

"These French are merry devils," said Fluffy to his friend, as they sat at breakfast; "there seems to be no end of skylarking in this place; that man of ours, Louis, and the fellow who drove us here, have done nothing but kick up a row with the maids and people of the house all the morning. I wonder what it's all about; never heard people laugh so in all my life!"

Mr. Gimp, who was as suspicious as Scrub in the comedy, expressed a hope that *they* were not the cause of this universal mirth.

"If I thought so," said Mr. Gimp, with a ferocious air, "I'd very soon pitch into these Frenchmen."

As this observation, however, was made with far more reserve than a stage "aside," and as there was no one to witness the menace but Mr. Fluffy, it might be considered as portentive of no very great danger to the parties supposed to be threatened.

A few minutes after this brief dialogue, Louis came to announce the britska. The bill was paid, and our friends, with rather a stately air—that is to say, on the part of Mr. Gimp, who was short, and had a snub-nose—stepped into the carriage, Monsieur Marron, the host, appearing at the door to make his best bow and wish the gentlemen a pleasant journey.

He was not solitary in his good wishes, for the words "*bon voyage*" seemed to be the *mot d'ordre* of the establishment; the waiter, in his full plaited trousers and broad-tailed coat, repeated it with a wave of his napkin; the ostler, in his white nightcap and azure smockfrock, sent it forth with a low growl and a grim smile; and the chambermaids, whose well-coiffed heads were thrust out of the upper windows as far as their necks could stretch, screamed it out with shrill accents and undisguised laughter.

In the midst of these congratulations the *cortège* moved off along the high road towards Abbeville. Between Nampont, famous of yore for dead asses, and Bernay, celebrated not long since as the great pigeon-station, a

sign-post, on which the inscription was not very plain, caused the coachman to pull up.

"C'est bien ici, n'est-ce pas?" he said, turning to Louis.

"Attendez un instant, je vais voir," replied the active factotum, leaping down.

"Vous avez raison," he cried, after narrowly inspecting the direction; "Château de la Fange, cinq kilomètres."

He jumped up again beside the driver. "Ahi!" cried the latter, jerking his horses' heads round, and applying the whip vigorously; the quadrupeds turned in the required direction, and the carriage descended from the *pavé* into a bed of stiff mud, relieved here and there by loose stones and pools of water.

"Halloa! where are you going to?" shouted Mr. Gimp and Mr. Fluffy together, as the vehicle rocked to and fro, and the dogs howled from the box-seat under which they would *not* lie still.

"To the château, messieurs," replied Louis, touching the brim of his hat.

"What! is *this* the way to it?" asked Mr. Gimp, angrily, "through this infernal pond!"

"C'est un chemin de traverse, monsieur; a cross-road, sare—a littel wet and dirty, but it shall get better by-and-by."

But the valet's promise was not very speedily fulfilled, for the road, instead of improving, appeared to get worse and worse the further they advanced. The travellers would fain have got out to walk; but reflecting that they were at least dry footed where they sat, they resolved to endure a bone-setting as the minor evil, and remained where they were, swearing a little occasionally, as British gents will do when they are slightly ruffled.

It is, however, a long lane that has no turning; and though this may, in a literal sense, be more truly said of French lanes than of most others, the *chemin de traverse* did turn at last, and got upon something more like *terra firma*. Still, it could not be considered a dry road; and the alders, poplars, and willows that fringed the ditches showed that the country generally had a moist tendency. But, in the estimation of sportsmen, who came in search of snipe and wild-duck, this was no disparagement, and their hopefulness rather increased than diminished. Nor did their sanguine temperament abate when, the five kilomètres being exhausted, and with them the patience of the driver, the britska drew up at a high pair of wooden gates, originally painted green, but which damp and mildew had changed to a cloudy smalt. On the other side of the gates might be seen, through the upright spars, a long avenue of dank weedy-looking grass, flanked by two rows of apple-trees, with a few stray yellow leaves still clinging to the branches; and at the end of the avenue stood a white house, with a blue slate roof, which proved to be the château. There was a bell-handle hanging from one of the gate-posts; but, after two or three efforts, Louis declared it was of no use pulling it, as the crank was immovable, and the chain broken that should have been attached to the wire. He then tried the gates, but they were fastened by a padlock inside. The whole party next raised their voices in chorus, but no one replied, and there seemed every probability of their remaining there till the shooting season was over, if Louis had not climbed the wall, and, armed with some heavy stones, succeeded in breaking the padlock.

He then tugged at the gates from the inside, while the driver performed the part of a battering-ram without, and they finally yielded, affording admission to the britska and its inmates.

As the travellers drew near to the château, it struck them that its aspect did not improve. The white walls assumed a hue of grey, streaked with green; the leaden-coloured shutters were all closed, and presented anything but a lively appearance; and it was apparent, by every external sign, that the house had long been tenantless. Mr. Doo was correct in stating that the château stood on a flat; but that it was a "pleasant" one, could only have entered the imagination of a water-kelpie, for it was surrounded by a deep moat, filled to the brim, except where the artificial limits had been overpassed, and a spreading pool had established itself in the midst of the swampy sward. The presence of water was, moreover, made evident by the crops of rushes and flags which grew in every direction; and though this might be looked upon as a favourable omen for snipe, the augury was different with respect to the probable health or comfort of the inhabitants of the château.

To drive up to the door of this dreary abode had not probably been the habit of the last possessor, for of the wooden bridge which formerly crossed the moat there now remained only a couple of planks and a very fragile-looking handrail. To effect an entrance, therefore, it was necessary to proceed on foot, and Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp got out of the britska, the former expressing his opinion that it was "a rum go," and the latter saying nothing, but looking unutterable things.

"These people must be deaf," exclaimed Louis, after he had been hammering for about ten minutes with the butt-end of the driver's whip against the door of a small outbuilding, which, from the shutter being thrown back, seemed to be inhabited; "I can never make nobody hear!"

Nor was it likely he should, for there was no one within; but at last, as the party were beginning to despair of ever obtaining admission, an old man made his appearance from a long strip of garden—a garden of dead dahlias and straggling cabbages—and demanded to know "Ce qu'il y avait pour le service de ces messieurs?"

Louis explained, and the astonishment of the old man seemed to know no bounds.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "il y a dix ans que je fais le jardin ici, et personne n'est venu y demeurer! Meublé? oui, le château est meublé sans doute; mais je ne veux pas vous garantir que le tout soit au neuf. On est venu pour la chasse à la bécassine; ah, quant à ça, il y en a par exemple—et de la fièvre aussi! Des Anglais? à la bonne heure! Il faut bien que ce soit des Anglais, ou des échappés de Charenton, pour choisir un tel endroit!"

This speech was delivered partly in reply to Louis, partly as a monologue extracted by the force of circumstances.

"What's this old fellow jawing about?" demanded Mr. Gimp, whose ill-humour and impatience had reached their height. "Tell him to let us in."

The order was not very promptly obeyed, for he had to look for the key; and as keys when wanted are seldom forthcoming, he did not lay his hand upon it at once. At length he found it—the creaking door of the château reluctantly opened, and Messrs. Gimp and Fluffy stood, as a

poet regardless of truth might have said, "in the halls of their forefathers."

But the interior of the Château de la Fange, whether poetically designated, or literally described, afforded no greater satisfaction to its new tenantry than they had derived from their view of the exterior. There was furniture it is true, but it was of the most dilapidated kind, and in the scantiest proportion to the size of the house. There were looking-glasses over the fireplaces, and *pendules* on the chimney-pieces; but the quicksilver had disappeared from the backs of the former, and the gilding from the faces of the latter. The first revealed only fragments of the gazer's features, the last had probably never been intended to reveal anything, or at all events time had long stood still with them. The walnut-tree tables, with their heavy marble slabs, were so rickety, that it was a service of danger to touch them; and to remove them from the places where they stood, impossible. The chairs, *fauteuils*, and *canapés*, were of faded yellow velvet, a good deal overlaid with dirt; the curtainless bedsteads were evidently not constructed of imperishable cedar—and the last tenants of the wood had long since passed away, leaving nothing but their fragrance behind to speak of their former existence. Besides these discoveries, Messrs. Gimp and Fluffy also found that plate, linen, and domestic utensils were not amongst the articles which constitute a furnished house in France. In short—to use a comprehensive phrase—they found that they had been completely "sold."

IV.

HOW THEY GOT SOMETHING WHICH WAS SOMEBODY ELSE'S.

To remain where they were, with the prospect of passing a night in this deserted mansion, was an adventure which neither Mr. Fluffy nor Mr. Gimp was equal to; but where they were to house themselves was the question. Mr. Gimp, and Mr. Fluffy also, had at last found a solution for the mirth of the good people at the Cour de France, to whom the reputation of the Château de la Fange was, of course, well known. To return to that hostelry would only have been to expose themselves to fresh ridicule; and Mr. Gimp loudly expressed his firm determination to go back to Boulogne—for go back he would—some other way.

This could not, however, be done so readily as he wished; because, in the first place, the horses required a rest after their struggle through the mire; and, in the next, the driver was not very confident that he could find another road. They were, therefore, compelled to remain for at least an hour or two; and, in the mean time, Mr. Fluffy, whose nature it was to take things easier than his friend, proposed that, as they were there, they might as well try if a brace or two of snipe could be had. Mr. Gimp gave a reluctant assent, and the gun-cases were taken out of the britska; the hounds—for they answered to that description far more than to any other kind of dog—were uncoupled, and showed the joy they felt at being released in a series of most unearthly yells; and the sportsmen, soon getting their guns in order, set out to indemnify themselves in a slight degree for their disappointment. The country all round seemed equally promising, so they took the route that offered the

plainest landmarks for recognition on their return; while Louis, who could be employed about nothing else, was desired to get out some wine and brandy from the carriage, and beat up the old gardener's cottage for something for a luncheon by the time they came back. But in taking the direction first spoken of, Messrs. Gimp and Fluffy were not aware that they had chosen a path which led *off* instead of *into* the domain of La Fange; and that when they began to shoot they also began to trespass. The snipe, as it happened, were not scarce; and three or four successful shots appeared to promise a reward for their toils.

It may have struck those who are in the habit of sporting out of their own or their friends' preserves, that, let a country be never so desolate or so thinly peopled, you have only to fire a gun, and straightway the hedgerows and morasses become instinct with human life. This tenacity of manorial rights exists nowhere so strongly as in France; and if the landowner is not himself on the spot, there is sure to be a *garde champêtre* handy to enforce the law and seize the poacher.

The proof of this position was made manifest in the case of Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp, who, in hieing on their dogs (which at last took the hint and ran away altogether), did not observe that such a functionary as him whom we have named was striding towards them over the young corn on which they were trampling. As soon, however, as he could get near enough to the unwitting trespassers, the *garde champêtre* made himself heard, in accents sufficiently loud, if not in language very intelligible.

"Vous n'avez pas le droit, messieurs, de traverser le blé; attendez, messieurs, que je vous fasse un procès-verbal; rendez-moi vos fusils, messieurs." And some half dozen similar sentences which are always at the disposal of a frantic French official.

Our friends took no notice of the interruption, though the *garde champêtre* pressed closely on their heels, till it seemed by his gestures that he was about to proceed to the *voie de fait*. They then halted and confronted the stranger, who reiterated his observations, and repeatedly adverted to the *blé*, whose infant condition the sportsmen had so utterly disregarded.

"What does he mean by 'blay?'" asked Fluffy of his friend; "and what does he want with us?"

"That's more than I can tell you," answered Gimp; "but his monkey seems to be up, at any rate."

"We'll put it down, then," said Fluffy, who had now and then some gleams of comic humour, and was confident in his size and strength. "Just get through that hedge, and I'll follow you presently."

This was done as soon as suggested, in spite of the clamour of the *garde champêtre*, who called to them to stop in vain. When Mr. Fluffy had placed the hedge between himself and his foe, he turned round, and, bringing his fowling-piece up to the rest, significantly cocked both barrels, and made his first French oration with the few words he happened to remember. Looking the rural game-preserve full in the face, he said,

"Vous ett footy ett frog, looney loter ett toottly doo!"

And having delivered himself of this terrific invective, one word only of which was suggestive of a meaning to the mind of the *garde cham-*

pêtre, he shouldered his fusil, and walked quietly away towards the château, accompanied by his friend. The *garde* shook his fist and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, and then disappeared hastily in an opposite direction.

In the absence of his masters, Louis had succeeded in getting together something eatable, and forgetting their disappointment in a bottle or two of Mr. Sniggs's fizzing champagne, topped as it was with brandy, Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp made themselves, as they observed, "as jolly as sandboys." But an *al fresco* luncheon in the heart of a swamp is not a thing to last for ever, and the cattle being now in better order, they set off again, purposing to reach some inn where they could dine and sleep. The old gardener, who had been warmed up with some cognac, and gratified by a five-franc piece beside, conducted the party as far as the gates, and pointed out to the driver a *route* by which he might fall into the road leading to Samer, and thus avoid the *chemin de traverse* and Montreuil. Thanks to the directions given, the driver reached it before it got dark, and the rest of the journey then appeared to be easy sailing. At the 'Tête de Bœuf, about a couple of leagues further, there was good accommodation, the old man said, for man and horse, and for this rendezvous they pushed on. The inn was easily found, for the real cranium of an ox, with its long white horns projecting into the air, was an unmistakable sign. Here the travellers halted, the carriage was put up by the driver, a very comfortable dinner despatched, two or three more bottles of champagne emptied, and a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water added, by way of nightcap, before they retired to rest.

So far all went swimmingly, and when they tumbled into bed the misadventure of the morning was nearly set right; with Mr. Fluffy, at least, who soon went to sleep, but Mr. Gimp was not so successful in wooing the drowsy god. A vision of the irritated *garde champêtre* rose to his mind indistinctly combined with vague apprehensions of robbers. About two o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Gimp lay tossing on his couch, he heard a noise beneath his window as of a carriage being drawn out, and the fancy took possession of him that some thieves were stealing the britska. He got out of bed, and peeping cautiously through the window, found that his fears were confirmed. There, indeed, stood the carriage, the horses were being put to, and two or three persons were moving about ready for a start. It was a double-bedded room, and Mr. Gimp hastily woke his friend and communicated his suspicions, or rather his certainties. Mr. Fluffy jumped up, and they were both quickly dressed, but before they had quite completed their toilette the carriage drove off. This event gave wings to their eagerness, and, seizing their fowling-pieces, they rushed down stairs, calling on Louis, whom they had unearthed, to accompany them, and crying out all the time that the carriage was stolen. By the aid of the moonlight, Mr. Gimp perceived the direction the vehicle had taken, and as he saw it winding down the hill suggested a short cut through a small wood to intercept it. His advice was taken, and away they all went through the thicket, coming out into the high road just in time to seize the horses' heads and stop the carriage. Two persons inside immediately set up a shout of "Aux voleurs!" which Louis interpreted, to the sublime indignation of Messrs. Gimp and Fluffy, who, believing this cry of "Thieves!" to be only a fetch, grew exasperated, and, levelling their guns at the driver, swore they would shoot him. This individual, together

with the persons inside the carriage, experienced an instant panic, and precipitating themselves from their seats, rushed into the thicket, and made their way back to the inn. Congratulating themselves on the recovery of their carriage, Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp, and their attendant Louis, returned with it in triumph, dead beaten, but, as the *Annotateur de Boulogne*, which afterwards recorded the event, said, "swelling with pride at their exploit."

To pursue the narrative given by that journal:—

"It was now determined that the vehicle should be safely secured in the coachhouse, but what was their surprise at finding the place already occupied by their own carriage, which the driver had placed there the night before without their knowledge. The cry of 'Thieves!' which they had considered as the height of audacity on the part of the travellers, was now accounted for, and the gentlemen thus interrupted in their journey were the *bonâ fide* owners of the britska, which they had been but too glad to abandon in order to save their lives threatened by a band of armed ruffians."

It was in vain that our friends Fluffy and Gimp vowed that the affair was all a mistake, and that Louis pledged the sacred honour of a Frenchman to the same effect. The interrupted travellers, ashamed of their cowardly flight, and doubly vindictive at the idea of having fled from the two Englishmen, would hear of no explanation. The "authorities," those sleepless persecutors of innocence, were immediately on the spot, having been sent for from the inn the moment the disturbance began, and with them happened also to arrive the *garde champêtre*, who had tracked the sportsmen to the Tête de Bœuf, and was preparing to pounce upon them the next morning. The evidence of this functionary told tremendously against them, and the case of wine half-emptied was not in their favour; the long-legged gendarme who presided over this committee of public safety declared they were his prisoners, and in that guise conducted them back to Montreuil—the britska following slowly behind, as one of the "pièces de conviction."

The rest of the story may be briefly summed up. On examination before the *juge de paix*, at Montreuil, the truth came out; and though very much disposed to avenge the insulted majesty of the law in the person of the *garde champêtre*, he let them off with a severe lecture, not a syllable of which did they understand; and Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp returned to Boulogne, expressing their fixed resolve never again to hire a château in France without first seeing it; and, above all, never more to have any dealings with their expatriated countrymen.

How much of his booty Mr. Sniggs was made to disgorge, we will not say, but it was not sufficient to enable Messrs. Fluffy and Gimp to meet the little bill at three months, which Mr. Doo had in the mean time filled up to a pretty considerable figure. It is expected that this part of the affair will furnish matter for the daily papers in reporting the case of *Lazarus v. Fluffy* and another, which is shortly to be tried in the Court of Queen's Bench.

THE GREAT ROMAN WALL IN NORTH BRITAIN.

ABOUT three years ago a party of Newcastle antiquaries made a pilgrimage of devotion to science along the line of that noble monument of the Roman power in this country, the great wall, which was erected to keep in check the Caledonians of the north. The leader of this pilgrimage was a very distinguished member of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce; and the result is the able and interesting volume, the title of which we give below.* It well deserves our notice as one of the best books of the kind that has appeared for many years, and for the attractive style in which it has been got up. It is not only a valuable guide to the antiquary, but it is an interesting description of a very remarkable district, illustrated by a considerable number of good engravings.

The remarkable fortification which constitutes the principal object of this work, and which extends from that now celebrated locality, Wallsend, on the Tyne, across the island, to Bowness, on the Firth of Solway, consists of a strong stone wall, with a ditch on its northern side, and of a turf wall, or vallum, a little to the south of the stone wall. When the ground is tolerably level, they run parallel, or nearly parallel, to each other, and at no great distance; but when the country is mountainous and rocky, the stone wall continues its direct course over the summit of the mountains, while the line of the turf vallum is generally carried round their base. We entirely agree in the opinion of Mr. Bruce, and we think all who have carefully examined these extraordinary fortifications must agree with him, that these two lines—the stone wall and the earthen vallum—are contemporary portions of the same work, and that they were not, according to the old notion of them, two different fortifications, constructed at different times. It is Mr. Bruce's opinion that the whole was constructed by the directions of the Emperor Hadrian, who came to Britain in the year 121, and we think that he has supported it by very substantial arguments. In addition to the continued fortifications of the wall itself, which at times forms a bold and majestic object in the fine scenery through which it directs its course, we find a succession of stations and watch-towers, which, from the wild state of the country in which they are situated, are often in a much better state of preservation than the remains of the Roman towns in other parts of the kingdom. Altogether, we can conceive no excursion more agreeable, whether undertaken by a professed antiquary or not, than the pilgrimage along the line of Hadrian's Wall; and the handsome volume before us will serve as an excellent guide to the steps of the pilgrim.

As we have stated, the wall began on the eastern side of the island at Wallsend on the Tyne, which occupied the site of the station of Segedunum, and the extensive works and alterations in this far-famed coal district have not yet obliterated the traces of the Roman town. Hence the wall proceeded to the far larger and more important town, which occupied the site of the present Newcastle, and from its bridge over the Tyne,

* The Roman Wall: a Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus, extending from the Tyne to the Solway; deduced from numerous personal Surveys. By the Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, M.A. 8vo. London: J. Russell Smith. 1851.

built by the same emperor, Hadrian, received the name of Pons Ælii. This station was the grand emporium of the commerce of the north under the Romans, and many relics of importance have been discovered. When the old mediæval bridge of Newcastle was pulled down in 1771 to make way for the erection of a new one, the solid masonry of the piers of the bridge of Hadrian were found almost perfect, as well as the piles of still undecayed oak on which they were laid. About two miles from Newcastle was the next station, Condercum, now Benwell, beautifully situated, with a magnificent view towards the country of the Caledonians, bounded by the lofty summits of the Cheviots. Here, as in all the other stations, the ground covers masses of masonry and abundance of antiquities, which may be conjectured by the uneven surface of the ground, and which wait only for the spade of some enterprising antiquary to bring them to light. In this, and some other parts, the modern military road from Newcastle to Carlisle, constructed after the rebellion of '45, runs for a considerable distance upon the line of the wall, which was cut down to make a solid foundation, and the lines of the facing-stones are visible in the middle of the road.

We now soon enter upon a wilder country, and the pilgrim on foot must run his risk of entertainment, for the Roman station or watch-tower has now neither hospitality nor shelter to offer him. Mr. Bruce generally found a friendly welcome among the peasantry.

"It has frequently been my lot," he says, "to receive the kindly attentions of the inhabitants of the mural region. Often have my eyes, bedimmed with fatigue, been enlightened by partaking of the barley cake of the cottager (excellent food for a thirsty climb), as well as the costlier viands of the farm tenant or proprietor. Never shall I forget visiting, on one occasion, a frail tenement near Chesterholm. Its only inmate, an old woman, in the spirit of regal hospitality, asked me to join with her in partaking of her only luxury—her pipe! I recently observed with regret that the cottage was tenantless. The inhabitants of that part of the district which is remote from towns, do not affect the dress, or the speech, or the manners of polished citizens. They like to know a person before they welcome him, and make their approaches cautiously. But if slow in grasping the hand, they do it heartily and sincerely. There is scarcely a latch in the wilder regions of the country that I could not freely lift in the assurance of a smiling welcome. Often as I have groaned under the toils to which my present undertaking has exposed me, I have reason to rejoice that the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus has been the means of making me acquainted with many of the true-hearted and intelligent yeomen, both of my own country and of Cumberland, whom I should not otherwise have known."

Our brief space will not allow us to venture upon a description of the antiquities found in the numerous stations along the line, and we can only refer our readers to Mr. Bruce's figures and descriptions. In some places, streets and houses, with their rooms and hypocausts, have been accidentally, or intentionally uncovered, and in all instances excavations have been rewarded with interesting results. The district of the wall is remarkable for the immense number of inscribed altars and slabs that are found almost daily, and they are often built in the walls of the modern houses. In the villages along the line of the wall, churches, houses, barns, garden-walls, all are built of Roman materials. One circumstance of ex-

treme interest seems to be established by Mr. Bruce's researches, namely, that the Romans used mineral coal, for it is found in the Roman houses in this district, both in cinder and in an unburnt state, and there are traces of the pits from which they derived it.

Some of the most remarkable monuments are found on the site of the Roman Citurnum, the station of the second wing of the Astures, and now occupied by the village of Chevers. A remarkable inscription found here, relating to the restoration of a temple, in which the name of the emperor is partly erased, is popularly commented on by Mr. Bruce, to show the error of the opinion that Roman inscriptions found in this country are of no use to history.

"Hutton, who has done such good service to the wall, underrated the value of its inscriptions. 'When the antiquary,' says he, 'has laboured through a parcel of miserable letters, what is he the wiser?' Let this fractured and defaced stone answer the question. 1. This dedication was made by soldiers of the second wing of the Astures; we thus learn the name of the people who garrisoned the fort, and by a reference to the *Notitia* ascertain with certainty that this was Citurnum. 2. We acquire the fact, that a temple, which through age had become dilapidated, was restored; learning, thereby, not only the attention which the Romans paid to what they conceived to be religious duties, but their long occupation of this spot. It has been already observed that some of the pillars of the hypocaust have been portions of a prior building; the ruin and inscription thus corroborate each other. 3. The date of the dedication is given; the 3rd of the calends of November falls upon the 30th of October, and the year in which Gratus and Seleucus were consuls corresponds to A.D. 221; the data on which antiquaries found their conclusions are not always so vague as some imagine. 4. Even the erasures are instructive. By a reference to the date, we find that Heliogabalus was reigning at the time of the dedication of the temple; we find that what remains of the names and titles on the stone apply to him; he, consequently, is the emperor referred to. The year following, he was slain by his own soldiers, his body dragged through the streets and cast into the Tiber. The soldiers in Britain seem to have sympathised with their companions at Rome, and to have erased the name of the fallen emperor from the dedicatory slab. Human nature is the same in every age. How often have we, in modern times, seen a name cast out with loathing which yesterday received the incense of a world's flattery!"

Mr. Bruce has not disdained to collect, as occasion offered, the popular traditions of the peasantry with regard to the wall, some of which amuse us by their absurdity. We may instance the following, the first of which seems to be of great antiquity, as it is given somewhat differently in "*Gildas*:"—

"The Romans are said to have been remarkably lazy; so much so, that in the hot weather of summer, having almost nothing to do, they lay basking in the sun, on the south side of the wall, almost in a state of torpor. The Scots were in the habit of watching their opportunity, and, throwing hooks with lines attached to them over the wall, caught the poor Romans by their clothes or flesh, and by this means, dragging them to the other side, made them prisoners.

"An old man in this neighbourhood told me, that he had often heard

people say, that the Romans had remarkably broad feet, with still broader shoes, and that, when it rained, they lay on their backs, and holding up their feet in a perpendicular direction, protected, by this means, their persons from the weather.

“It is the tradition of the country that all the stones of the wall were handed from one man to another by a set of labourers stationed in a line from the quarry to the place where they were required. Many will tell you, ‘I have heard my mother say, that the wall was built in a single night, and that no one was observed to be engaged upon it, save an old woman with an apron full of stones.’

“Some of the people of this neighbourhood tell me that the Britons, tired at length of Roman oppression, rose in a body, and drove the garrison, with considerable slaughter, from all their stations. The Romans, when making their way to the sea to look for ships to carry them home, were met by a seer, who told them that if they returned home they would all be drowned; and if they went back to their old stations they would all be slain. This prophecy disconcerted them greatly, and they were at their wits’ end; however, after long consultation, they resolved to escape both calamities by marching direct to Wales. This they did, and there the pure, unadulterated Roman breed is to be found to this day.”

We must not forget that the district over which Mr. Bruce leads us in pilgrimage is classic in more senses than one—it is the border ground, the debatable land, the scene of so many old ballads. And although now everywhere peaceable and safe, it was scarcely beyond the memory of man infested by the reavers, or border thieves. While we seem to be walking among the ruins of ancient Rome, we meet at almost every turn with some spot celebrated in mediæval legend and song.

“Standing on the northern rampart of the station (at Drumburgh), Mr. Lawson, the aged proprietor, directed the attention of the pilgrim party of 1849 to a small cottage on the opposite shore. ‘There,’ said he, ‘lived a Scottish reaver, who in the days of my grandfather made, on nineteen successive Easter-eves, a successful foray on the English side. A twentieth time he prepared to go; his family remonstrated; he however persisted, saying that this should be his last attempt. Our people were prepared for him, and slew him.’ Some of the party asked, ‘What notice did the law take of the transaction?’ ‘None; the law which could not protect a man, would not punish him for taking the law into his own hands?’”

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PIKE'S FIRST MANŒUVRE.

IT was a subject of deep regret to Hester that she was not able to spend daily a longer time with her father; the prison-doors, for the admission of strangers, did not open before eight in the morning, and were closed at sunset. Her occupation in Regent-street confined her from nine to nine; consequently the only time allowed her was in the morning, from eight until half-past, the remaining half hour being occupied by her walk to the scene of her labours. We have been thus particular, because, on the above apparently trifling circumstance, hangs an event of no small importance.

Mr. Pike, from whose keen scrutiny little could be hid, when once he resolved fairly to search into matters, soon made himself acquainted with Hester's position. He also learnt the rules of the establishment to which she belonged. One rule in particular, as expressly calculated to favour his design, he kept in view; namely, a workwoman who was late at her post in the morning, and repeated the offence, was summarily dismissed.

"I think this will do," said the little gentleman to himself, as he turned his plans round and round in the sour churn of his mind. "I'll proceed that way; it is as good, and perhaps as easy as any other; it won't either cause the poor creature much pain or mortification, which is a great point gained, humanity considered; yes, I'll never inflict pain on a fellow-creature; that is, unless some high moral purpose is to be served."

Thus soliloquised the casuist of St. Mary-Axe, as passing down Ludgate-hill he turned into Fleet-market. Anxious to serve Hartley, and to lose no time, he was come to watch the motions of his unsuspecting victim. Mr. Pike walked to and fro, at a distance from the prison, his hands in his pockets, and his head hanging down. Every now and then his eyes glanced toward the prison-doors, where he expected the girl would present herself for admittance, the hour of eight drawing near. No doubt she would come; Hester never missed coming, in rain, or cold, or storm—he well knew that. Even when weak and indisposed, still she was there, patiently stationed at the gate, until the regulations allowed the porter to open it. Oh! yes, Pike knew the strength of a daughter's love, and built upon it.

"I see her!" he muttered, a smile puckering up the corners of his long thin mouth, which seemed to have no lips; and then he turned into an alley on the opposite side of the street to conceal himself. Meantime Hester had approached the gate, and after the lapse of a few minutes it was opened.

They met—the father and child—with the usual welcomes, the usual inquiries, and the usual fervent embrace. Such a repetition of endearments might tire an observer, but themselves it could never tire. Hester endeavoured to impress upon her father the excellence of her situation, but concealed from him the knowledge of the fatigue which she under-

went. She said pleasant things to cheer his heart—pleasant things, with smiles of hope, and bursts of delight, still pointing to the day when he should be—free.

Limited, indeed, was the time, as we have observed, allowed to these interviews. The minutes hurried on as if each had a wing. The hands on the dial of the prison-clock seemed to possess a cruelty in them—they moved so fast!

But the half hour was spent, and she must not peril her situation, for her duties demanded her presence in Regent-street at nine. Again the embrace of affection, a little trembling of the limbs, a choking of the voice, but no tears—these the daughter always spared the father, and then she hurried away.

Hester had proceeded about half the distance to the place of her destination, when she saw a man with a quick step cross from the other side of the street; he faced around, appearing to have missed his way, and then, meeting her, suddenly stooped. He slightly raised his large hat, for he recognised Hester.

“How fortunate!” said Mr. Pike; “my dear young lady, how fortunate!”

Hester stared at being thus accosted.

“I have wished to see you above all things, but knew not where to find you. My name is Pike—Mr. Pike, the solicitor.”

“I recollect,” said Hester, recovering from her surprise; “you are Mr. Hartley’s attorney.”

“Exactly; employed at his suit against your father, poor Mr. Somerset,—unfortunate, but noble-hearted Mr. Somerset. I regret the business sincerely; I bleed for him; I lament his fate, and I sympathise with you, my dear young lady; but it cannot be helped. I have acted throughout a reluctant part; believe me, quite contrary to my feelings. Alas! alas! such are the unpleasant and sad tasks which we men of the law are oftentimes compelled to perform!”

Hester’s interest was awakened, and there was so much plausibility in Mr. Pike’s words, and so much apparent genuine feeling in his manner, that her candid heart did not suspect him. She perceived not the fiend in the little, smiling, insignificant man before her; she detected not the serpent beneath the flowers.

“Sir, I am much obliged, and very grateful for your kind remarks. What business may you have with me? I am rather pressed for time.”

They had, for a few minutes, been standing still on the pavement.

“Business? ha—yes,” said Pike; “rather important business, Miss Somerset; it concerns the fate of your poor father. We must arrange matters; we must get him out of prison.”

Hester uttered an exclamation, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

“Can this be, sir?” she cried. “Oh! there is too much rapture in the thought of such an event to believe it possible.”

“Certainly, it is possible. Why, you are labouring, are you not, for his release? excellent, dutiful young lady that you are.”

Mr. Pike looked at her with his quick penetrating eyes, and the beams they shot seemed to enter into her brain, for she was fascinated, spell-bound, and could not withdraw her head.

“Your business, sir?” she murmured. “Will you not kindly talk to

me as we walk along? I must—forgive me—I must be at Regent-street by nine o'clock."

Pike took out his watch, looked at it, and quietly returned it to his fob.

"Nine o'clock—certainly—nothing like punctuality. I have something most important to communicate to you, but it is rather unfortunate that I have a pressing engagement myself in the city at the same hour, and I cannot get off. Suppose, for once, you are a little after your time; tell your employer that business which respected your father detained you, and I am certain she will not find fault. Come, walk my way."

Hester was at a loss how to act, and her look expressed extreme uneasiness.

"I'll tell you all as we proceed down Holborn. Upon my word, I can't stop another minute, my engagement in the city is so urgent. What! your father's welfare, his very release dependent on my communication, and still you hesitate? I did not expect this of you, young lady."

The last appeal was sufficient, and it decided Hester. She would break through, for once, the rules of the establishment, and so turned back with the lawyer.

And what was the subject of Pike's "important communication?" What light or hope did he throw on the darkness of Mr. Somerset's lot? True, he talked very fast, and he talked a great deal. He spoke of bills, judgments, detainers; of sheriffs' powers, and wardens' rapacious propensities; of plaintiffs and defendants: in a word, he succeeded in interesting, but, at the same time, quite puzzled and perplexed the mind of Hester. She listened and strove hard to understand him, but it passed her capacity to do so. The words "release from prison" were often repeated, but how that release was to be effected, Pike, by some means or other, did not, or could not explain.

When they reached the Old Bailey, the attorney said he had finished, and wished Hester a good morning. All the way was now to be traced back; but this she cheerfully did, and proceeded, lost in thought, endeavouring, by recalling the words of the lawyer, to comprehend their meaning.

As soon as Mr. Pike had passed around the corner, he chuckled to himself, and again drew forth his watch.

"'Tis nine o'clock; she will be half an hour after her time. This is a very good beginning. Yes, I'll get her discharged within the week." And then the little man, quoting some beautiful moral passage in support of his conduct, shot off to his office in St. Mary-Axe.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. PIKE IS INDEFATIGABLE—A SCENE AT MADAME MONGOLIER'S.

THE following morning saw Hester Somerset on her accustomed way to the place where she obtained her livelihood. Having passed through Holborn, and entered Oxford-street, she had proceeded more than two-thirds of the distance, when a man might have been observed following her with hasty steps. He speedily gained her side, and touched her arm.

Mr. Pike appeared completely out of breath through the rapidity of his walking, so that, whether his exhaustion were feigned or not, he spoke with difficulty.

"Miss Somerset! Miss Hester Somerset!"

The girl instantly recognised Mr. Pike.

"I just entered the prison this morning to see your father on business. It must have been a few minutes only after you left."

"Well, sir," cried Hester, startled by the speaker's manner, for he was in great excitement.

"He was taken suddenly——"

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"Suddenly ill—ill, young lady—desperately ill, and he begged me to hurry after you—to overtake you, if possible. Thank Heaven!" he added, wiping his forehead, "I have succeeded."

The alarm, the terrible dismay of Hester, may be imagined, and for an instant she stood rooted to the spot. That was not a moment to weigh well men's words and sift their motives; that was not a moment calmly to penetrate the veil of the hypocrite, or elude his snares. Judgment was incapable of exercising her powers; fear, apprehension, and anguish only swayed her mind.

"Ill?—very ill?" at length she exclaimed. "Will you—call a coach?"

"Now, can't you walk back to the prison, dear young lady? I'll support you," said Mr. Pike, in his blindest tone.

"I cannot walk; I can scarcely stand. This intelligence is so sudden, so overwhelming."

Pike perceived her situation; so, a hackney-coach passing at the time, he lifted his finger, which sign quickly brought the vehicle to the pavement. He assisted her in, but, before he followed, took the opportunity of whispering into the ear of the coachman,

"Drive slowly to the Fleet; the young lady is an invalid, and cannot bear quick driving."

Hester thought an unusual time had elapsed, and still they did not arrive at the prison. She expressed her surprise, but Mr. Pike told her there was a stoppage of carriages in the street, which circumstance annoyed him exceedingly. Now he leant out of the window, and ordered the driver to proceed another way, of course a further one, for he (Mr. Pike) was certain the street before them was being paved, and consequently the thoroughfare blocked up. The driver, although he knew the gentleman was mistaken, conceiving he had some private reason for prolonging the journey, implicitly obeyed the directions given him. Thus, before the coach drew up in front of the prison, a very considerable as well as unnecessary time had passed.

"Here we are," said Pike. "Now, get out, Miss Somerset."

"My fare!" demanded the driver, addressing the gentleman.

"No," said the attorney, buttoning up his coat; "that young lady will settle with you. 'Tis her business."

The girl, in her anxiety to join her father, rushed towards the gate. The driver followed her.

"Stop, if you please, miss; the gentleman says you are to pay."

"Pay!" cried Hester, wildly. "Oh! do not detain me. Where is Mr. Pike?"

That individual was moving off.

"I can be of no use to your father, young lady. I dare say the—the doctor is with him now; besides, I've urgent business."

"My money!" demanded the coachman.

"I would pay the fare," said Pike, "though it isn't my concern, but unfortunately I left my purse at home—good morning."

"Now then, miss, if you please!" repeated the man, in a rather angry tone.

"What is it?" cried Hester, hurriedly.

"Eighteen-pence; for I must have something extra, taking you so far around."

"Taking us so far around? We were most anxious to get here."

The man only smiled, still holding out his horny hand for the demanded fare. Hester said not another word, but, ill as she could afford it, paid the money, amounting to one day's wages, and hurried into the prison. Great was the surprise of Mr. Somerset at seeing his daughter return in such an alarmed and excited state. As the reader will be led to anticipate, the old gentleman was perfectly well, nor had he seen anything that day of Mr. Pike.

Hester was thunderstruck, casting around her a bewildered look, and Mr. Somerset was totally at a loss to conceive what motive the attorney could have in fabricating such a falsehood.

"We know he is a villain, Hester—a crafty, designing scoundrel—the tool of my cruel and unnatural brother Hartley. Yet cheer thee, child; you will not be imposed on a third time."

"No," said Hester, confidently. "But we will talk more of this when we next meet. I must leave you; for look, father, at the clock! I shall be to-day at Regent-street one hour after my time."

Hester saw nothing more of her enemy, Mr. Pike, for a few days; but, on the Saturday morning of the same week, just as she had entered Oxford-street, where it joins High-street, St. Giles's, she caught a glimpse of his thin brown visage. There were several people standing about; for St. Giles's was ever famous for its numerous idlers, drunkards, and thieves. Hester could not pass without entering among some of these people, but she hurried forward with trembling step and averted head. Presently Mr. Pike might have been seen edging towards her. He walked by apparently with an absent air, but, at the same time, brushed rudely against her. Then he stopped, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, searching them hurriedly, the next instant raised an outcry.

"I am robbed! I have lost my purse!"

The men gathered around him, for the least outcry in the streets of London speedily collects a mob. The circle of curious idlers enclosed Hester and Pike, so that the former was unable to escape, and all were mixed together.

"Who has robbed you?" asked one man.

"How much have you lost, sir?" demanded another.

"I hope you don't accuse me?" said a third, fourth, and fifth, whose shrewd, villanous faces proclaimed them accomplished thieves.

"No, gentlemen, no; I don't accuse *you*," cried Mr. Pike, gazing around. "I am sure it was a female who thrust her hand into my pocket; but she has escaped; better, perhaps, that it should be so, poor

unhappy creature! I'm not one, gentlemen, who loves to prosecute women. Let her go."

"But she ain't gone," exclaimed a man, who rudely laid his hand on Hester's arm. "I saw this young lass only a minute ago close by the gentleman, and as he passed she seemed to spring away from him."

"True," observed Pike. "That is the female. Well, since she has not escaped, hold her fast—'tis our duty to do so. Poor creature!" added Pike, shaking his head, his heart melting, it appeared, with compassion. "How young she is, too! A sad thing to turn thief so early in life; but, perhaps, she is starving."

Hester, as much in astonishment as in alarm, gazed from face to face; she seemed paralysed, being unable to speak; and there, like a condemned victim, powerless, submissive, she stood trembling in the ruffian grasp of the man who had seized her.

"Do you understand, young woman, the charge against you?" asked the fellow.

"No," answered Hester, at length. "What is the meaning of all this?"

A horselaugh broke from those around her; they thought her crafty, and therefore they laughed. That mirth to her ear was horrible, and she shrank away and covered her face; but Mr. Pike now came forward with a police-constable, who quietly told Hester that she was accused of robbery. Then did she comprehend her situation; her face turned deadly white, and a shriek sprang to her lips.

"You had better, I think," said Mr. Pike to the constable, "take her to the station-house at once."

"I robbed a person? Oh! you mistake—you mistake! Hear me—I am innocent. I would perish sooner than be guilty of such an act."

"That's what all you girls say," observed the constable, calmly. "It won't do, however. Now just come along, young woman; it's of no use struggling."

"But search me!" urged Hester, in her agony. "See if I have the purse in my possession."

"We'll do that," said the police functionary, drawing her forward, "by-and-by at the station-house."

"Poor thing!" murmured Pike, following them. "I won't prosecute—I can't do it—she is so young. We ought to pity her, gentlemen; however, the laws must be obeyed."

Owing to the pressure of the crowd, some time elapsed before they reached the spot. Moreover, Hester had fainted, and the constable was obliged to carry her. When they entered the station-house, the doors were closed against the mob. The usual process of reviving those who faint was resorted to, and Hester at length opened her eyes and recovered her senses. The necessary questions were asked by the inspector of police, and the search was made; no money could be found upon the girl's person except one shilling, which her own poor purse contained. Mr. Pike and his witness looked confounded; the former was peculiarly restless, now looking into his blue bag, and now busily hunting again through his pockets.

"Well," said the inspector, "we can't find the purse, it is true; but this, I am sorry to say, doesn't prove the young woman innocent. 'Tis an easy thing to drop money when the theft is found out."

"Or," added the witness, "to slip it into the hands of an accomplice."

"Hold your tongue!" said the inspector, jealous of his prerogative to offer suggestions. "It isn't your place, my man, to fancy this, or fancy that; you can only answer to facts. Silence! This is an awkward case; the gentleman accuses the girl of taking his purse, but the purse isn't to be found upon her. Now, don't speak," said the inspector to Hester; "prisoners are never called upon to speak here; besides, perhaps you'd do your own cause harm. I think we must lock you up, and on Monday you can be examined before the magistrate."

These were terrible words to Hester; her gentle, pure, and innocent soul quailed within her at the thoughts of a public examination. But Mr. Pike, at this juncture, was seen to draw forth from his deepest pocket a quantity of papers, consisting of bills, rough drafts of deeds, writs, and other legal documents. He hunted among them, and suddenly starting, exclaimed,

"Surprising! gentlemen; I am thunderstruck: I am overwhelmed with regret and sorrow. Here's my purse, and the money in it! By some means it got into the wrong pocket amongst a mass of my papers. The young woman is innocent—I declare her to be innocent!"

The inspector smiled one moment, but frowned the next. He smiled that Hester, whose youth and beauty had impressed him highly in her favour, was thus exculpated, and he frowned at the conduct of Pike.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "to say the least of it, your accusation has been most hasty; you might have brought this young lady into much trouble. Here, then, the charge is at an end, the affair turning out an entire mistake."

"It is," said Pike, "an entire mistake."

"I hope you will make her some compensation," observed the inspector, "for the pain you have caused her."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Pike. At the same time he took a half-crown from his well-lined purse, and offered it between his two bony fingers to Hester. She repulsed the hand in unutterable disdain; upon which Mr. Pike, with feelings of great satisfaction, returned the coin to his purse.

"My heart is wrung at the event of this morning," said Pike, addressing the inspector. "I grieve I should have committed such an error! Forgive me, dear young lady; the past is over; you are innocent, and will be happy; but I shall upbraid myself for this terrible mistake as long as I live; but then, I trust, you will forgive me."

The lawyer bowed; he bowed to all, smiling a placid, benevolent, half melancholy smile, and the next minute he left the station-house. So much time had been consumed by the proceedings, that it was now eleven o'clock.

"Good," muttered Mr. Pike to himself; "not a bad ruse; it has worked pretty well—two hours after her time—capital! We shall see."

The little man, with a light heart, skipped along the pavement; presently he mingled with the mighty mass of human beings moving in divers directions, and was seen no more.

The inspector of police kindly addressed Hester, for, in spite of the indurating nature of his office, he possessed a warm and feeling heart. She quitted the spot, and hurried at once to Regent-street; but it was some time before she was able to collect her thoughts. The past

appeared to be a dream; the hour of the day only impressed upon her the conviction that something wrong had happened. By the time, however, that she reached Madame Mongolier's, her agitation had, to a certain extent, subsided.

Hester walked into the large room—the room so full, as we have already described, of busy workers. She took her place in her chair, and was meditating a little speech to address to the Frenchwoman, containing a plea for being so late at her post. Suddenly her name was called by that lady; the accent was sharp and ringing, and seemed to embody, as well as sounds could, anger and ill-humour. Hester instantly stood before Mademoiselle Harfleur, and, anxious and trembling, felt a presentiment of coming evil.

“Don't be alarmed; I am never severe. Permit me, my child, to say that this is the third time in one week you have thought proper to violate the rules of our establishment.”

“Oh! I confess it,” cried Hester, her eyes filling with tears; “but hear me.”

“I have heard you twice,” said the other, coldly. “First, some lawyer detained you with business about your unhappy father, a convict or felon, whatever you call it, in prison. Next, some man runs after you in the street, says that your father has been taken suddenly ill, and back you hurry, to find, after all, a falsehood has been told you. Why, girl, this looks very much like falsehood on your own part—mere stories invented to serve the occasion.”

“I have spoken the truth, I assure you. Heaven bear me witness that I would not deceive you!”

“This day, miss, you are later than ever; more than two hours past your time. What have you to say for yourself now?”

Hester, as well as she could, related the event of the morning, in her ingenuousness hiding nothing. Mademoiselle Harfleur did not interrupt her, indulging only in those gestures peculiar, perhaps, to her nation; and which consisted in raising the eyes, then the hands, and shrugging the shoulders, all expressive of surprise, disgust, and not a little horror.

When Hester finished, the French woman was perfectly calm, and merely ordered her to remain there while she spoke with Madame Mongolier. The moments during which the forewoman was absent appeared to Hester moments of fate. The Parisian returned and was smiling, for, in accordance with her declaration, she resolved not to be harsh. Apples, so says the story, temptingly red on the Dead-Sea shore, but ashes, poison within—such were the sweet smiles of Mademoiselle Harfleur; malice and ruin lurked beneath!

“My dear young woman,” she began, “you have been a good child in most things since you have been with us, but you have now been guilty of grievous offences—offences repeated three times—offences,” she added, raising her voice, “against the rules of our house, and which cannot be overlooked. Besides, a young woman connected, like yourself, with an imprisoned felon, hunted by lawyers, taken into custody by the police on a charge of theft—such a young woman, I now think, with the head of our establishment, is not at all suited to us; therefore we discharge you. By these misdemeanours you have forfeited the privilege of a week's notice; consequently you will leave to-day—yes, this very hour. Now,

don't speak; it is of no use; but you need not be alarmed, for I am never severe; I am always kind to our dependants. Here are your wages for the past week—take them. Silence! I will listen to nothing—now go!”

When Hester found herself in the street, ruined, friendless, and thrown again upon the world, she could scarcely support herself, but felt a strong inclination to sit down upon the first door-step, and give way to her grief. Her bosom heaved with sobs which *would* burst forth, and she placed her handkerchief to her eyes. But spectacles of sorrow in the streets of London are of such common occurrence, that the passengers took little notice of her. The men were too busy to care about a young creature in tears. The police told her to “Move forward.” The girls of her own age regarded her, but only for a moment, with feelings of curiosity; while the women of mature years, usually suspicious, fancied she might be some unfortunate, ruined and deserted by her lover, so passed on in disgust rather than in pity.

But Hester continued to weep and to think, three subjects principally occupying her mind—the loss of her situation, the distress of her father in prison, and the villanous acts of Pike.

THE CHARMS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER'S LIFE.*

WHY and wherefore John Henderson, Esq., quondam lieutenant in her Majesty's Ceylon Rifle Regiment, gave preference to the monotonous sterility of New South Wales over those rich and varied uplands so much vaunted by Mr. Henry Charles Sirr as a little Eden for colonists in the land of the Cingalese, we are not informed. Never did emigrant start with lighter heart or more buoyant spirits. The sea was “glorious,” the skipper merry, companions boon, and there was nothing but cigars, songs, and carousing till the tippie was exhausted; a grievance which happily did not take place till the good ship *Fortune* was on the point of entering Bass's Straits, whose scenery, after a long sea voyage, cheered the discontented passengers, as much as if ale of the same name had flowed through them.

Once landed on the Australian continent, all Mr. Henderson's good spirits appear, however, to have forsaken him. He is ever throughout an intelligent, persevering, courageous, and enduring squatter; but climate, or country, or the aspect of things, sobered him at once to that earnest and resolute exertion by which the difficulties to be encountered are alone to be overcome.

Disappointment, indeed, tracked his footsteps at every move. Sydney was not foreign enough and sufficiently oriental in its appearance to please him. How true it is, that what is joy to one man's heart is gall to another. “It was too like home!” Nor did a closer intimacy make a

* Excursions and Adventures in New South Wales; with Pictures of Squatting and of Life in the Bush; an Account of the Climate, Productions, and Natural History of the Colony, and of the Manners and Customs of the Natives, with Advice to Emigrants, &c. By John Henderson, Esq. 2 vols. W. Shoberl.

more favourable impression. The town is set down in a sandy desert, is infested by mosquitoes, and other troublesome insects and vermin, and is subject to high winds, called, in colonial *parlance*, "Brick-fielders," which bear with them clouds of dust, rendering it impossible to go out while the blast continues, or to keep a door or window open, unless one would wish to be suffocated. There are no places of amusement except a miserable theatre, and only one house deserving the name of hotel in the whole town, and there the attendance is wretched.

Having stayed about four weeks in Sydney, busied in making inquiries and acquaintances, Mr. Henderson deemed it expedient to travel into the country, or bush, in order to see for himself. With this view he purchased a horse, and started in the first place to Goulburn. The road thither he describes as execrable, no scenery, no fine view—nothing, in fact, but the everlasting gum-tree. Part of the way also lay through Bargo Brush, a favourite haunt of bushrangers, and "a miserable cut-throat-looking place." "The sameness and desolateness of the country," says Mr. Henderson, "are excessive, and this, my first excursion, gave me striking experience of the monotony and cheerlessness of the bush, a feeling which my future wanderings fully confirmed."

This is partly to be attributed to the country being so generally uninhabited, partly to the uniformity of soil and contrasted configuration, still more so to the general absence of animal life; and, most of all, to the monotonous vegetation. The last two considerations alone would suffice to negative OUR selecting Australia for a colonial home. The fact is, that, with few exceptions, the trees and shrubs of New Holland are evergreens. By far the most common, the eucalypti, or gum-trees, vary a little in the colour of their bark; but the foliage of all is very scanty, and affords no shade. The forest and swamp oaks are pretty trees, and the so-called apple-tree is the handsomest and most European-looking tree of which the Australian forest can boast. The Moreton Bay pine is also an exceedingly graceful tree, as is also the Norfolk Island pine. The Bangalo cabbage-tree and fern-tree give at times a tropical appearance to the brush. The only deciduous trees are the cedar, of which there are several varieties. The brush abounds in creepers, more especially vines and parasites, and there are also many beautiful flowering plants; but still the general effect, whether of the plains dotted with myall shrubs, or the hilly country with gum-trees, or the salt-water creeks with mangroves, or within the brush itself with an impervious matted growth of vines and saplings, towered over by gums, cedars, figs, and other forest trees, the silence undisturbed, save by the mournful call of the cuckoo, or the painful scream of the cat-bird—still the monotony is disagreeable and oppressive.

We see in this the permanence of that great law which pervades all nature, and on which all life and the joy of life depend. The eye has need of change, and never willingly dwells on the same colour, but always requires another, and that so urgently, that it produces colours itself, if it does not actually find them. There is, indeed, a law of required change that pervades everything, and applies itself to every position and act of life, and which is strangely infringed in the solitude and monotony of bush life, and most so in bush life in Australia.

But our meditations have carried us away from Mr. Henderson, whom we left on the way to Goulburn, labouring under first, and, with him,

almost always disagreeable impressions. Goulburn itself fared no better. "With the surrounding country," he says, "I was much disappointed; except the ground cleared about the house, and the clearances of the few neighbours, at distances of five and ten miles, all was interminable and barren bush. The grass was extremely scanty, and what there was appeared brown and parched up." The so-called "Shoalhaven Gullies" he, however, acknowledges to be "a grand and romantic place." As to the township of Goulburn, he says it proved to be a paltry village, consisting of perhaps a hundred small cottages, planted in the midst of a gravelly plain, one of a series of "downs," not far from the river Wal-londelly, which at this time was merely a chain of water-holes in the apparent bed of a river. Upon this excursion Mr. Henderson made acquaintance with two other evils—the excessive dearness of the inns, and the abundance of vermin. Of the latter, he says they are the curse of the colony. If a hut is deserted for a month it becomes alive with vermin of all kinds. The very sand swarms with them. The sheep stations supply you with sheep-ticks, and the farms furnish their quota of weevils, which know how to bite as well as their neighbours :

The trees in the bush are full of bugs; the brushes abound in ticks: the emu is covered with them, and so, I am told, is the kangaroo. I have seen huts in the bush *crawling* with cockroaches, like a hive of bees at swarming time; and even in the most respectable and cleanly houses, I have been made ashamed and miserable by one of the most active of these varieties of vermin getting into my clothes. Indeed, for the first six months after my arrival in the colony, I suffered so much in this way that I seriously contemplated leaving on that account alone; for I felt almost unable to support the fatigue of travelling by day, and of walking up and down my room all night, instead of sleeping. General Macquarie, who was fond of immortalising his name, it is said, dignified with it one of the indigenous varieties of bugs, and the "*simax Macquariensis*," along with the "*Pulex irritans*" (called by the New Zealanders, on whom we have conferred it, "the little European"), were no strangers.

After this, Mr. Henderson took another journey to the southward, but with little or no encouragement. So great was the state of depression at Woolengong, that two-thirds of the houses were uninhabited, and the streets green with grass. The scenery of the country around Shoalhaven, Illawarra Mountain, and the Kangaroo Ground, was varied and beautiful; and of the capabilities of this part of the country there can be no real doubts, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances and season at which Mr. Henderson visited it.

After a few minor excursions up the Paramatta to Windsor, the North Shore, Botany Bay, &c., Mr. Henderson sailed in a steamer for Port Macquarie, at that time the most northern settlement in New South Wales. The sight of this station somewhat rejoiced his heart. He at once proclaimed it to be the best built and most prettily situated township he had seen in the colony. This "pretty town" has, however, also its drawbacks. Ever since it ceased to be exclusively a penal settlement, it has been used as a depôt for what are called "specials," that is, special or *gentlemen* convicts; and for invalids :

Here may be seen gallant naval and military officers, eloquent parsons, learned lawyers, acute and once opulent bankers and merchants, "*et id genus omne*." There is also a sprinkling of aristocracy—of brothers and sons of lords, right honourables, baronets, &c., and some claiming such titles, or succession to them for themselves. From these are found all grades, down to the London Jew and

the Tipperary murderer. Those who claim the an of "special" are better off than, and often placed above, their fellows, the authorities evidently forgetting, or discarding, the admirable apothegm of the ancients—"*fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*"

When circumstances favour them, they are assigned to their wives, or made constables, gaolers, wardsmen of the prisoners' barracks, overseers, or storekeepers of road-parties, &c. Some of them, as well as many of the invalids, are lent out to settlers, who thus obtain slaves for their keep, but in general they are not of much use. I have seen lawyers and bankers tending sheep, soldiers and parsons acting as stockmen, and gamblers and pickpockets filling the capacity of hut-keepers; but it is not to be expected that they will be found well adapted to a mode of life so different from that to which they have been accustomed. It was wonderful, however, how soon some of them learn to be useful; and I well remember a gentleman pointing out to me his best shepherd, and stating that he had formerly been a notorious London pickpocket.

After a trip up the Hastings and Wilson Rivers, Mr. Henderson crossed the country to the M'Leay, at that time affording the most valuable supply of red-cedar timber in the colony. On this occasion our settler struck the river ten miles below the spot where he afterwards established himself, being upon a creek which subsequently bore his own name. The sawyers are described as leading a wild life of it, and spending their wages in drunken bouts. Before finally taking up his abode on the M'Leay, Mr. Henderson returned to Sydney, and thence made an excursion to the River Hunter and Liverpool Plains in quest of stock. There are several small towns on the Hunter, as Maitland and Darlington, but still in their infancy. The river itself is described as everywhere encumbered by flats and shallows, with here and there an opening, where some settler has established himself.

The journey to Liverpool Plains lay partly through brush and downs, upon the latter of which was a petrified forest. Then came Kingdon Ponds and the burning mountains of Wingan, evidently an instance of decomposing pyrites acting on bituminous shale. There were inns on the road, but, as usual, very extortionate, and abounding in vermin. Liverpool Plains were suffering at the time from prolonged drought; and the Peel was dried up through nearly its whole course. The Namoi, which receives the waters of the Peel when there are any flowing, afforded only a few pools for sheep-shearing and daily use. On these plains the proprietors of stock were suffering from six great evils at once: dried-up pasturage, deficiency of water, disease among the stock, wild dogs, hostile natives, and predatory bushrangers. The only counterpoise we can find out was, that at night they could contemplate the Southern Cross—that magnificent constellation, whose beauty made Dante speak of the "widowed sight" of those who had not seen it.

It was, however, at a station on the Mooki* that Mr. Henderson purchased his herd of cattle. The beasts themselves having, from scarcity of grass and water, wandered to immense distances, it took more than a month to collect them, during which time our settler slept in the open air, at a distance of several hundred yards from the station, to avoid the swarms of vermin. At length a sufficient number being collected, they were branded, and accounts were settled, but not without difficulties:

The man from whom I purchased my stock had risen from the lowest walks of

* The Namoi, Peel, and Mooki Rivers, are marked on the maps as flowing into the Darling and Murray Rivers; but they appear the greater part of the year, if not always, to be lost in swamps.

life, and was not only disgusting in manners, but ruffianly and (it turned out) of notoriously bad character. While under his roof, my saddle-bags, which were secured with a padlock, were broken open, and the agreement that had been made between him and me was stolen from my pocket-book. From the nature of our transaction, he may have hoped to turn this to his advantage, or he may have expected to find also a subsequent agreement which, from his apparent disinclination to fulfil his contract, I had obliged him to sign; but this latter document I had chanced to retain in my pocket, and his nefarious designs were thus defeated. Such are the people with whom one comes in contact in New South Wales!

Because I declined submitting to his impositions, he became so violent as even, by his gestures, to threaten blows. In my own defence, I prepared to make use of a pistol, which I had in my pocket, when my worthy host, overcome with passion, called for his gun, and rushed to the hut for it.

Fortunately, however, for the prevention of bloodshed, his wife interposed, and prevented his purpose until he cooled sufficiently to see the madness of the alternative he was choosing,—namely, that of being either shot or hung. This intervention was more than he deserved from his spouse, whom he had once brought to death's door by cutting her head open with a sabre. I afterwards met the surgeon who attended her on that occasion, and was informed that the scoundrel, her husband, in terror that she would die and leave him to be hanged, on his knees offered his whole herd of cattle to the medical man if he would save her; and, after her recovery, would not give one farthing in return for having his neck saved from the halter.

It was only now that our settler's difficulties can be said to have really commenced. He had associated with himself a partner, whom he calls Mr. R——, and some helps; and having provided themselves with a good blanket, a tin quart and a pint pot each, with these strapped on behind, holsters in front, saddle-bags across the saddle, and rifles slung at their sides, they started to drive their herd from the Mooki to the M'Leay. On such a journey the greatest of all difficulties, and they were most numerous and varied, arose from the deficiency of water. They had not been out many days before they were glad to suck the frozen dew from the blades of grass. By Salisbury Plains and New England it was all pretty well, for there were stations; but beyond that the route was marked only by tomahawked trees, and they were not long in losing it. Next followed the multiplied fatigues of driving the herd, and looking out for a road, superadded to the mere getting forward. At one time a stupendous precipice threatened to stop all further progress whatsoever; at others, they were themselves and cattle two or three days without food or drink! At length they reached the M'Leay; and, after difficulties innumerable and great sufferings and privations, they got to a station called Towel Creek. Among the peculiarities of travel in the brush, we may here notice the nettle, a stinging tree, from the effects of which the horse suffers more than man. Mr. Henderson thus relates an occurrence that befel him when bewildered among some cedar-paths in an extensive brush:

Trying, at the termination of one of these paths, to force my way through the jungle, I got among some young nettle-trees, and my horse was severely stung. Within ten minutes he began to stagger under me, and at last fell. I sprang off, and myself landed among nettle-trees; but though I was stung, I did not feel it much more than common nettles.

My charger had not lain long, when he started up, plunging and rearing most furiously. He soon fell again, however, when I succeeded in getting the saddle off him. Again he rose, again he staggered about, rearing high in the air, and again he fell. I was now much alarmed for him, and would have bled him with my knife, but he was so furious that it was impossible to do so. I applied my whip,

however, and kept him moving about when he was up, thinking that might do him some good, but it was of no avail. He soon became perfectly frantic, dashing his head against the trees, breaking down the young saplings and brushwood, and leaving his hoof-marks on the bark of the trees around. At last, exhausted, he fell to rise no more.

After rolling and plunging about for some time longer, his limbs became rigid, and trembled violently, while his whole body was covered with lather and perspiration. In this state he remained for half an hour or longer, and then my poor steed was no more. He died in less than three hours after he had been stung.

Ascending a very steep range at a distance of five miles from Towel Creek, and descending five miles further, the party ultimately encamped upon the confines of what was now to become their cattle-run. The site was, according to Mr. Henderson's account, a very beautiful one—an extensive flat at the mouth of a creek which falls into the M'Leay; in the background, about eight or nine miles up the creek, a huge mountain, supported right and left by conical hills, while a mass of confused ranges reached down on both sides to the river. All this hilly and mountain land was well wooded. Here they made bark huts; but the river rose and flooded the flat, and provisions became scarce. An excursion to Port Macquarie, distant about eighty miles, became necessary to obtain supplies, tools, men, &c. There was no society; Mr. Henderson's nearest neighbour, who dwelt in a creek ten or eleven miles off, still, like most squatters, thought that his run had been encroached upon by the new comer. They had not been long encamped before a party of blacks paid them a visit. They are described as being great strapping and ferocious-looking fellows, fully armed with spears, boomerangs, and tomahawks. These amiable aborigines were not long in manifesting their hostility to the whites, notwithstanding that they are said to entertain the belief that they themselves become, or, as they express it, "jump up white fellows:"

The distance from the huts to the old camping-place was about a quarter of a mile; and when the men had one morning finished milking, and had just crossed the creek on their way back, five blacks started out of the brush upon the bank, fully armed, as if intending mischief. Dennis, my assigned servant, called out to them, "What you look out?" when one of them answered, "Toorki!" meaning that they were going to hunt the wild turkey; but Dennis knew that he was part of the game for which they had lain in wait that morning.

The blacks did not attack them at once, for they seldom strike a white man, except from behind. The two unfortunate whites, with their heads half turned round, and keeping their eyes on the savages, walked swiftly towards the station, and got a little a-head of the blacks, who followed them. When about the middle of the flat, however, they discovered several more of their enemies running quickly along the range towards the huts, so as to intercept them. They now saw that their only chance of safety lay in speed, and, dropping the milk-pail, they fled towards my hut.

It was not yet seven, and I was still asleep, when the door was burst in by the men, whose cries of "The blacks, the blacks!" soon roused me. Jumping up, I seized my rifle, which stood ready loaded in the corner, and sprang to the door. When I reached this point, I saw the foremost black fellow, at a distance of about twenty yards, poising his spear in the air, and almost in the act of launching it at one of the men who as yet had only reached the doorway. Our foes stood on the brink of the steep bank, and the moment they caught a glimpse of me, or of the rifle, they were off like deer, springing at one bound down the bank, and before I could raise the piece to my shoulder!

About the same time, the blacks committed several other depredations:

My neighbour, who, as I have said, dwelt ten miles down the river, anxious to prevent my occupying part of the run adjoining my station, had erected a hut at the distance of about two miles, and placed two men in it. This hut stood upon

a fine creek, commonly called Saunders' Creek, from a man of that name, who had been murdered there some little time before by the blacks. The same spot was again to become the scene of savage revenge.

While one of the two men who now occupied this place was absent one day, the blacks took advantage of the age and weakness of the hut-keeper, whom they attacked and left for dead, finishing their work, of course, by rifling the hut. The man was afterwards removed, and taken down the country to the hospital, where, after a long and painful illness, he became somewhat better, but whether he ultimately recovered or not, I never heard. This event, though much to be deplored, was of service to me, for the hut was immediately abandoned by my troublesome neighbour, and taken possession of by me.

Such are the aborigines; and even worse things are told of them, as for example:

Weak or deformed children are frequently, if not always, killed by the mothers. This would seem almost unnecessary, for a delicate child could not long survive the rough life and frequent hunger to which it must be exposed. Such is the case, however; I have known instances of it myself, occurring in my immediate neighbourhood.

On one occasion, during the illness of our former worthy commissioner, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Sullivan, who was Commissioner of Crown Lands, within the boundaries, went on an expedition against the Yarraharpony blacks, a tribe notorious for their savage dispositions, and inhabiting the country between the mouths of the M'Leay and the Nambuccoo. They had, at that time, made an attack upon the sawyers occupied on the latter river, which had ended in the murder of one of these adventurous men, and this was not the first time that their aggressions had so ended.

The commissioner, taking the police with him, came upon their camp, and dispersed them with some slaughter. While standing near their deserted gunyas, Mr. Sullivan informed me, that he heard a noise, appearing like a child crying, and proceeding from the earth. Guided by the sound, he arrived at a pile of pieces of tea-tree bark, which, on being removed, were found to cover a hole in the ground, in which a live child had recently been placed, in an erect position. He conjectured that the child was one of those which, from weakness or deformity, had been doomed to death. But what was done with the foundling? it will be asked. Whether or not it was left to its fate, I am not able to say.

Yet, if a white man injures a black, he is amenable to the law as much as if he wronged his own countryman, and is almost as likely to be detected in the one case as the other. If, on the other hand, the black is the aggressor, he flies to his ravines and brushes, where no horseman can follow him, and where the white man will never find him, unless peradventure he has another black to track his enemy. If he finds him, he can only shoot him, at the risk of being hanged, for the savage will rarely be captured alive, unless wounded :

Under these circumstances, it is evident that the same law cannot be justly and equally administered to the two races, who are continually thrown into hostile contact on the frontiers of the colony. The gun is the only law the black fears: the only power that deters him from murder and plunder; and the only available administrator of punishment for his offences.

Those who denounce the squatter as a murderer and land-robber, it has been well said in "Kennedy's Account of Texas," "take no thought of the spirit that has impelled him onwards, of the qualities he is constrained to display, and the social ameliorations of which he is the pioneer. He loves the wilderness for the independence it confers—for the sovereignty which it enables him to wield by dint of his personal energies. The forest is subject to his axe—its inhabitants to his gun."

By daily toil, and at the risk of his life, he earns his bread, and leads a life of conscious independence where the grand old forests have stood for ages, and where the foot of the white man never trod before. His life is one of continued labour, solitude, and too often warfare. He has an enemy untiring, and often waiting long for his time; cunning, wary, and expert; frequently displaying great cou-

rage, and, if he has wrongs to avenge, heedless on whom he wreaks his vengeance, so long as a white man is the victim. Surely, then, the man who is the pioneer of civilisation—who, going out into the wilderness, spends his days in toil and danger, and his nights in dreariness and solitude—who must send out his shepherd with a musket on his shoulder, and sling his rifle at his side when he rides among his herds—who, making a lodgment in the bush, causes "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and opens the way for the smiling villages, the good old British institutions, and the happy population which follow, surely this man has not laboured in vain; but has deserved at least leniency at our hands.

Far be it from me to advocate the causeless and indiscriminate slaughter which has often taken place. At the same time, one is indignant when one hears these comfortable and luxuriant philanthropists, who, overflowing with sympathy for all races but their own, sit by their own warm firesides at home, range not beyond the smoke of their native cities, and there consign to everlasting destruction the hardy and adventurous backwoodsman, whose own right arm is his only defence.

The squatter has not, however, only blacks and bushrangers, drought and famine, and disease to encounter, there are many points of a minor kind which detract much from the charms of his adventurous life. Among these may be especially noticed the snakes, of which the deadliest is the death-adder. It appears, from well authenticated cases, that men who are bitten by this snake only survive a few minutes. It is described as a disgusting looking reptile, of a brownish colour, between two and three feet long, thick and clumsy in its shape, and with a small, pointed, and hard process at its tail. The black snake, the yellow and brown snakes, and the whip-snake, are also deadly:

When one considers the abundance of venomous snakes in this country, it becomes matter of surprise that so few people are killed by them. It is true they will avoid one if possible, but they so often lie upon paths, and get into houses, that one can scarce help coming in contact with them. I have rode over them, stepped, or rather sprang over them when too late to draw back; been pulled back by others when about to tread upon them; seen them fall from the roof upon the floor; killed them in my verandah; seen one creep out of a log of wood brought to the fire; and found the skeleton of one behind a trunk in my bedroom; and yet have had the good fortune never to be bitten. Neither did any of my servants suffer in this way, though I had one man who, before he came to me, had received a bite, but had saved himself by cutting out the piece.

It must be confessed that these snakes are a constant source of terror and annoyance to many. Some wear great boots on account of them, and all wise people look into their beds before they jump in. There is no place that one can be sure is free from them. The roof, the verandah, beds, curtains, gardens, wells, &c., in each, or all, the deadly enemy may lurk. They abound in bushes, and wind among the branches of the trees. Sometimes they look down from the top of orchard trees; at other times they take possession of your drawing-room. When a house is raised a few feet from the ground, upon sleepers and blocks, be sure that underneath are whole colonies of vipers.

Lest the reader shall not have formed, from what we have quoted, a clear idea of the charms of a squatter's life, we will place them still more concisely before him in the author's own words:

Removed from society, and the refinements of life, he becomes careless of his appearance and manners; nay, he becomes heedless even of those comforts of life which are within his reach. With hundreds of cattle he has no butter, or cheese, and very often no milk! With a rich soil around him, he has no garden; not any vegetable or fruit to drive away the scurvy. With grain he has no poultry; with a gun he has no game; with hooks and grasshoppers he has no fish. Make a hole with your toe and throw a peachstone in, or drop one on the ground, and in three years it bears fruit; stick a vine cutting into the earth, and in fifteen or sixteen months, clusters of fine grapes are hanging from its boughs, and yet the squatter seldom does the one or the other.

He certainly has good reasons for not making his station too attractive, but it cannot be denied that his life is often much more cheerless and comfortless than it

need be. Few of the stations are adorned by a female. Wherever this is the case, a great improvement is perceptible.

The squatter's dwelling is frequently a hut no better than those of his men; with a bark roof, an earthen floor, a hotbed of vermin, and a narrow berth fixed in one corner. The track through the forest leads up to his door, before which stands a bit of paling, or a couple of hurdles, to sun his blankets on, if he takes this trouble to dispel the vermin.

His mode of life is uniform to excess. When he arises in the morning, he smokes his short black clay pipe; breakfast tardily appears, consisting of tea, damper, and a huge pile of mutton-chops, if his is a sheep-station, or salt beef, if a cattle station. After breakfast, he lights his pipe again, and sallies forth on horseback. His dress consists of a broad-brimmed straw hat, a blue shirt, fustian, or some such trousers, supported by a belt round the waist, and ankle boots; his heels are armed with spurs, while in his belt, or in holsters, he probably has pistols. In his hand he carries the universal stockwhip, the handle a foot long, and the lash twelve or sixteen feet, and giving forth sounds that startle the silence of the forest. During the day, his pipe is re-lighted at every hut or fire-stick he passes, or if he sees none of these, he has recourse to his flint and steel.

Probably he is out till sunset without eating anything, and when he returns he sups, as he breakfasted, on damper and mutton-chops, or salt beef, not both, but on one or the other, according to the stock he breeds. If at home to dinner, his fare is the same; and even if he calls on a neighbour ten or twelve miles off, he finds no variety. Ten to one he has no books, or no taste for reading; therefore, he smokes his pipe till bedtime, and then turns in.

The next day is only a repetition of the one that went before it, and so,

He eats, and drinks, and sleeps; what then?

He eats, and drinks, and sleeps again.

There is one further subject, which we cannot leave these entertaining and instructive volumes without noticing, as corroborative of what we have before said concerning the degeneration of races by climate. Speaking of the effect of the climate of Australia upon the European, Mr. Henderson says, "In one generation, even, they shoot up after the fashion of the Americans, and the young 'corn stalks' and 'currency lasses,' as the youth of each sex are called, can generally be distinguished from children born in Europe. It is probable that in this respect, as in others, they will, in a few generations, strongly resemble the Americans. The girls are frequently very good-looking, and arrive at maturity at an early age. I have seen them marriageable at fifteen, and have known them married even at thirteen." Where there is precocious maturity, we need not say there is also precocious decay. Upon this subject the clever author of a little work upon the United States, called "Across the Atlantic," recently published, also says, "I cannot help reverting to a point which has been noticed by every traveller—I mean the painful and haggard expression of almost every countenance that you meet in the United States. This observation is more strongly rivetted upon my mind than any other that I made, and I can unhesitatingly affirm that Mr. Dickens and other writers, in describing this peculiar trait, have fallen short, very far short, of the reality. Such a collection of wrinkled, miserable, sallow faces as force themselves upon your attention, as you walk down the streets, or sit in one of the long railway cars, or pace the deck of a steamer, it would be impossible to describe."

Evidence upon this important point is thus not only cumulative, but the fact itself is evidently becoming, year after year, more painfully glaring and apparent.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE lull that prevailed in the breakfast-room on Miss Glitters's return from the window was speedily interrupted by fresh arrivals before the house. The three Master Baskets in coats and lay-over collars, Master Shutter in a jacket and trousers, the two Master Bulgeys in woollen overalls with very large hunting whips, Master Brick in a velveteen shooting-jacket, and the two Cheeks with their tweed trousers thrust into fiddle-case boots, on all sorts of ponies and family horses, began pawing and disordering the gravel in front of Nonsuch House.

George Cheek was the head boy at Mr. Latheringington's classical and commercial academy, at Flagellation Hall (late the Rose and Crown Hotel and Posting House, on the Bankstone-road), where, for forty pounds a year, eighty young gentlemen were fitted for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the counting-house, or anything else their parents fancied them fit for.

George was a tall stripling, out at the elbows, in at the knees, with his red knuckled hands thrust a long way through his tight coat. He was just of that awkward age when boys fancy themselves men, and men are not prepared to lower themselves to their level. Ladies get on better with them than men: either the ladies are more tolerant of twaddle, or their discerning eyes see in the gauky youth the germ of future usefulness. George was on capital terms with himself. He was the oracle of Mr. Latheringington's school, where he was not only head boy and head swell, but a considerable authority on sporting matters. He took in *Bell's Life*, which he read from beginning to end, and "noted its contents," as they say in the city.

"I'll tell you what all these little (hiccup) animals will be wanting," observed Sir Harry, as he cayenne-peppered a turkey's leg; "they'll be come for a (hiccup) hunt."

"Wish they may get it," observed Captain Seedeysbuck; adding, "why, the ground's as hard as iron."

"There's a big boy," observed Miss Glitters, eyeing George Cheek through the window.

"Let's have him in and see what he's got to say for himself," said Miss Howard.

"You ask him, then," rejoined Miss Glitters, who didn't care to risk another rub.

"Peter," said Lady Scattercash to the footman, who had been loitering about listening to the conversation—"Peter, go and ask that tall boy, with the blue neckcloth and the riband to his hat, to come in."

"Yes, my lady," replied Peter.

"And the (hiccup) Spoonneys, and the (hiccup) Bulgeys, and the (hiccup) Raws, and all the little (hiccup) rascals," added Sir Harry.

"The Raws won't come, Sir H.," observed Miss Glitters, soberly.

"Bigger fools they," replied Sir Harry.

Presently Peter returned with a tail, headed by George Cheek, who came striding and slouching up the room, and stuck himself down on Lady Scattercash's right. The small boys squeezed themselves in as they could, one by Captain Seedeysbuck, another by Captain Bouncey, one by Miss Glitters, a fourth by Miss Howard, and so on. They all fell ravenously upon the provisions.

Gobble, gobble, gobble, was the order of the day.

"Well, and how often have you been flogged this half?" asked Lady Scattercash of George Cheek, as she gave him a cup of coffee.

Her ladyship hadn't much liking for youths of his age, and would just as soon vex them as not.

"Well, and how often have you been flogged this half?" asked she again, not getting an answer to her first inquiry.

"Not at all," growled Cheek, reddening up.

"Oh, flogged!" exclaimed Miss Glitters. "You wouldn't have a young man like him flogged; it's only the little boys that get that—is it Mister Cheek?"

"To be sure not," assented the youth.

"Mister Cheek's a man," observed Miss Glitters, eyeing him archly as he sat stuffing his mouth with currant loaf plentifully besmeared with raspberry jam. "He'll be wanting a wife soon," added she, smiling across the table at Captain Seedybuck.

"I question but he's got one," observed the captain.

"No, I haven't," replied Cheek, pleased at the imputation.

"Then there's a chance for you, Miss G.," retorted the captain. "Mrs. George Cheek will look well on a glazed card with gilt edges."

"What a cub!" exclaimed Miss Howard, in disgust.

"You're another," replied Master Cheek, amidst a roar of laughter from the party.

"Well, but you ask your master if you mayn't have a wife next half, and we'll see if we can't arrange matters," observed Miss Glitters.

"Noo, ar sharnt," replied George, stuffing his mouth full of preserved apricot.

"Why not?" asked Miss Howard.

"Because—because—ar'll have somethin' younger," replied George.

"Bravo, young Chesterfield!" exclaimed Miss Howard; "see what it is to pay twopence for learning manners."

"Well, what must we do with these little (hiccups)?" asked Sir Harry, at last rising from the breakfast-table, and looking listlessly round the company for an answer.

"O! liquor them well, and send them home to their mammas," suggested Captain Bouncey, who was all for the drink.

"But they won't take their (hiccups)," replied Sir Harry, holding up a Curaçoa bottle, to show how little had disappeared.

"Try them with cherry brandy," suggested Captain Seedybuck; adding, "it's sweeter. Now, young mau," continued he, addressing George Cheek, as he poured him out a wine-glassful, "this is the real Daffy's elixir that you read of in the papers. It's the finest compound that ever was known. It will make your hair curl, your whiskers grow, and you a man before your mother."

"N-o-o-a, n-o-o-ar, don't want any more," growled the young gentleman, turning away in disgust. "Ar won't drink any more."

"Well, but be sociable," observed Miss Glitters, helping herself to a glass.

"N-o-a, no, ar don't want to be sociable," growled he, diving into his trousers' pockets and wriggling about on his chair.

"Well, then, what *will* you do?" asked Miss Howard.

"Hunt!" replied the youth.

"*Hunt!*" exclaimed Bob Spangles; "why, the ground's as hard as bricks."

"N-o-a, it's not," replied the youth.

"What a whelp!" exclaimed Miss Howard, rising from the table in disgust.

"My uncle, Jellyboy, wouldn't let such a frost stop him, I know," observed the boy.

"Who's your uncle Jellyboy?" asked Miss Glitters.

"He's a farmer, and keeps a few harriers at Scutley," observed Bob Spangles, *sotto voce*.

"You'll be your uncle's hare (hair), then, I presume?" observed the lady, thinking the cub might be a catch.

"And is that your extraordinary horse with all the legs?" asked Miss Howard, putting her glass to her eye, and scrutinising a lank, woolly-coated weed, getting led about by a blue-aproned gardener. "Is that your extraordinary horse, with all the legs?" repeated she, following the animal about with her glass.

"Hoots, it hasn't more legs than other people's," growled George.

"It's got ten at all events," replied Miss Howard, to the astonishment of the juveniles.

"No it hasn't," replied George.

"Yes it has," rejoined the lady.

"No it hasn't," repeated George.

"Come and see," said the lady; adding, "perhaps it's put out some since you came."

George slouched up to where she stood at the window.

"Now," said he, as the gardener turned the horse round, and he saw it had but four, "how many has it?"

"Ten!" replied Miss Howard.

"Hoots," replied George, "you think it's April Fool's instead of New Year's-day."

"No I don't," replied Miss Howard; "but I maintain your horse has ten legs. See, now!" continued she, "what do you call these coming here?"

"His two forelegs," replied George.

"Well, two fours—twice four's eight, isn't it? and his two hind ones make ten"

"Hoots," growled George, amidst the mirth of his comrades, "you're makin' a fool o' me."

"Well, but what must I do with all these little (hiccup) creatures?" asked Sir Harry again, seeing the plot still thickening outside.

"Turn them out a bagman," suggested Mr. Sponge, in an under tone; adding, "Watchorn has a three-legged 'un, I know, in the hay-loft."

"Oh, Watchorn wouldn't (hiccup) on such a day as this," replied Sir Harry. "New Year's-day, too—most likely away, seeing his young hounds at the walks."

"We might see, at all events," observed Mr. Sponge.

"Well," assented Sir Harry, ringing the bell. "Peter," said he, as the servant answered the summons, "I wish you would (hiccup) to Mr. Watchorn's, and ask if he'll have the kindness to (hiccup) down here." Sir Harry was obliged to be polite, for Watchorn, too, was on the "free list," as Miss Glitters called it.

"Yes, Sir Harry," replied Peter, leaving the room.

Presently Peter's white legs were seen wending their way among the laurels and evergreens, in the direction of Mr. Watchorn's house; he having

a house and grass for six cows, all whose milk, he said, went to the puppies and young hounds. Luckily, or unluckily, perhaps, Mr. Watchorn was at home, and was in the act of shaving as Peter entered. He was a square-built, dark-faced, dark-haired, good-looking, ill-looking fellow, who cultivated his cheeks on the four-course system of husbandry. First, he had a bare fallow—we mean a clean shave; that of course was followed by a full crop of hair all over, except on his upper lip; then he had a soldier's shave, off by the ear; which in turn was followed by a Newgate frill. The latter was his present style. He had now no whiskers, but an immense protuberance of bristly black hair, rising like a wave above his kerchief. Though he cared no more about hunting than his master, he was very fond of his red coat, which he wore on all occasions, substituting a hat for a cap when "off duty," as he called it. Having attired himself in his best scarlet, of which he claimed three a year, one for wet days, one for dry days, another for high days, very natty kerseymere shorts and gaiters, with a small-striped, standing-collar toilenette waistcoat, he proceeded to obey the summons.

"Watchorn," said Sir Harry, as the important gentleman appeared at the breakfast-room door; "Watchorn, these young (hiccup) gentlemen want a (hiccup) hunt."

"O, want must be their master, Sir 'Arry," replied Watchorn, with a broad grin on his flushed face, for he had been drinking all night, and was half drunk then.

"Can't you manage it?" asked Sir Harry, mildly.

"'Ow is't possible, Sir 'Arry," asked the huntsman, "'ow is't possible? No man's fonder of 'unting than I am, but to turn out on such a day as this would be a daring—a desperate violation of all the laws of registered propriety. The Pope's bull would be nothin' to it!"

"How so?" asked Sir Harry, puzzled with the jumble.

"How so," repeated Watchorn; "how so?" Why, in the first place, it's a mortal 'ard frost, 'arder nor hiron; in the second place, I've got no arrangements made,—you can't turn out a pack of 'igh-bred fox 'ounds as you would a lot of 'staggers' or 'muggers;' and, in the third place, you'll knock all your nags to bits, and they are a deal better in their wind than they are on their legs, as it is. No, Sir 'Arry—no," continued he, slowly and thoughtfully. "No, Sir 'Arry, no. Be Cardinal Wiseman for once, Sir 'Arry; be Cardinal Wiseman for once, and don't *think* of it."

"Well," replied Sir Harry, looking at George Cheek, "I suppose there's no help for it."

"It was quite a thaw where I came from," observed Cheek, half to Sir Harry and half to the huntsman.

"'Deed, sir; 'deed," replied Mr. Watchorn, with a chuck of his fringed chin; "it is generally a thaw everywhere but where hounds meet."

"My Uncle Jellyboy wouldn't be stopt by such a frost as this," observed Cheek.

"'Deed, sir; 'deed," replied Watchorn; "your Uncle Jellyboy's a very fine feller, I dare say,—very fine feller; no such conjurers in these parts as he is. What man dare, I dare; he who dares more, is no man," added Watchorn, giving his fat thigh a hearty slap.

"Well done, old Talkino!" exclaimed Miss Glitters. "We'll have you on the stage."

"What will you wet your whistle with after your fine speech?" asked Lady Scattercash.

"Take a tumbler of chumpine, if there is any," replied Watchorn, looking about for a long-necked bottle.

"Fear you'll come on badly," observed Captain Seedeeybuck, holding up an empty one, "for Bouncey and I have just finished the last;" the captain chucking the bottle sideways on to the floor, and rolling it towards its companions in the corner.

"Have a fresh bottle," suggested Lady Scattercash, drawing the bell-string at her chair.

"Champagne," said her ladyship, as the footman answered the summons.

"Two on 'em!" exclaimed Captain Bouncey.

"Three!" shouted Sir Harry.

"We'll have a regular set-to," observed Miss Glitters, who was very fond of champagne.

"New Year's-day," replied Bouncey, "and ought to be properly observed."

Presently, Fiz—z,—pop,—bang! Fiz—z,—pop,—bang! went the bottles; and, as the hissing beverage foamed over the bottle-necks, glasses were sought and held out to catch the creaming contents.

"Here's a (hiccup) happy new year to us all!" exclaimed Sir Harry, drinking off his wine.

"H-o-o-ray!" exclaimed the company in irregular order, as they drank off theirs.

"We'll drink Mr. Watchorn and the Nonsuch hounds!" exclaimed Bob Spangles, as Watchorn, having drained off his tumbler, replaced it on the sideboard.

"With all the honours!" exclaimed Captain Cutitfat, filling his glass and rising to give the time; "Watchorn, your good health!" "Watchorn, your good health!" "Watchorn, your good health," sounded from all parts, which Watchorn kept acknowledging, and looking about for the means to return the compliment, his friends being more intent upon drinking his health than upon supplying him with wine. At last he caught the third of a bottle of "chumpine," and turning it into his tumbler, held it up while he thus addressed them:

"Gen'lemen all!" said he, "I thank you most 'ticklarly for this mark of your 'tention (applause); it's most gratifyin' to my feelin's to be thus remembered (applause). I could say a great deal more, but the liquor won't wait." So saying, he drained off his glass while the wine effervesced.

"Well, and what d'ye (hiccup) of the weather, now?" asked Sir Harry, as his huntsman again deposited his tumbler on the sideboard.

"'Pon my soul, Sir 'Arry," replied Watchorn, quite briskly, "I really think we *might* 'unt—we might try, at all events. The day seems changed, some'ow," added he, staring vacantly out of the window on the bright sunny landscape, with the leafless trees dancing before his eyes.

"I think so," said Sir Harry. "What do you think, Mr. Sponge?" added he, appealing to our hero.

"Half an hour may make a great difference," observed Mr. Sponge. "The sun will then be at its best."

"We'll try, at all events," observed Sir Harry.

"That's right!" exclaimed George Cheek, waving a scarlet Bandana over his head.

"I shall expect you to ride up to the 'ounds, young gent," observed Watchorn, darting an angry look at the speaker.

"Won't I, old boy!" exclaimed George; "ride over you, if you don't get out of the way."

"'Deed," sneered the huntsman, whisking about to leave the room, muttering, as he passed behind the large Indian screen at the door, something about jawing Jackanapes "well called Cheek."

* Hunt in half an hour!" exclaimed Mr. Watchorn, from the steps of the front door; an announcement that was received by the little Raws, and little Sponeys, and little Baskets, and little Bulgeys, and little Bricks, with rapturous applause.

All was now commotion and hurry-scurry inside and out; glasses were drained, lips wiped, and napkins thrown hastily away, while ladies and gentlemen began grouping and talking about hats and habits, and what they would ride.

"You go with me, Orlando", said Lady Scattercash to our friend Bugles, recollecting the quantity of diachylon plaister it had taken to repair the damage of his former equestrian performance. "You go with me, Orlando," said she, "in the phaeton; and I'll lend Lucy," nodding at Miss Glitters, "my habit and horse."

"Who can lend me a coat?" asked Captain Seedybuck, examining the skirts of a much frayed invisible green surtout.

"A coat!" replied Captain Quod; "I can lend you a Joinville, if that will do as well." The captain feeling his own extensive one as he spoke.

"Hardly," said Seedybuck, turning about to ask Sir Harry.

"What!—you are going to give Watchorn a tussle, are you?" asked Captain Cutitfat of George Cheek, as the latter began adjusting the fox-toothed riband about his hat.

"I believe you," replied George, with a knowing jerk of his head; adding, "it won't take much to beat him."

"What, he's a slow 'un, is he?" asked Cutitfat, in an under tone.

"Slowest coach I ever saw," growled George.

"Won't ride, won't he?" asked the captain.

"Not if he can help it," replied George; adding, "but he's such a shocking huntsman—never saw such a huntsman in all my life."

George's experience lay between his uncle Jellyboy, who rode eighteen stone and a half, Tom Scrample, the pedestrian huntsman of the Slowfoot hounds, near Mr. Latherington's, and Mr. Watchorn. But critics are already made, as Lord Byron said.

"Well, we'd better disperse and get ready," observed Bob Spangles, making for the door; whereupon the whole stream-tide of population set in that way, and the room was presently cleared.

George Cheek and the juveniles then returned to their friends in the front; and George got up pony races among the Johnny Raws, the Baskets, the Bulgeys, and the Sponeys, thrice round the carriage ring and a distance, to the detriment of the gravel and the discomfiture of the flower-bed in the centre.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WE will now accompany Mr. Watchorn to the stable, whither his resolute legs carried him as soon as the champagne wrought the wonderful change in his opinion of the weather, though, as he every now and then crossed a spangled piece of ground upon which the sun had not struck, or stopped to crack a piece of ice with his toe, he shook his heated head, and doubted whether he was Cardinal Wiseman for making the attempt.

Nothing but the fact of his considering it perfectly immaterial whether he was with his hounds or not encouraged him in the *undertaking*. "D—n them," said he, "they must just take care of themselves." With which laudable resolution, and an inward anathema at George Cheek, he left off trying the ground and tapping the ice.

Watchorn's hurried, excited appearance, produced little satisfaction among the grooms and helpers at the stables, who were congratulating themselves on the opportune arrival of the frost, and arranging how they should spend their New Year's-day.

"Look sharp, lads! look sharp!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands as he ran up the yard. "Look sharp, lads! look sharp!" repeated he, as the astonished helpers showed their bare arms and dirty shirts at the partially opened doors, responsive to the sound. "Send Snaffle here, send Brown here, send Green here, send Snooks here," exclaimed he, with the air of a man in authority.

Now Snaffle was the stud-groom, a personage altogether independent of the huntsman, and, in the ordinary course of nature, Snaffle had just as much right to send for Watchorn as Watchorn had to send for him; but Watchorn being, as we said before (though some months since), either related or some way connected with Lady Scattercash, he just did as he liked among the whole of them, and they were too good judges to rebel.

"Snaffle," said he, as the portly, well-put-on-personage waddled up to him; "Snaffle," said he, "how many sound ones have you?"

"None, sir," replied Snaffle, confidently.

"How many three-legged 'uns have you that can go, then?"

"Oh! a good many," replied Snaffle, raising his hands to tell them off on his fingers. "There's Hop-the-twig, and Hannah Bell (Hannibal), and Ugly Jade, and Sir-danapalis—the Baronet as we calls him—and Harkaway, and Hit-me-hard, and Single-peeper, and Jack's-alive, and Groggytoes, and Greedybox, and Puff-and-blow; that's to say *two* and three-legged 'uns, at least," observed Snaffle, correcting, or rather qualifying his original assertion.

"Ah, well!" said Watchorn, "that'll do—two legs are too many for some of the ribs they'll have to carry—— Let me see," continued he, thoughtfully, "I'll ride 'Arkaway."

"Yes, sir," said Snaffle.

"Sir 'Arry, It-me-'ard."

"Wen't you put him on Sir-danapalis?" asked Snaffle.

"No," replied Watchorn, "no; I wants to save the Bart. for the 'Aristocratic,' meaning a steeple-chase that he and some of the betting-list fraternity in London were concocting, and which, as usual with the most snobbish of these cocktail affairs, was aggrandized with the title of the "Aristocratic." Watchorn wanted to save Sardanapalis for the Aristocratic. Sir 'Arry, therefore, was to ride "It-me-'ard."

"Is her ladyship going?" asked Snaffle.

"Her ladyship drives," replied Watchorn; "and you, Snooks," addressing a bare-armed helper, "tell Mr. Traces to turn her out a pony-phætan and pair, with ribbies and all complete, you know."

"Yea, sir," said Snooks, with a touch of his forelock.

"And you'd better tell Mr. Leather to have a horse for his master," observed Watchorn to Snaffle, "unless as how you wish to put him on one of yours."

"Not I," exclaimed Snaffle; "have enough to mount without him. D'ye know how many 'ill be goin'?" asked he.

"No," replied Watchorn, hurrying off; adding, as he went, "oh, hang 'em, just saddle 'em all, and let 'em scramble for them."

The scene then changed. Instead of hissing helpers pursuing their vocations in stable or saddle-room, they began hustling about with saddles on their heads and bridles in their hands, the day of expected ease being changed into one of unusual trouble. Mr. Leather declared, as he swept the clothes over Multum in Pavo's tail, that it was the most unconscionable proceeding he had witnessed; and muttered something about the quiet comforts he had left at Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey's, hinting his regret at having come to Sir Harry's, in a sort of dialogue with himself as he saddled the horse. The beauties of a last place always come out strong when a servant gets to another. But we must accompany Mr. Watchorn.

Though his early career with the Cambarwell and Balham-hill Union harriers had not initiated him much into the delicacies of the chase, yet, recollecting the presence of Mr. Sponge, he felt suddenly seized with a desire of "doing things as they should be;" and he went muttering to the kennel, thinking how he would leave Dinnerbell and Prosperous at home, and how the pack would look quite as well without Frantic running half a field ahead, or old Stormer and Stunner bringing up the rear with long protracted howls. He doubted, indeed, whether he would take Desperate, who was an incorrigible skirter; but as she was not much worse in this respect than Chatterer, who also ran mute, or Harmony, who was an inveterate babbler, and the pack would look rather short without them, he reserved the point for further consideration, as the judges say.

His speculations were interrupted by arriving at the kennel; and, finding the door fast, he looked under the slate, and above the frame, and inside the window, and on the wall, for the key; and his shake, and kick, and clatter, were only answered by a full chorus from the excited company within.

"Hang the feller! what's got him?" exclaimed he, meaning Joe Haggish, the feeder, who he expected to find there.

Joe, however, was absent; not holiday making, but on a diplomatic visit to Mr. Greystones, the miller, at Splashford, who had positively refused to supply any more meal, until his "little bill" (430*l.*) for the three previous years was settled; and flesh being very scarce in the country, the hounds were quite fit to go, from the absolute want of food. Joe had gone to try and coax Mr. Greystones out of a ton or two of meal, on the strength of its being New Year's-day.

"Dash the feller! wot's got 'im?" exclaimed Watchorn, seizing the latch, and rattling it furiously. The melody of the hungry pack increased. "'Ord rot the door!" exclaimed the infuriated huntsman, setting his back against it, when, at the first push, open it flew. Watchorn fell back, and the astonished pack poured over his prostrate body, regardless alike of his holiday coat, his tidy cravat, and toiletette vest. What a scrimmage! what a kick-up there was! Away the hounds scampered, howling and howling, some up to the flesh-wheel, to see if there was any meat; some to the bone-heap, to see if there was any there; others down to the dairy, to try and effect an entrance in it: while Lancher, and Lightsome, and Bunter, rushed to the back-yard of Nonnuch House, and were presently up to their ears in the pig-pail.

"Get me my horn!—get me my whip!—get me my cap!—get me my bouts!" exclaimed Watchorn, as he recovered his legs, and saw his wife observing the scene from the door. "Get me my bouts!—get me my cap!—get me my whip!—get me my horn, *woman!*" continued he, reversing the order of things, and rubbing the hounds' feet-marks off his clothes as he spoke.

Mrs. Watchorn was too well drilled to dwell upon orders, and she met her lord and master in the passage with the enumerated articles in her hand. Watchorn having deposited himself on an entrance-hall chair—for it was a roomy, well-furnished house, having been the steward's while there was anything to take care of—Mrs. Watchorn proceeded to strip off his gaiters while he drew on his boots and crowned himself with his cap. Mrs. Watchorn then buckled on his spurs, and he hurried off, horn in hand, desiring her to have him a basin of turtle-soup ready against he came in; adding, "She knew where to get it." The frosty air then resounded with the twang, twang, twang, of his horn, and hounds began drawing up from all quarters, just as sportsmen cast up at a meet from the Lord knows where.

"*He-here*, hounds—*he-here*, good dogs!" cried he, coaxing and making much of the first comers; "*he-here*, Galloper, old boy!" continued he, diving into his coat pocket, and throwing him a bit of biscuit. The appearance of food had a very encouraging effect, for forthwith there was a general rush towards Watchorn, and it was only by rating and swinging his whip about that he prevented the pack from pawing and perhaps downing him. At length, having got them somewhat tranquillised, he set off on his return to the stables, coaxing the shy hounds, and rating and rapping those that seemed inclined to break away. Thus he managed to march into the stable-yard in pretty good order, just as the house party arrived in the opposite direction, attired in the most extraordinary and incongruous habiliments. There was Bob Spangles, in a swallow-tailed mulberry-coloured scarlet, that looked like an old pen-wiper, white duck trousers, and lack-lustre Napoleon boots; Captain Cutitfat, in a smart new "Moses and Son's" straight-cut scarlet, with blood-hounds' heads on the buttons, yellow-ochre leathers, and Wellington boots with drab knee caps; little Bouncey in a tremendously baggy long-backed scarlet, whose gaping outside pockets showed that they had carried its late owner's hands as well as his handkerchief; the clumsy device on the tarnished buttons looking quite as much like sheep's heads as foxes'. Bouncey's tight tweed trousers were thrust into a pair of wide fisherman's boots, which, but for his little round-about stomach, would have swallowed him up bodily. Captain Quod appeared in a venerable dress coat of the Melton Hunt, made in the reign of Mr. Errington, whose much-stained and smeared silk facings bore testimony to the good cheer it had seen. As if in contrast to the light airiness of this garment, Quod had on a tremendously large shaggy brown waistcoat, with horn buttons, a double tier of pockets, and a niche out in front. With an unfair partiality his nether man was attired in a pair of shabby old black, or rather brown, dress trousers, thrust into long Wellington boots with brass heel spurs. Captain Seedeibuck had on a spruce swallow-tailed green coat of Sir Harry's, a pair of old tweed trousers of his own, thrust into long chamois leather opera boots, with red morocco tops, giving the whole a very unique and novel appearance. Mr. Orlando Bugles, though going to drive with my lady, thought it incumbent

to put on his top-boots, and appeared in kerseymere shorts, and a highly frogged and furred blue frock coat, with the corner of a musked cambric handkerchief acting the part of a star on his breast.

"Here comes old sixteen-string'd Jack?" exclaimed Bob Spangles, as his brother-in-law, Sir Harry, came hitching and limping along, all strings, and tapes, and ends, as usual, followed by Mr. Sponge in the strict and severe order of sporting costume; double-stitched, back-stitched, sleeve-strapped, pull-devil, pull-baker coat, broad corduroy vest with fox-teeth buttons, still broader corded breeches, and the redoubtable vinegar tops. "Now we're all ready!" exclaimed Bob, working his arms as if anxious to be off, and giving a shrill shilling gallery whistle with his fingers, causing the stable doors to fly open, and the variously tackled steeds to emerge from their stalls.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, running up as fast as her long habit, or rather Lady Scamperdale's long habit, would allow her. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" repeated she, diving into the throng.

"White Surrey is saddled for the field," replied Mr. Orlando Bugles, drawing himself up pompously, and waving his right hand gracefully towards her ladyship's palfrey, congratulating himself that Miss Glitters was going to be bumped upon it instead of him.

"Give me a leg up, Seedeey!" exclaimed she to the "gent" of the green coat, fearing that Miss Howard, who was a little behind, might claim the horse.

Captain Seedeeybuck seized her pretty little uplifted foot and vaulted her into the saddle with the agility of a Circus girl. Taking the horse lightly by the mouth, she gave him the slightest possible touch with the whip, and moved him about at will, instead of fretting and fighting him as the clumsy heavy-handed Bugles had done. She looked beautiful on horseback, and for a long time rivetted the attention of our sportsman. At length they began to think of themselves, and then there were such climbings on, and clutchings, and catchings, and clingings, and *gently*-ings, and who-hoo-ings, and questionings if "such a horse was quiet?" if another "could leap well?" if a third "had a good mouth?" and whether a fourth "ever ran away?"

"Take my port stirrup up two 'oles!" exclaimed Captain Bouncey from the top of high Hop-the-twig, sticking out a leg to let the groom do as he was bid.

The captain having been a Brighton billiard-table marker, affected the sea, instead of the land-service, as most of the other captains did.

"Avast there!" exclaimed he, as the groom ran the buckle up to the desired hole. "Now," said he, gathering up the reins in a bunch, "how many knots an hour can this horse go?"

"Twenty," replied the man, thinking he meant miles.

"Let her go then!" exclaimed the captain, kicking the horse's sides with his spurless heel.

Mr. Watchorn now mounted Harkaway; Sir Harry scrambled on to Hit-me-hard; Miss Howard was hoisted on to Groggytoes, and all the rest being "fit" with horses of some sort or other, and the races in the front being over, the juveniles poured into the yard, Lady Scattercash's pony-phaeton turned out of it, and our friends were all ready for a start.

PROGRESS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.*

As scientific research and increase of knowledge in the Arctic Seas are at the present moment almost obliterated, by the intense interest and anxiety that has been proved to exist among all classes and all kinds of persons in the fate of our long-lost countrymen; so the plain, straightforward narrative, the rough-and-ready words of one who, like many others, rushed forward with a generous and noble impulse, forsaking home, domestic comforts, and usually safe pursuits, to join in the heart-stirring search of desolate ice-clad seas, are replete with deepest and most impressive interest. It will be long now before the Arctic Seas, with their long, dark winters, and icy wildernesses, in flocs or in fields, in hummocks or in more mountainous bergs, will fail to rivet thoughts of dire suffering still relieved by hopes and aspirations, which grow daily in intensity, and which derive a sometimes melancholy, sometimes more inspiring zest, from every new detail of research and adventure.

The *Prince Albert*,—for the narrative of whose voyage, and sketchy delineations of every-day life in the Arctic Seas, we are indebted to Mr. W. Parker Snow,—was fitted out with the especial object of thoroughly searching the west coast of Regent Inlet to the bottom of the Gulf of Boothia into James Ross's Strait, and down to Simpson's Strait. There can be little doubt that Sir John Franklin would not, unless compelled or driven to such a step, have sailed down Regent's Inlet. The instructions which he received were to proceed to Baffin's Bay, and, as soon as the ice permitted, to enter Lancaster Sound, and proceed westward, through Barrow's Strait, in the latitude of about $74\frac{1}{4}$ deg., until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, or about 98 deg. west. He was then to use every effort to penetrate, southward and westward, towards Behring's Strait; and it was in this part that their great difficulties were apprehended. If these were proved to be insurmountable, they were next directed to return to Barrow's Strait, and proceed northwards by the broad channel between North Devon and Cornwallis Island, commonly called Wellington Channel, provided it appeared open and clear of ice.

We have before observed that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the ships of Sir John Franklin's expedition, were last seen, moored to an iceberg, on the 26th of July, 1845, sixty-eight days after their departure from England, in latitude 74 deg. 48 min., and longitude 66 deg. 13 min. W.; a position approaching the middle of Baffin's Bay, and about 210 miles from the entrance of Lancaster Sound.

When, therefore, the time had more than gone by when it was expected that the objects of the expedition, accomplished or not, Sir John Franklin would have returned to his own country, one of the most painful conclusions drawn was, that some accident or catastrophe might have happened to the expedition at the onset, and whilst still in comparatively open seas, but when beset by ice-fields and icebergs. The happy discovery of traces of the expedition at Cape Riley have done away with

* Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in Search of Sir John Franklin: A Narrative of Every-Day Life in the Arctic Seas. By W. Parker Snow. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

all misgivings upon this point, although it has left it somewhat indeterminate whether Sir John Franklin had sailed according to his instructions, southward and westward, to Cape Walker, or northward and westward up Wellington Channel; or whether the relics may not have belonged to a visit made to the said Cape Riley at a time when, having failed in penetrating southwards and westwards, he had returned in accordance with his injunctions, and had found an open way by Wellington Channel.

We have before recorded our opinion, considering the circumstances of the leading objects of Sir John Franklin's expedition, that traces of the expedition were found also on Cornwallis Island, westward of Cape Riley, and that Captain Austin's expedition had, after examining these important indications, continued to wend its way to the southward and westward, that the latter is the direction to which our hopes and fears must naturally turn themselves at the present moment. It is, however, but fair to state that Sir John Franklin is averred (see "Shillinglaw's Narrative of Arctic Discovery," p. 339) to have had a great desire to explore this strait; and as he might hold the opinion with Colonel Sabine and Baron Wrangell, that, from the similarity of the trending of the northern coasts of the two continents, open water would be found to exist on the American side, on reaching a certain northern latitude, as it was on the Asiatic, he might therefore have been induced to attempt this route.

Be this as it may, the *Prince Albert* was fitted out upon the probability of the first view of the course followed being correct. The objects proposed were the result of a curious and interesting speculation. The expedition under that indefatigable Arctic voyager, Sir James Clark Ross, had explored the north and west coast of North Somerset to near Cape Nicolai, where a very narrow isthmus separates Prince Regent Inlet from the western sea at Cresswell and Brentford Bays. They had thus assured themselves that if those whom they were in search of had at any time been upon the north or west coast of North Somerset, they must have met with traces of them. At the same time that Sir James Ross was engaged in this perillous land, or rather ice and snow, expedition, Lieutenant Barnard had been exploring in a similar manner the north shore of Barrow's Straits; Lieutenant Browne the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet; and Lieutenant Robinson the western shore of the same inlet. The labours of these latter parties were, however, of comparatively short duration and extent. Like Sir James Ross's party, they were severely inconvenienced, if not incapacitated, by snow, blindness, sprained ankles, and general debility. Lieutenant Robinson's explorations did not extend to beyond a few miles southward of Fury Beach.

It was therefore deemed possible, and, indeed, very probable, that though the land of North Somerset had presented no traces of Sir John Franklin, or of any of his party, the land of Boothia, to the southward, might do so. The arguments brought forward in support of this view of the question were not only such as a well-directed sympathy, anxious to leave no point unexplored, would have suggested, but they derived additional strength from the opinions given in its favour by eminent arctic voyagers, as well as from Sir John Franklin's own words, expressed some years back, concerning the best and most likely mode of examining the northern coasts of America. Sir John Richardson, in giving a report, in 1847,

concerning the best mode of sending relief to the missing expedition, observed that it was part of Sir John Franklin's plan, should he fail in being able to get on in other quarters, to descend Regent's Inlet, and seek the passage along the coast discovered by Messrs. Dease and Simpson.

It was, therefore, determined by Lady Franklin to have a search of the land of Boothia made simultaneously with the other explorations, and she accordingly purchased the *Prince Albert* from Messrs. White and Co., of Cowes, and sent her to Aberdeen for the requisite fittings and strengthenings to be put upon her for the service she was to be employed in. To effect this, it is understood that Lady Franklin sold out of the funds all the money which she could legally touch, and that the remainder of the expenses not met by voluntary subscriptions, of about 1500*l.*, and which amounted altogether to between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.*, have been made good by the same estimable lady.

Captain Forsyth, R.N., having volunteered to command the *Prince Albert*, that little vessel of scarcely ninety tons sailed on her adventurous voyage on the 5th of June, 1850, the especial service assigned to her being that of conveying a boat expedition to the best starting-point for accomplishing the intended search of the land of Boothia and its vicinity; but she was also supplied with the necessary housing in order to make her a suitable and sufficient shelter during the depth of winter, when neither walking parties nor boats could be despatched. The objects proposed were the thorough search of the west coast of Regent's Inlet to the bottom of the Gulf of Boothia, together with the western side of Boothia, into James Ross's Strait, and down to Simpson's Strait. The latter of these formed the passage into Regent's Inlet, which is laid down in the charts given to Sir John Franklin, the existence of interposing land being unknown until the return of Mr. Rae, in 1847. Simpson's Strait would therefore appear to Sir John Franklin to offer a passage for his boats into Regent's Inlet; and it is believed by many that, if compelled to abandon his ships anywhere in the region south-west of Cape Walker, he might make for Regent's Inlet and the stores on Fury Beach.

On the 9th of June the *Prince Albert* was working her way to windward through the Pentland Frith. She was found to be an excellent sea boat, hardly shipping any water in comparison to what happens to small vessels in general. She was also very tight, her pumps not having as yet been once used from necessity. Her motions, however, when blowing hard, or in a heavy sea, are described as being very disagreeably "lively." Progress was a good deal impeded by contrary winds, and it was not till the 2nd of July that they came in sight of the first icebergs. Driftwood, such as is supposed by Dr. Scoresby to come from lands on the other side of the Pole, was met with at the same time. They were now doubling the southernmost point of Greenland, and that with a tremendously high sea tumbling upon them. "It was, indeed," says Mr. Snow, "the grim spirit of the Greenland Cape pouring forth his vial of wrath upon our tiny bark, for daring to venture near his dreaded haunts." On the 4th, they had calms. Cape Desolation—which, as merry-hearted Captain Fitzjames observed, "sounds polar enough"—being distant about 101 miles. A great number of birds now flitted around them, and bottle-nosed whales ploughed the deep in their vicinity. On the 8th, they stood in towards the land, and the next day obtained a view of the magnificent

mountains about Coquin Sound, above which the celebrated "sugar-loaf" occasionally peeped out from the dense clouds in bold and lofty grandeur.

On the morning of the 11th, they came unexpectedly upon the first ice, a "stream," or oblong collection of drift, but continuous pieces, through which the *Prince Albert* was at once made to force her way.

After a first and successful bout with the great obstacle of the polar seas, the *Prince Albert* was hauled up for the land about Whale Fish Islands. In doing this they experienced some very severe weather; blowing hurricanes, with a short, high sea, perfectly furious, lashing about ship, land, and icebergs with the madness of a maelstrom, and with a violence that apparently nothing could resist. On the 13th, the weather cleared up, and the boat landing on the western coast of Disco for water, found there a Shetlander's grave, "a lone and solitary spot, in some of the wildest and most majestic scenes of Nature." Mr. Snow's description of the land here is highly picturesque. The lofty pinnacles, like needles, of the mountains, cutting through the dense clouds, appeared, he says, like the tapering spires of so many cathedrals. Upwards of a hundred icebergs were in sight at the same time, and the change occasioned by their motions in the scenery is compared to the transformations in some large temple of the drama.

On the 15th, they spoke two whalers of repute, the *Truelove*, Mr. Parker, of Hull, and her consort the *Anna*, Mr. Wells, also of Hull; and on the 17th, they touched at the Danish settlement of Upernavick, a place, from Mr. Snow's descriptions, rendered not a little remarkable by its deep and narrow fiords, lofty cliffs, iron-bound coast, enormous high rocky mountains, glaciers descending to the water's edge, avalanches of snow and icebergs, tumbling over with a noise like the cracking of some mighty edifice of stone, or the bursting of several pieces of ordnance. On the 18th, as they were approaching the "Pack," the "crow's-nest," a light cask to shelter the look-out man, was duly installed at the mast-head, with all the customary honours. The crow's-nest, Mr. Snow tells us, is a favourite place with many whaling captains (Penny for instance), who are rarely out of it for days when among the ice. Ice anchors, claws, axes, &c., were laid in order; tow ropes, warps, and all the other gear, examined and coiled down for use; the men, too, began to get their "tracking belts" prepared for service; "and altogether," says Mr. Snow, "a new phase in our existence was evidently about to commence."

It was all fresh to me: I enjoyed it; and had enough to do, admiring the enormous masses of ice we were passing, the white-topped mountains in the distance, and the strange aspect of everything around me. It seemed, as we slowly threaded our way through the bergs, that we were about approaching some great battle-field, in which we were to be actively engaged; and that we were now, cautiously, passing through the various outposts of the mighty encampment; at other times I could almost fancy we were about to enter secretly, by the suburbs, some of those vast and wonderful cities whose magnificent ruins throw into utter insignificance all the grandeur of succeeding ages. Silently, and apparently without motion, did we glide along, amidst dark hazy weather, rain, and enough wind to fill the sails and steady them, but no more. In the afternoon we passed Buchan's and Berry's Islands, the fog and thick weather still around us; and at six P.M. we began to enter loose ice, which seemed to cover the sea in streams as far as the eye could see. Slowly and cautiously we proceeded through it; hardly venturing, in this our first and timid experience, to let the smallest piece come against the ship's side; so different was our feeling now from what it became but a short time afterwards.

Partly by towing, partly by sailing, they were enabled to pass Baffin's
Feb.—VOL. XCI. NO. CCCLXII. R

Islands, an immense number of bergs encircling them, on the 19th. The streams of ice were now becoming thicker, and occurred oftener, and the next day they came upon a heavy rugged pack, with large bergs towering up from its skirts and centre, and hummocky pieces thrown up in various directions:

We were, therefore, true enough, fairly "in the ice:" but ice of which most readers have no idea. The water frozen in our ponds and lakes at home is but as a mere thin pane of glass in comparison to that which now came upon us. Fancy before you miles and miles of a tabular icy rock eight feet or more, solid, thick throughout, unbroken, or only by a single rent here and there, not sufficient to separate the piece itself. Conceive this icy rock to be in many parts of a perfectly even surface, but in others covered with what might well be conceived as the ruins of a mighty city suddenly destroyed by an earthquake, and the remains jumbled together in one confused mass. Let there be also huge blocks of most fantastic form scattered about upon this tabular surface, and in some places rising in towering height, and in one apparently connected chain, far, far beyond the sight. Take these in your view, and you will have some faint idea of what was the kind of ice presented to my eye as I gazed upon it from aloft.

It was in this part of Baffin's Bay, most dreaded by the daring and adventurous whalers, and called from its fearful character the "Devil's Nip," that the *Prince Albert* came up with Sir John Ross's vessel, the *Felix*, which appeared to be boxing about, as if running in and out of the ice. They also saw here the first polar bear, who had been watching at a seal-hole. The *Prince Albert* was now also hemmed in by the ice, and the actual labour of forcing their way through the "rock water" commenced. They had also a brush against a berg, but without other damage than a good scraping, the huge block of ice being, fortunately, nearly perpendicular. On the 21st the little ship was actually engaged in a labyrinth of icebergs:

Like a frightened hare did the poor thing seem to fly, here, there, and everywhere, vainly striving to escape from the apparent trap she had got into. It was a strange and novel sight. I could hardly realise it. It seemed as though I were merely witnessing the representation of it, and was, myself, free from sharing in any of its undoubted danger. For three or four hours—indeed ever since we had entered this basin of water, we had been vainly striving to find some passage out of it, in as near a direction as possible to our proper course; but neither this way, nor any other way, nor even that in which we had entered (for the passage had again suddenly closed), could we find one. At last, about ten A.M., an opening between two large bergs was discovered to the N.W. Without a moment's delay our gallant little bark was pushed into it, and soon we found ourselves threading through a complete labyrinth of ice rocks, if they may be so called, where the very smallest of them, ay, or even a fragment from one of them, if falling on us, would have splintered into ten thousand pieces the gallant vessel that had thus thrust herself among them, and would have buried her crew irretrievably. Wonderful indeed was it all. In truth, I cannot well describe the picture as it came before me. It was a living reality at the time; now it is but as a dream!

Onwards, however, they pursued their course, along lanes and channels, not unlike the paths and streets of a mighty city, when suddenly on turning out of a passage between some lofty bergs, the *Felix* was seen ahead, lying alongside the flat ice as by a quay. This was truly a curious meeting. Communication was soon established by Commander Phillips running over the ice to the new comers, and a friendly dinner cemented consortship in a dangerous navigation. Seven large whalers came down next day, wending their way with the characteristic and dauntless fearlessness of the craft, under a press of sail, all their boats towing, and colours hoisted.

On the 31st Captain Austin's fleet was observed to the north-north-east, distant about eight miles, and an attempt was made to reach it

across the ice. The excursionists were, however, baffled by large broken patches and hummocks on the way. The American brigantines also came up the next day, boldly pushing their way from the southward. Melville Bay was thus alive with sailing vessels and steamers, royal and republican ships, and taut and daring little adventurers working on their own account, or rather on that of an anxious suffering lady. Momentary difficulties and dangers, however, kept arising from the heavier and worse kinds of ice now about them, and from the capricious movements of the large pieces and the floes:

But the *Prince Albert* stood it well; although it was painfully evident that should the heavy outer floes still keep setting in upon those which enclosed us, nothing could save her. To describe our position at this moment it will be only necessary to observe that both vessels were as completely in the ice as if they had been dropped into it from on high, and frozen there. It had been impossible for me to sleep during the night, in consequence of the constant harsh grating sound that the floes caused as they slowly and heavily moved along or upon the ship's side, crushing their outer edges with a most unpleasant noise close to my ear. My sleeping berth was half under and half above the level of the water, when the ship was on an even keel. In the morning I heard the grating sound still stronger, and close to me: I threw myself off the bed and went on deck. From the deck I jumped on to the ice, and had a look how it was serving the poor little vessel. Under her stern I perceived large masses crushed up in a frightful manner, and with terrific force, sufficient, I thought, to have knocked her whole counter in. My only wonder was how she stood it; but an explanation, independent of her own good strength, was soon presented to me in the fact that the floe I was standing upon was moving right round, and grinding in its progress all lesser pieces in its way. This was the cause of safety to ourselves and the *Felix*. Had the heavy bodies of ice been impelled directly towards us, as we at first feared they would be, instead of passing us in an angular direction, we should both, most assuredly, have been crushed like an egg-shell. The very *bergs*, or the *floating* ones, near which we had been fast on the previous day, were aiding in the impetus given by the tide or current to the masses now in motion; and most providential was it that no wind was blowing from the adverse quarter at the time.

Upon each side of the ship the floes were solid, and of great thickness, and pressing closely upon her timbers. Under the bow, several rough pieces had been thrown up nearly as high as the level of the bowsprit, and these were in constant change, as the larger masses drove by them.

I ascended on deck, and found all the preparations for taking to the ice, if necessary, renewed. Spirits of wine, for portable fuel, had been drawn off, and placed handy; bags of bread, pemmican, &c., were all in readiness; and nothing was wanting in the event of a too heavy squeeze coming. We could perceive that, sooner or later, a collision between the two floes, the one on our larboard and the other on our starboard side, must take place, as the former had not nearly so much motion as the latter; but where this collision would occur was impossible to say. Between the *Felix* and us, the passage was blocked principally by the same sort of pieces that I have mentioned as lying under our bow; and astern of us were several small bergs that might or might not be of service in breaking the collision. Very fortunately they proved the former; for, presently, I could perceive the floe on our starboard hand, as it came crushing and grinding all near it, in its circular movement, catch one of its extreme corners on a large block of ice a short distance astern, and by the force of the pressure drive it into the opposite floe, rending and tearing all before it; while at the same time itself rebounded, as it were, or swerved on one side, and glided more softly and with a relaxed pressure past us. This was the last trial of the kind our little *Prince* had to endure; for afterwards a gradual slackening of the whole body of ice took place, and at ten it opened to the southward.

They had, indeed, been now a fortnight labouring through the ice with most incessant toil and great danger, and only made twelve miles in their direct course to the northward. On the 6th they got into a little clearer water; thousands of little auks and divers were on the wing, in the water, or on pieces of ice. On the 8th a shooting-party went out

and killed in a short time 150 birds, many of which, Mr. Snow says, upon being cooked, proved *most excellent eating*. While the men were playing on the ice, Mr. Snow measured an iceberg that was 1108 feet long, 300 feet broad, and 83 feet high. It was evidently aground. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 10th Captain Austin's ships were observed coming out of the fog, the two sailing vessels in tow of the two steamers:

They had got clear, and were in the same lead as ourselves. My heart bounded with delight. Now, thought I, every vessel is free, and boldly pushing onward. Heaven grant that tidings may shortly be heard, or traces found, of the lost ones, by some of us. At noon we hoisted our colours in deference to her Majesty's ships, than which no vessels in the world ever looked more noble and more worthy of belonging to the service of our gracious Queen and our native country. Proudly they came on toward us, with colours flying, yards square, and everything about them in that orderly, trim, and neat fashion so peculiar and so much to be admired in men of war. It was a novelty to us, in this region of snow, to see the black smoke issuing from the funnels of the two "screws," and the steam escaping at intervals from the valve. It was pleasing, too, to witness the long pendant hanging from the mast-head of each ship, as they neared us; and I was very much gratified when at two P.M. Captain Forsyth directed me to proceed in the *dingey* to two of the vessels with the letters; while he, himself, in another boat, went on board of the commodore's ship the *Resolute*.

The *Felix* and the *Prince Albert* were now taken in tow by the steamers, and away they all went together through heavy masses of loose ice and bergs at the rate of about four miles an hour, forming part of as novel a picture as any yet seen in the Arctic Seas. This happy progress met, however, occasionally with interruptions by heavy nips in the ice. When this occurred the *Pioneer* was sent to dash at the impediment under full power. This she is described as doing boldly and fearlessly (for a sailor always writes of a ship as of a thing of life), rushing stem on, and fairly digging her bows into it in a most remarkable manner. Backing then instantly astern, and then again going ahead, she would repeat the same manœuvre, fairly lifting herself on end like a prancing warhorse. When the nip did not yield to this kind of treatment, parties from every ship were sent on the ice to assist in blowing it up, and removing the fragments as they got loosened. On the 13th some natives were perceived upon the snow, under the cliffs of Cape York, and it was at once resolved to open communication with them. It was upon this occasion that Sir John Ross's Esquimaux, Adam, magnified a misfortune which had happened to the *North Star*, when wintering in Wolstenholme Sound, into the destruction of the whole of Sir John Franklin's expedition. As, however, the details of this report, and the conflicting testimonies of the different interpreters, appeared at the time of the return of the *North Star* and *Prince Albert*, in all the daily papers, we need not revert to them, except to remark that Mr. Snow's opinion, and that of all the commanders, not even, it appears, excepting Sir John Ross, were opposed to the man Adam's version of the story.

Captain Penny's two ships were now in company, and these various interviews with the natives over, the eight vessels and their several boats gradually assumed their respective positions like a little fleet preparing for line of battle. All were full of hope and buoyant with anticipations of success. Yet, two weeks only to a day after this, the *Prince Albert* was again very near the same place. Mr. Snow says, crest-fallen, miserable, hardly able to contain himself, and the gallant little ship (no

emblem of Baffin then) sneaking as it were reluctantly (for it was calm and light air) homeward! On the 19th, the lofty and magnificent Byam Martin Mountains were in view. Navy Board Inlet soon after opened to them, and Woolaston Islands were close upon the bow. Mr. Snow landed in one of these, which he found to be a pile of loose and craggy rocks, and he thought he discovered what must evidently have been a grave.

Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits were so clear of ice, that the run from hence to Leopold Island was accomplished in no time. "As we neared the shore, the whole features of the place," Mr. Snow says, "came fresh upon me, so truthful is the representation given of them by Lieutenant Browne, in Burford's Panorama." We are happy to extract so gratifying a testimony of the value of that truly beautiful picture. In a short time, with some degree of difficulty, a landing was effected on the extreme end of Whaler Point:

My first work (says Mr. Snow) was to examine the cylinders, one of which was found fast to the flag-staff erected close to the beach, and the other inside the house. Eagerly did I open them, and take out their contents. Three papers were in one, and two in the other. My agitation was so great, that I could hardly see to read, and my hands fairly trembled; for it must be remembered that I was somewhat fatigued and worn out after twenty-eight hours' unceasing watching, and the excitement was great upon me. To my heavy disappointment, however, there was not a line of intelligence concerning those whom I most wished to hear about. No, they had not been there. "Well, we must hurry further on," thought I; "perhaps at Brentford Bay, or lower down, we shall get tidings;" and, thus reasoning, I hastily perused again the documents before me. Three of these were the papers left here last year by Sir James Ross, and signed by him and Captain Bird; one of the three being a list of stores, provisions, &c. left behind, the other two duplicate memorials of their visit. The *fourth* document was, to my surprise, a paper from the *North Star*, which vessel, it appeared, had been there only a few days before us.

The account of Sir James Ross's house is interesting, as giving an idea of the resources left for any shipwrecked or wandering parties at this, the most central and important station as yet known in the Arctic Seas:

As time was very important, not knowing how the wind and ice might set in upon us, I could only, then, take a cursory survey of things around me. The covering of the house was very much rent at top, and at the sides in several places; and we had no occasion to use the door, in consequence of a large gap in the canvas giving us a free and easy entrance. In every other respect the house was in excellent order; and I could not help wishing that no worse a habitation might at the present moment belong, in some other place, to those for whom this was especially erected; and also that many of our poor at home had as good. All sorts of things and utensils—ropes, iron-gear, blankets, stoves, &c., &c. were scattered about, inside, in singular proximity. Outside, and nearer the beach, piles of soup and bouilli canisters, and other preserved meats, were heaped up alongside of a great number of casks, containing all sorts of articles for a lengthy scale of victualling on shore. Further on were bags of coke and coals, and then the steam launch, a fine noble-looking boat, in which one would hardly be afraid to venture anywhere. She was so placed as to be ready, without very much difficulty, for launching; and the materials belonging to her were lying alongside, some of them half-covered with pieces of ice driven up from the sea.

The *Prince Albert* experienced many difficulties, and the crew and officers had much heavy labour to make their way hence to Prince Regent's Inlet. Success, however, in coming thus far had made them sanguine, and the breeze helping them—should the sea remain clear—they hoped to be at anchor on the following afternoon in Brentford or Cresswell Bays, neither of which they ever reached. A light wind car-

ried them indeed fairly down as far as Fury Beach, but when the fog lifted on the next morning, they saw not only the land abeam, and trending round to the west; but what was a bitter disappointment, ice everywhere ahead, and on each side of them. They had evidently run into a "bight," and, a few yards further, would have been brought up all standing. Long and eagerly did they strain their eyes through the glass in every direction from the "crow's-nest," nothing save one dreary expanse of heavy hummocky stuff presented itself. Not a sign of any opening anywhere. Captain Forsyth having received the written opinions as to the hopelessness of getting further that way, from the first and second mates, and from Mr. Snow, who appears, however, to have had a reserve upon the question, he resolved to return to England, examining on his way back Capes Riley, Hotham, and Walker. "The mantle of gloom," says Mr. Snow, "spread itself abroad, in fog and despondency of spirits, over our little vessel, so joyous but a short time back!"

So dispirited, indeed, was our author by this reverse of fortune, that on the occasion of a boat visit to Leopold Island he anticipated with pleasure the chance of being left there with his boat's crew the whole winter long. There is much that is suggestive in these longings of Mr. Snow to stay within reach, as it were, of his missing countrymen, of the possibility of a temporary station being established at that central spot, should such be deemed necessary at the existing crisis in Arctic exploration, and which crisis may not impossibly attain its maximum by the detention of some of the vessels of the fleet of research; or even of a permanent station being established at the same place, when the North-west Passage, *viâ* Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, is opened!

"What, after all," I said half aloud—"what, after all, is the evil, supposing any unavoidable accident should prevent us again joining the ship? Here we are; a good house before us, plenty of fuel and provisions, all of us pretty well inured to hardship and exposure to the weather, and not a man of the party but what is ardent in the cause in which he embarked. We shall be at hand to render assistance should any drooping stragglers arrive; and we shall be prepared, perhaps, to do something ourselves next spring and summer; by which latter time some means of escape, to the other ships or to some vessel, would be presented to us. The launch was there and might be usefully employed whenever open water came in sight, should we remain so long; and we might really become of essential service should we have to winter there by ourselves. Far better off should we be than many poor fellows who had suddenly been cast ashore in the colder northern regions: and, certainly, we should be no worse, if so bad, as Sir John Ross and his party were at Somerset House, Fury Beach, in 1832-3." I kept asking myself over and over, "What if this really should be so? and your few men have to winter here?" and I declare that I had a sort of half wish that it might be so. And as the idea grew on me, I felt my wish increase that we might indeed be left there for the winter. We might do good, and at all events it would prove that, whatever might be my opinion as regarded the ship and her returning to England this winter, it was from no personal inclination to that effect; it would evince to those whose respect and esteem I valued, and whose friendship and support had been so kind, that I had no desire but to further to the utmost of my power the cause in which I had embarked.

I now returned to the house, and found some of the men stirring. Their first inquiry of one another was about the ship; and, upon being told that she could not be seen, with the careless indifference of sailors, they replied, "She might keep away entirely if she liked." Hearing the remark, I asked them what they would do, supposing by any accident she could not get near us, or we to her again, and all of us have to be detained on shore to winter as we were.

"We've got a good house here, sir," said Anderson, "and we shan't starve for two years, any how, while there's all those *bullee* tins and meat casks there," pointing to the pile of provisions. In this remark all in more or less words coincided, and, indeed, seemed, if anything, anxious that the vessel should not come to take

us off; expressing themselves willing to remain there for a twelvemonth with pleasure.

Now all these men were not mere youths, but grown-up persons near the middle age of life, and long accustomed to the whale fishery and its adventurous scenes, as well as acquainted with the severity of the climate. They spoke, therefore, with a perfect knowledge of what would have to be endured; and when, afterwards, at noon, upon my still not seeing the vessel, and observing the harbour blocked with ice, I put the affair before them all in sober and impressive language, they kept to the same mind, and began to look about for what would have to be done towards their mutual comfort. If I had to winter, they would willingly do so too, and "go to work next spring to try and find Sir John."

Not far from Leopold Island the *Prince Albert* fell in, to their no small surprise, with the American ships, supposed to be still far behind, but which had made their way thus far unaided, as all the British vessels had been, by steam. Mr. Snow speaks most highly of the modes of proceeding of our enterprising Transatlantic brethren:

If ever a vessel and her officers were capable of going through an undertaking in which more than ordinary difficulties had to be encountered, I had no doubt it would be the American; and this was evinced to me, even while we were on board, by the apparently reckless way in which they dashed through the streams of heavy ice running off from Leopold Island. I happened to go on deck when they were thus engaged, and was delighted to witness how gallantly they put aside every impediment in their way. An officer was standing on the heel of the bowsprit, conning the ship and issuing his orders to the man at the wheel in that short, decisive, yet *clear* manner, which the helmsman at once well understood and promptly obeyed. There was not a rag of canvas taken in, nor a moment's hesitation. The way was before them: the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, "So: steady as she goes on her course;" and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark nobly following in the American's wake; and, as I afterwards learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the "mad Yankee," as he was called by the mate.

May they be successful in their bold career! They intended to push on wherever they could, this way or that way, as might be found best, in the direction of Melville Island and parts adjacent, especially Banks's Land; and they meant to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. As long as they could be moving or making any progress in any direction that might assist in the object for which they had come, they meant still to be going on, and, with the true characteristic of the American, cared for no obstacles or impediments that might arise in their way. This is assuredly the manner in which to achieve success, and truly do we hope that some share of honour will reward such noble and spirited exertions.

As the *Prince Albert* made her way across Barrow's Straits towards Wellington Channel, the other different members of the exploring fleet kept gradually coming up. All the vessels were among heavy ice, and the whole of Wellington Channel appeared to be filled, as far as the eye could reach, with one solid pack. Turning towards Cape Bowen, Mr. Snow says, he could perceive beyond it, and apparently trending to the north-westward, some high land. To the south-west the ice also presented an apparently impenetrable barrier in that direction. The only clear water visible was that in their immediate vicinity, and in the direction they had come. "I took," says Mr. Snow, "one more glance at the noble little fleet and their brave crews, forcing their way through the ice, and then

turned my back to look no more." And this is the last we have heard of them! To the traces of the missing expedition found at Cape Riley we need not now refer, having discussed the subject fully in a previous number of the *New Monthly*.

From Cape Riley the *Prince Albert* steered for Cape York, but a strong current carried them eastward of the Cape to Admiralty Inlet. After examining which, they stretched across towards Cape Charles Yorke, the weather being so fine and clear that, on one occasion, the land was seen on both sides of Lancaster Sound at the same moment. On getting out of the Sound into Baffin's Bay, the *Prince Albert* fell in with the *North Star*, also on her way home, after an ineffectual attempt to force a passage by Port Bowen up Regent's Inlet. With the exception of a visit made to Pond's Bay, and another communication with the natives, there is little after this in Mr. Snow's narrative which might not be expected from the account of a small vessel's doings in gales off Greenland Cape and Faroe Islands, and when fighting its way across the vexatious high seas of Cape Wrath and the Pentland Frith. It only remains for us to add, that, since writing the above, despatches have been received at the Admiralty from Captain Kellett, C.B., of H.M.S. *Herald*, dated at sea, the 14th of October, 1850, on his return from Behring's Straits, conveying information of an interesting character. The *Herald* had communicated with H.M.S. *Plover*, on the 10th of July, at Chamisso Island, where the *Plover* had passed the preceding winter. The two ships proceeded to the northward until they sighted the pack ice, when the *Herald* returned to Cape Lisburne, in quest of Captain Collinson's expedition, and on the 31st fell in with H.M.S. *Investigator*, which had made a surprisingly short passage of twenty-six days from the Sandwich Islands. The *Herald* remained cruising off Cape Lisburne, and again fell in with the *Plover* on the 13th of August, on her return from Point Barrow, Commander Moore having coasted in his boats, and minutely examined the several inlets as far as that point from Icy Cape, without gaining any intelligence of the missing expedition. Commander Moore and his boats' crews had suffered severely from exposure to cold. Captain Kellett, having fully victualled the *Plover*, ordered her to winter in Grantley Harbour (her former anchorage at Chamisso Island not being considered safe), and then returned to the southward, on his way to England.

Despatches have also been received from Captain Collinson, C.B., of her Majesty's ship *Enterprise*, and commander M'Clure, of her Majesty's ship *Investigator*, by which it appears that the *Enterprise* had not succeeded in getting much beyond the meridian of Point Barrow; but that the *Investigator*, which had reached the same seas at an earlier period of the season, had, in all probability, taken the inshore route to Cape Bathurst; and, as we read in Captain M'Clure's despatch, dated July 20th, 1850, that it was his intention to push as directly as possible for Banks's Land and Melville Island, and to winter in those regions, it is evident that this is news almost as hopeful as the last that was received of Captain Austin's expedition. We must not, however, blind ourselves to the fact that there exists a far greater extent of unexplored land and ice between either Point Barrow or Cape Bathurst, and Banks's Land or Melville Island, than between those lands and Leopold Island; but still the attempts of the *Investigator* on the one side, and those of Captain Austin's expedition on the other, are full of promise, and hold out some positive hopes of a solution to this long-pending question.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

I.

THE brilliant summer day was well-nigh over, but the heat was still overpowering in the extreme. The Terrasse du Jardin was filling rapidly, for, however hot it may be, the aristocracy of Grenoble seldom absent themselves in the evening from that gay promenade. And you must not measure the heat of Southern France by that of England—the latter is but warmth to it. Gradually the walk became crowded. The scent of the orange-trees in the gardens of the Prefecture was wafted to the visitors, who, inhaling its sweetness, chatted and flirted with the careless action and coquetry indigenous to the French nation. A gay group was gathered in one of the alcoves of the Café de la Terrasse, talking good-humouredly, full of excitement and gesture as usual, when the chimes of the cathedral were heard, telling half-past eight.

“It will not be a happy match,” exclaimed Madame de Vaillance, a dame all feathers and blonde, idly motioning to the garçon to place her ice, which she had barely tasted, on the table.

“I should think it would be the happiest of the happy,” cried Made-moiselle Duval, a stylish girl of nineteen.

“Ah! that’s because you have so much sentiment. Nothing can be in worse taste, *ma chère*. Love is too exciting for a married state: hate is infinitely better.”

“Possibly madame speaks from experience,” exclaimed the young lady, losing her temper. “It was whispered she had no sentiment for Monsieur de Vaillance, before marriage, save that of hate.”

“Eh bien, *ma fille*,” answered the lady, with all a Frenchwoman’s equanimity, “it is better to marry in hatred and learn to love, than to marry in love and learn to hate. *N’est-ce pas, Monsieur le Secrétaire?*”

The secretary to the préfet answered with a low bow, which concealed the shade of mortification that passed over his crimsoned countenance. *His* union was well known not to be now one of love, whatever it had begun in.

“There they are!” exclaimed the Baron de la Neige, an old Legitimist, twirling his moustache, which had undergone a soaking in the *eau sucrée* he was drinking, and extending his cane at the same moment in the direction of the other end of the terrace.

The garçons were called hastily, and paid, and the whole party rose from their seats. They quitted the café and walked up the terrace. It was beginning to grow dusk. Lights were gleaming through the open windows of the Hotel des Ambassadeurs in front of them, but the Trois Dauphins in the distance kept its apartments closed. Proceeding down the walk towards them were a lady and gentleman, whose presence seemed to create an unusual sensation. Innumerable parties stopped to greet them, and those not upon speaking terms glanced with curiosity—not stared: the French never so far forget themselves. The gentleman possessed great personal attractions. He was remarkably tall—for it is rare to see even a soldier in that locality above the height of five feet six—and graceful in person; a winning expression sat on his handsome face, and, for age, he could not be more than six or seven-and-twenty. The young lady had also her claims to beauty. Perhaps her features would have been called child-like, but that there was a mine of sense and thought in the calm forehead and in the large dark blue eye. Her dress was conspicuous: all

white silk and lace, with a wreath of orange blossoms round the bonnet's crown. They had been married the previous day; this had been spent in paying visits and receiving congratulations, according to the French custom; and the bridegroom now appeared amongst his fellow-men, conducting his fair young wife. They stopped as they reached the party who had been sitting in the café. Ceremonious greetings, a brilliant remark or so, a few compliments, more implied than uttered, and Monsieur and Madame de St. Léger passed on. They quitted the terrace by the gardens of the Prefecture, and leaving the Isère on the left, with its clear, calm water, so suggestive of coolness and rest on that summer's evening, walked in the direction of the Place Grenette.

As they neared the Place Notre Dame, and passed the Café de la Colonne, Madame de St. Léger raised her head to speak; but she hesitated, and a few steps more brought them to the door of the cathedral. She timidly withdrew her arm from her husband's.

"What would you, Marie?"

"I must go in," she whispered. "The day is nearly closed, and I have not yet been to the confessional. I fear I almost forgot the hour for it. Holy Mother, pardon me!"

Her husband was irreverent enough to laugh. "Never heed the priests, my love. Let them confess to themselves. They are but a set of intolerant——"

"Albert! Albert!" she interrupted. "Forgive him, Heaven! forgive us all! The holy father Leance is awaiting me now," she added, "blaming my delay and impious forgetfulness."

"Oh, Marie, it is the way with all you girls educated in convents, to attach an undue importance to priests and offices of religion. Confession to-day for *you*! My sweet wife, let us go home; and should there be omissions on your conscience—sins there cannot be—we will ask pardon of God together. He *can* forgive."

"The priest is as God," she rejoined. "Albert, detain me not."

He saw how her heart was set upon it—that she did not dare to stay away. They were early days yet to play the husband, and he relinquished the imprisoned hand with a pressure.

The gloom of evening, almost of night, was on the aisles of the cathedral when Marie entered. She dipped her fingers into the *eau bénite*, and crossed her forehead. She then advanced a few steps, and, sinking upon her knees, offered up a pious prayer. The father Leance was already in the box appropriated to the confessional.

Marie de St. Léger knelt before him—him who was in this place to her as God. The shadows had deepened: no garish light of day, or scarcely of twilight, shone on her angel face. She had to breathe words, the bare thought of which brought the burning blush of shame to her cheek—words which she would not willingly have whispered to her own heart.

Oh the iniquities of that confessional! How is it possible that, in the enlightened nineteenth century, such monstrosities should exist? The wily priest had begun by chiding her; she told the truth—that in her new happiness she had almost forgotten the hour he was to await her. And in that moment he trembled for his power. He reprehended her conduct severely; he spoke long and awfully of the sin of forgetting God. A strange penance was upon his lips; but ere they gave utterance to it, he checked himself; for he foresaw the danger of interfering *then* with the privileges of a husband. He knew sufficient of the matter to fear

that if war were waged, that unnatural, but frequent, war between the priest and the legal protector, that at this early stage the young husband might triumph, and the religious man be defeated. So the penance was stifled upon the verge of utterance, and she was sentenced to prayers of unusual length, and to appear daily at the confessional. Then came the questioning: it was a torment to the confessor, but stealthily it proceeded; and soon the glow of outraged modesty trembled through her frame. The moon's rays fell in places on the cold floor, but she knelt in the dark; there was no eye to look upon her; the oaken board, as she leaned towards it, could neither see nor add to her confusion. Nevertheless, she covered her glowing face with her hands, and the tears of shame ran through her fingers as she murmured an inquiry of whether such matters, sacred between herself and her husband, should be breathed to another's ear?

"Would you conceal aught from God?" inquired the holy father, in a stern tone.

There was no reply. The trembling girl was almost choked by her sobs; but her master, his tone changing to one of insinuating softness, poured forth arguments to which, for the Roman Catholic, there is no resistance.

She pressed her face in her hands with a deeper pressure; she listened to the minute, audacious inquiries of that bold man, wishing the very walls would fall and cover her; but she answered. It is a fearful thing the hold these priests have over a woman's heart. His language, at first guarded in its expressions, had insensibly changed, and became, as he pressed question after question upon her, glowing and free.

The ordeal was over—until the next evening, when it would be again renewed; and she arose from her knees full of agony and confusion. The shameless priest, writhing with revengeful anger at the laws which condemned him to be an isolated being, was the depository of all. It was the first step towards that wicked and dangerous interference between the wife and the husband.

It is said to be passing strange that the Catholic priesthood deem a third person necessary to this one sacred ordinance of God. Do you believe they do deem it necessary?—then you do not know them as I do. They know it to be not only unnecessary, but monstrous and unnatural; they know that in the sight of that God the system is sinful, and never to be countenanced; yet they would as soon consent to annul their order as to root out that disgraceful feature of its working. And we all know the arguments they bring forward in support of it, though we cannot imagine half the cajolery they use with their victims. God said man and wife should be one: the Jesuit says, No; to such union another is essential, even myself. *I act for God, and I will be with you always.* "You must tell me *all*," says he to the wife, in his tone of half insinuation; half command; "the minute occurrences of your household, the secrets of your wedded life, the transactions of your husband, whether of business or relaxation, his ways at home and abroad, his faults, real or imaginary—oh be particular here!—his inmost thoughts, and even his very dreams."

It never occurs to the woman to disobey; and this daily intercourse with, and confidence in, her confessor, becomes at length necessary to her existence; the husband dwindling down to a secondary place in her thoughts—if he retain a place at all.

The priests dreaded Albert de St. Léger. His mother had been a Swiss

Protestant, and though he had been reared in the Catholic faith, his disaffection was more than suspected. Nor were they wrong. He was at heart a Protestant. But it is in the nature of youth to be careless; religion is a subject they rarely give a thought to; the newly-opened perils and pleasures of their age are all in all, and Albert contented himself, like the rest of the young blades of Grenoble, with performing no offices of his nominal religion, and with cutting a few quiet jokes with his companions at the trickery and cunning of the Catholic priests.

The priests, meanwhile, kept their eye upon him. It was no light gall in their cup of graspingness to doubt whether he, the heir of one of the most powerful of Grenoble's families, should belong to them or to their rivals, the dreaded heretics. But when he became engaged to Marie de Maulevrier, they thought the game their own. She and her sister had been educated at a proximate convent, deeply imbued with all its bigotry and superstition, and the "holy Father Leance," its chief director, made up his mind to have the future wife, and, through her, the husband, under his thumb and finger. He was one of the most subtle of the order of the Jesuits: fear not that he will render his subtlety available to the end. It would be his care to work his coils round the path and home of Marie de St. Léger, as they were already wound round the religious portion of her heart.

But we left De St. Léger in the Place Notre Dame, awaiting the return of his bride. The first quarter of an hour passed tolerably well, but the second grew tedious. He watched parties going in and out of the Café de la Colonne, several of the *Jeune France* and the *sans-culottes* tribes being amongst them. He glanced opposite at the raised terrace, or garden, of Madame Constantin, where the stout old lady herself, with some friends, had just seated themselves, to enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Suddenly the parties observed St. Léger pacing up and down, and, rising from their seats, showered curtseys and bows upon him, Madame Constantin giving the signal in a swimming one five times repeated. They jumbled to the conclusion that the bride must be in the church, else what could St. Léger be waiting for: so Madame Constantin opened her heart and her purse, and set Louise, the old fixture of a servant, out for a bottle of hermitage blanc and some choux, which the group were to discuss whilst watching narrowly for the appearance of the bride.

"Albert, you surely have not been waiting for me!" she exclaimed, when she came out.

She had drawn her white veil closely over her face, but he saw for all that.

"You have been in tears, Marie! What is it?"

"Oh," she replied, evasively, "if I have been naughty, and am chidden for it, it may be foolish, but not wonderful, if like a child I cry."

"My love, what mean you?" he indignantly demanded. "There is more in this than meets the eye."

"Don't ask me, Albert. I may not betray the secrets of the confessional."

"Listen, my love," he resumed, gravely. "Yesterday morning you were Marie de Maulevrier, and no one had a right to question you; now you are Madame de St. Léger; and my own wife must not impart to others what she would conceal from me."

"Conceal from you what I would impart to another. Albert!—you know me better."

"Marie! is it not already so? I would hear the cause of your late evident distress, and you will not satisfy me."

"But that is between me and my father confessor!" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Dearest Marie! have no secrets from me—not even with him. Your husband's place is nearer to you than your confessor's."

She would have given worlds to act as he wished; but she dared not. The nuns at the convent had trained her to admiration, and the Father Leance had cast around her mind his unholy spell.

II.

A YEAR and a day had gone by, when a brilliant group stood around the font in the cathedral. There were ladies in feathers, which waved over their noble brows, and in jewels that were eclipsed by the brightness of their sparkling eyes. Men were there, too—it might be their husbands or their lovers—a somewhat rare sight; for it is not often that the lordly sex in France trouble the insides of churches. Two figures were conspicuous in the assemblage: one of them, Madame de St. Léger. She looked extremely beautiful; young and girlish as on the day she married, though her recent illness had paled her cheeks. The other was her sister—sweet Clarisse de Maulevrier.

The préfet stood with them. He was about to be one of the sponsors. He was ready to answer that the little being, brought there in all its innocence, should renounce the pomps and vanities of the world—the first-born of Marie de St. Léger.

Father Leance advanced, and took his place at the font; the sponsors stepped out a few paces from the general group; the *garde* brought forward the child, removing the lace that covered its face, and the ceremony began. Charles Albert Hiersaint Louis Marie Gustave Prosper were the names; and few enough, too, for France.

The christening was over; the party quitted the cathedral for their carriages, and proceeded to the residence of De St. Léger. A splendid banquet awaited them; the guests were merry, and hilarity reigned. Albert de St. Léger looked around him. He was gay and joyous as the rest, and at his heart was a thrilling happiness, so deep-seated as would seem to defy time and change. No shadow had yet fallen upon his home. His fair young wife, even dearer to him than when they were first married, sat opposite, shedding smiles upon his guests, and casting her large blue eyes, full of deep affection, upon him. He rose as they proposed the health of his child; his sunny countenance was flushed as he sincerely thanked them for their good wishes, which were echoed by the prayers of his inmost heart.

"Should I ever have children," whispered Clarisse de Maulevrier to the préfet's secretary, "I would never give a christening festival."

"Why not?" returned the secretary.

"A sort of superstition—a feeling seems to whisper to me that it is wrong. There should be wedding and birthday *fêtes*, but this revelry appears scarcely compatible with the solemn words breathed over that infant this morning."

"And you would augur bad luck to the child because there is a christening feast? That would indeed be visiting the sin of the parents upon the children."

"I did not go so far. But—we dedicate the child to God, and, the

moment the service is over, run away to surround ourselves with gaiety, and forget all about it. It is not like a good omen for it. Do you give christening *fêtes*?"

"I have no children, thank Heaven!" answered the secretary.

Clarisse was silent. She had asked an awkward question.

III.

THE blight had come: it had fallen upon his heart and home. It is true it had been a long time working round, for the wily priest was too cautious to interfere perceptibly with the first blush of happiness, but soon after the birth of the child he began in earnest; slowly it had approached, but not less surely, and now it reigned triumphant. Look at Albert de St. Léger, as he walks about there! He is much changed. Six years have elapsed since you last saw him; but they ought not thus to leave their haggard trace of care on the countenance of the young. What a life was his! the happiness which had shone on their early wedded days was over, all trace of it gone, and in its stead they made his home a hell. Father Leance was now the director, as well as the confessor, of Madame de St. Léger, and, as such, was continually at her house, admitted into her most private chamber. He had succeeded to admiration in his work. Her soul was bitterly estranged from her husband: her time passed in offices of religion, in attending masses, performing penances, offering up long prayers, and the confessional. A fierce jealousy had taken possession of St. Léger. But of whom—of what? He knew not. He only knew that his wife was estranged from him—even the night was rarely passed with him, for she generally retired, in obedience to orders, to her own private chamber, which was sealed to him. His persecution would perhaps have taken a less violent turn, but for a remark he one day unthinkingly made—he wished his little son had been brought up a Protestant. The conversation was retailed to Father Leance by his wife, and from that hour his doom was sealed—and his child's.

He was pacing the apartment, as you see, when a footman threw open the folding-doors and announced dinner.

"Let madame and mademoiselle be sent to," was St. Léger's answer, barely glancing at the table, which was laid in the next room. At the same moment, a beautiful child, arrayed in purple velvet, darted into the saloon and clung round him.

"May I dine with you to-day, papa? Aglaë's coming. Don't let her get me."

He was fair as ivory, with golden curls, and his mother's large blue eyes; but the sweet expression which characterised his father's face had descended to his. In came the nurse after him, her strangely-shaped, wonderfully high cap, with its two wings flapping out, betraying that her *pays* was not that of the Dauphiné.

"Papa, I am so hungry; I had only bread and water for dinner."

"Bread and water!" And M. de St. Léger turned to the nurse, displeasure on his countenance.

"It was no doing of mine, sir," echoed the servant; "madame gave the orders."

"Mamma says I am going away from you," whispered the child, laying hold of his father as if for protection. "That the priests are coming to take me, and keep me till I'm a man, and then make me a priest too."

"It is my opinion, sir," interposed the nurse, looking round to make

sure her mistress was not within hearing, "that if Master Charles were taken from us, he would cry himself to death."

"He is not going to be taken from us, Aglaë." And St. Léger, as he spoke, clasped his child to his bosom, which was beating wildly. "The idea is absurd. You may go, Aglaë." As the servant left the room, her mistress entered, followed by Clarisse.

Madame de St. Léger, dressed in a tight-fitting black stuff dress, advanced with measured steps, taking no notice of any one, but proceeding at once to the dining-room. Charles ran up to her, and whispered a request that he might have some dinner. She frowned at him, a thing hardly known to the boy, and ordered him to quit the room.

"What has he done?" inquired Clarisse.

"Go back to the nursery this instant, Charles, or I ring for Aglaë," was Madame de St. Léger's reply.

"Let him stay an instant, Marie," implored Clarisse. "Charles, what did you do?"

Madame de St. Léger laid her hand upon the bell, and rang it twice.

"I called the priests hard names," replied Charles, "and mamma gave me bread and water. I won't do it again, unless they come to take me away."

"Pray reassure the child on this point, my love," said M. de St. Léger to his wife. "It is not a pleasing notion that he has picked up."

"It is a correct one," she answered, averting her pale face. "I have decided that he shall be educated in the ——— Establishment, mentioning a most rigid institution belonging to the Jesuits."

"Never!" uttered Monsieur de St. Léger; "never, whilst I have power and will to act! Marie, is it possible that you love your child?"

"I am seeking his happiness, temporal and eternal."

"His happiness! You would sever him from his nearest and dearest ties; shut him out from the world, and enclose him in a living tomb; abandon him to the passions and plagues of a dissatisfied heart, an aimless existence. You would give him to the Jesuits, body and soul, that they may crush every good impulse that beats within him, and condemn him to be a mass of hypocrisy, as they are—abominable in the sight of Heaven, flying in the face of the laws of their Redeemer, and destroying the human victims they impose upon. When God shall require the soul of this child at our hands, what think you would be our answer? Oh, my wife! may He forgive you for the thought of thus dooming to destruction your only child!"

"The child goes," was Madame de St. Léger's answer.

Charles burst into a passionate flood of tears, beseeching her not to send him where he should have no mother.

"The nurse waits for you," was her reply; whilst Clarisse turned away to hide her tears, and Aglaë sobbed aloud. He, the father, stood there, his arms folded, and his face rigid as marble.

"You often kiss, and kiss, and kiss me, and call me your dear little boy; and papa said God sent me to you. What have I done that I may not stay? When I was ill in the winter, you sobbed over me, and prayed God not to take me from you. I wish I had died then!"

Madame de St. Léger swept out of the room. "I shall not dine to-day; but, Clarisse, order a *bovillon* to my apartment. Afterwards, I shall wish not to be disturbed until to-morrow morning."

They heard a hysterical sob on the staircase as she ascended. St. Léger picked up his child, and held his little pale cheek against his own. He put him gently down, and called for his hat.

"You are not going out?" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Maulevrier.

"I have an engagement, Clarisse. But do you dine."

Where was he going? He had no engagement; but the miserable, disappointed young man had left his wretched home to wander anywhere—to endeavour, by action of the body, to subdue the workings of the mind. A place of the greatest solitude, with the birds of the air and the rushing winds for his companions, was most welcome to him now; and there, pacing the earth with rapid strides, giving vent to tears of anguish, he dwelt on the wreck of his hopes and happiness. He had deeply, passionately loved his wife, and the requital was very bitter.

That same morning had Madame de St. Léger finally given her word to the priests that the child should be consigned to them. Father Leance had found more difficulty with her upon this point than he had anticipated, docile as she was upon others. He had been working for it for years. Deep, wild anguish was in every line of her countenance; sobs of grief shook her frame; but the priest used arguments the effect of which he knew full well, frightfully false as they were; and, ere she rose from her knees, she had sworn to sacrifice her only child.

"But my husband," she said to the priest; "he will never consent."

"You must compel him. Begin the task this very day; give him neither rest nor peace until you have attained your end. Insinuate yourself, if need be, round his heart, as in days of yore, and worm this concession out of his renewed love for you. Or, stay! Pursue the opposite course; it will be better; for," muttered the holy man to himself, "the stronger the love of the parents, the greater the value of the child. Gall and worry him by night and by day; render him ridiculous in the eyes of his dearest friends; frustrate his wishes openly and secretly; make the fastings perpetual; endue your home with the solitude and gloom of a house of death. From very weariness he will at last give in. If necessary, wear out his heart and his life. The cause is a holy one, my daughter, and will justify it."

She resolutely set herself to the task, and the priest quitted her, after bestowing his most impressive benediction, with the glow of gratified triumph lighting his eye and flushing his sallow cheek.

And a few more weeks passed on.

IV.

"HAVE you heard the news?" inquired the old Baron de la Neige, meeting the préfet's secretary, as the latter left the office of the Prefecture.

"About St. Léger's bank? It was not much news to me. The fact is," added the secretary, dropping his voice mysteriously, "I got an anonymous note last night, advising me to withdraw my account. Very kind of my unknown friend, but I don't bank there."

"Ah!" said the Baron de la Neige, shortly, "you should have seen the place this morning! Never was in such a crowd."

"People withdrawing their money?"

"And every one of them had received an anonymous note too!"

"What a —— shame!" We omit a few expletives.

"Some secret enemy. St. Léger has behaved admirably: all will be straight in a day or two. The suddenness of the demands alone caused the bank to stop."

"It is a blow, however, that he will not overget in a hurry. I must go—it is my dinner hour, and madame will be waiting. Adieu, mon baron."

"Au revoir, Monsieur le Secrétaire."

Albert de St. Léger sat in one of his deserted apartments, brooding over the events of the day. All seemed to be turning against him. The enemy who had been so long at work had at length attacked him in his public character. Various stories, of infamous fabrication, had been circulated respecting him; strange whispers of the unhappy state of his household were about the town; maddening words, sometimes of pity, sometimes of irony, were not wholly closed to his ear. One unceasing worrying was kept up by his wife—that he would relinquish the child he was no longer fit to govern. In vain St. Léger demanded to know his faults—what sin he had committed—who it was that poisoned her mind against him. The blow of the day had overwhelmed him: he was proud of his unstained lineage; of his honoured forefathers, who had held, for more than a century, the first mercantile position in Grenoble, and he now sat leaning his aching temples upon his hand, asking if he could continue to struggle against the waves that were buffeting him.

Some one opened the door. It was Charles; and St. Léger held out his hand. “You are going out, Charley?”

“Yes. I have teased Aglaë into taking me. It is very dull at home! Mamma never comes near the nursery, and Aglaë has been crying all the afternoon. She’s looking for my hoop now.”

St. Léger removed the child’s hat, and stroked his silken curls. The nurse came in, her eyes inflamed.

“Have you found the hoop?” asked Charles.

“Si.”

“What is the matter, Aglaë?” demanded her master.

“Matter enough, sir,” replied the girl, who, though a faithful servant, was exceedingly free-spoken, “when they are going to tear the child away by fair means or foul.”

“They!—who?” questioned St. Léger.

“Father Leance, and all those priests. I have as much respect for them as anybody else, as long as they keep themselves to their church and their own concerns,” added Aglaë, with a contemptuous turn-up of her nose into the air, which somewhat belied her gratuitous assertion of respect. “What right have they to interfere between madame and her child? and it is like their assurance to say that we are not fit to bring him up, so they will do it for her! Let them meddle with their own children,” continued she, giving way to her temper, now thoroughly aroused; “folks tell stories if they have not got plenty of them!”

“The priests are a meddling set of men,” observed her master, “but they have not all to do with the ruin of this house.”

“Sir,” cried the woman, her face as glowing with excitement as the sky opposite, where the sun would soon set, and towards which she pointed with her finger; “as true as I hope to be taken there, with all my sins washed out, they have everything to do with it. I am not blind or deaf, and I have been looking on to some purpose. Believe me, sir, for I tell you truth—the priests are the authors of *all* the evil that has fallen upon this house.”

St. Léger looked at the girl’s earnest countenance and her eye of truth. But he made no rejoinder, save telling her that it was getting late to go out with Charles.

“And will no one take me, papa?” he whispered.

“No one—no one, my own child; as long as your papa has life he will protect you.”

Charles danced out of the room, reassured, and they proceeded on their walk. On returning from it, which they did by the Place Nôtre Dame, they came to a hot dispute at the door of the cathedral; Charles insisting upon going in to find his mamma, and Aglaë opposing it.

"I would not have you go in for the world! The priests might steal you."

"They dare not," cried Charles, boldly. "You heard what my papa said. So go and pick up my hoop, Aglaë."

He struck his hoop, and sent it bowling across the street, as if to pay a visit to Madame Constantin. Aglaë, scolding, ran to fetch it back, and Charles darted into the cathedral, when a shrill shriek, which seemed to fill every crevice of the edifice, came startlingly to his ears.

De St. Léger, meanwhile, had remained alone. Long he pondered over his misery and what Aglaë had said. He came to the resolution of demanding a full explanation from his wife—he would kneel to her to return and be to him as of old—he would convince her where lay the true happiness of their child. Restless and uneasy, he determined to seek her there and then, and bent his steps towards the Place Nôtre Dame.

V.

HE entered the cathedral. At first he was unable to distinguish objects, but when his sight became accustomed to the gloom, he could not perceive a single human being, save an old woman, who was kneeling in a corner before an image of the Virgin, praying to the light of five-and-twenty tallow candles she had placed there. He advanced further with a noiseless step, keeping close against the side where the shade fell deepest. He imagined his wife had left, but the darkness there was welcome to him. His heart was sick with pain, his brain reeling almost as with insanity, and he laid his bared forehead against the cold boards of an open confessional, not dreaming that it contained inmates at that dark hour of the night. Suddenly his own name, breathed in a low but distinct whisper, startled him. It was repeated, and again repeated; and words came—frightful, terrible words—which shook him as he stood, and seemed to blister on his brain.

He recognised the voices now: they were those of Father Leance and Madame de St. Léger. Oh, what did he listen to! He heard all—knew all! Schemes for the further misery of his home and his child—plots for the entire destruction of his affairs—his beloved wife the secret enemy and the betrayer—the most silent moments of their wedded life told—she, his own wife, he knew it now, his, but at the will of another!

Pause ere you shall presume to judge what followed. No human living being can imagine or picture to himself the torrent of agony rushing in that ill-fated hour over Albert de St. Léger. That his wife was false to him, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, he entertained not the least doubt. But here he was wrong; in that one respect, Madame de St. Léger had certainly not violated her marriage vow.

Who shall tell the sensations of that unhappy man? Oh, judge him not! Pity and pray for him, for his sufferings were greater than he could bear.

A darker shade had fallen on the aisles when Madame de St. Léger left the confessional. Something impeded her path: she pushed with her foot, but it did not move, so she stooped down and touched it. A light, carried by a church attendant, flashed upon her, and a wild shriek burst from her lips. The fingers of her white kid glove, fresh from the stores

of the most noted of Grenoble's fabricants, were soaked in blood, and the upturned face lying there was that of her husband, and set in death.

He was quite dead. He had laid himself down on the path he knew she must walk over, and had there quietly bled to death, the penknife with which he severed the vein still clasped in his closed and stiffening hand. His misery in this world was great, and he had gone from it to brave the mystery and judgment of the next. But on whose soul, in the eyes of ONE who sees and judges with a judgment not as ours, would rest the guilt? the suicide's, the woman's, or the priest's? Husbands of England! thank God that you are far removed from these crying evils: they are no fictions.

The affection of other years returned in momentary force to the heart of Marie de St. Léger; the form now stretched in death was that of her early and only love, the husband in whose bosom she had rested. Lamentations broke from her lips—expressions of unavailing regret—but there was one by her side too wary to risk the advantages he had gained.

Sparks of fierce anger shone in the eyes of Father Leance; invectives loud and deep burst from him. Curses, deliberately uttered in the name of the church, were showered on the dead who had been guilty of sacrilege so fearful. Had he chosen to destroy himself body and soul, why, no matter; but to desecrate the sacred cathedral with his crime, to pollute the holy floor with his blood!—Curses upon the wretch who could so act!

The spectators listened, crossed themselves plentifully, and bowed in admiration of the father's eloquence. But there came from his righteous lips neither pity nor prayer; yet the Catholic creed teaches the efficacy of prayers for the dead.

But, whilst he spoke, they did not see that a little child had knelt down there, clinging lovingly to the neck of the corpse, his golden ringlets dabbling in the blood. A nurse had followed close upon him, with a hoop in her hand. She fell down in a fainting fit, and the people turned to aid her. Father Leance had other game in his hands.

"You are going to stay a little while with me, my dear," cried Father Leance, trying to throw a whole jar of honey into his tone.

They took forcible possession of him, in spite of his startling cries for mercy, and carried him out of sight of his mother.

Father Leance turned to her, to instil into her mind hatred of the dead. He succeeded to admiration. He convinced her that her miserable husband had been suffered by God to depart in this manner, as a punishment for having dared to withhold his son from the church. "And take care," he added, sternly, "that you relapse not into the same sin. Do not see him more; he is now under our protection: suffer him to remain."

She started and shuddered; but she prayed for fortitude to resign her child.

He renewed his entreaties, he who had irresistible mastery over her mind. Specious arguments, pseudo reasoning, in which was more of blasphemy than religion, clothed in subtle and fascinating language, fell soothingly on her ear. She had worshipped his power too long to resist it now: *and she gave up her child for ever.*

Now do you believe this history? Many of you will not. Then go and live in a Catholic country, as I have done, and you will find hundreds of women still, and now, acting the weak and criminal part of Marie de St. Léger.

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE.*

THESE Conversations, embracing as they do not only the opinions on the most varied topics of one of the greatest literary geniuses of the present century, but having, more especially in their educational relation to the chief reporter, a general critical character, they afford to the literary student a better and a more complete guide to both the minor and the greater characteristics of the man than any autobiography could be expected to furnish. They also, in this respect, quite supersede, in literary value and importance, the poetical account of his life, given by Goethe in his "Aus meinen Leben," and by means of which the mental development of that extraordinary man has hitherto been traced.

The method pursued has been precisely the same as that adopted by Boswell, who, attaching himself to the rugged moralist Dr. Johnson, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice, simply in order to take faithful and copious notes of his conversation; and as Boswell's work has been justly considered the most complete portraiture of an individual ever published, so it may be truly said that Eckermann's Goethe takes an incontestable position in the same rank, as one of the best biographies extant. The work has been admirably rendered into our own language by Mr. John Oxenford, whose merits as a translator, and high poetical capabilities, are well known to the readers of the *New Monthly*.

Amid much pardonable, nay, almost engaging egotism, there is such a fund of fine feeling, goodness of heart, poetry and artistic taste, learning and deep thought, embodied in these pages, that none can arise from their perusal without being at once purified and improved. Passing over the notices by Soret, which refer chiefly to Goethe's illness, and which, embodied in the supplement in the German work, have been brought by Mr. Oxenford into their proper co-relation with time the first introduction of our young literary aspirant, John Peter Eckermann, to the Colossus of the day, is at once individually and nationally characteristic.

"It was not long before Goethe came in," the biographer relates, "dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity through his look and his presence, and could say nothing."

The house and room, the staircase—with its casts from antique statues, the *salve* on the threshold, the faithful garrulous servant, all help to fill up a beautiful picture.

"We sat a long while together," Eckermann records a little further on, "in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him; I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified."

A noble and genuine enthusiasm for the poet and the philosopher breathes in these passages. The tendency to hero-worship is, indeed,

* Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret. Translated from the German. By John Oxenford. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

almost as manifest as in the old servant whom Eckermann fell in with in the month of November, 1823, and who believed that his master could prophesy earthquakes. Nor did Goethe fail to avail himself of the young man's predilections, and great admiration of, and attachment to, his person. It was a part of his excellent nature thus to attach young men of promise to himself; and we find him at one time lamenting one whom Herder had seduced from his literary and friendly fealty. How beautiful and how captivating the expression used by the poet himself on first meeting Eckermann, some of whose youthful essays he had just risen from perusing. "I have just come from *you*," said he; "I have been reading your writing all the morning; it needs no recommendation; it recommends itself."

The first task which he assigned his young friend was not of the easiest. No less than to discriminate, from out of two thick volumes of "Frankfort Literary Notices," of the year 1772 and 1773, Goethe's little literary critiques, written at that time and not marked, and to examine more closely those youthful productions with a view to a place in a future edition of the poet's works. A next task was to index the first eleven numbers of "Art and Antiquity," and to set down what subjects were not to be looked upon as concluded. And so he went on finding employment for his young friend, till what was a concession came to be looked upon as a right, and Goethe became highly indignant even at the mention of Eckermann's undertaking some critical notices for English reviews. It will appear, in connexion with this literary education, somewhat strange to our ideas that Eckermann was advised by the philosopher to attend the theatre every evening. Goethe's notions upon this subject appear to us a little sophistical. They certainly, however, apply to art; why not to the drama?

He came to me with Frau von Goethe. "This is my daughter-in-law," said he; "do you know each other?"

We told him that we had just become acquainted.

"He is as much a child about the theatre as you, Ottilia!" said he; and we exchanged congratulations upon this taste, which we had in common. "My daughter," continued he, "never misses an evening."

"That is all very well," said I, "as long as they give good, lively pieces; but when the pieces are bad they try the patience."

"But," said Goethe, "it is a good thing that you cannot leave, but are forced to hear and see even what is bad. By this means, you are penetrated with the hatred for the bad, and come to a clearer insight into the good. In reading, it is not so. You throw aside the book if it displeases you; but at the theatre you must endure."

I gave my assent, and thought how the old gentleman always said something opportune.

Although a very old man, Goethe had, at this period of his life, as Eckermann delicately informs us, fallen in love with a gifted young person he had met at Marianbad. All experience tells us that love is the concomitant of genius—most particularly so of the poetical temperament. Goethe's ideas upon this subject were peculiarly characteristic of his independence of thought. Mention was made in his presence of a person falling in love with a young beauty belonging to the Weimar Society, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

"Pshaw!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustiness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what—*je ne sais quoi*—besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect her

understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts and awakening a passion."

Goethe was a passionate admirer of Shakspeare and Byron. He considered them as the two greatest poets of any age and of any country. Of Shakspeare he said, "A dramatic talent of any importance could not forbear to notice Shakspeare's works—nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must be aware that Shakspeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths; and that, in fact, there remains for him, the after-comer, nothing more to do."

Of Byron, he said a character of such eminence had never existed before, and, probably, would never come again. Comparing the English bard with Tasso, Goethe could not conceal the superiority of the Englishman in spirit, grasp of the world, and productive power. "One cannot," he said, "compare these poets with each other without annihilating one by the other. Byron is the burning thorn-bush which reduces the holy cedar of Lebanon to ashes. The great epic poem of the Italian has maintained its fame for centuries; but yet, with a single line of 'Don Juan,' one could poison the whole of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'"

Goethe, like Wordsworth and many others, held genius in so great esteem as to look upon it as a divine inspiration:

The conversation turned (this was shortly before the great man's death) upon the great men who had lived before Christ, among the Chinese, the Indians, the Persians, and the Greeks; and it was remarked that the Divine power had been as operative in them as in some of the great Jews of the Old Testament. We then came to question how far God influenced the great natures of the present world in which we live?

"To hear people speak," said Goethe, "one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and His daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters a Divine influence is indeed still allowed; but in matters of science and art it is believed that they are merely earthy, and nothing but the product of human powers.

"Let any one only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the creations that bear the names of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakspeare. I know very well that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art innumerable excellent geniuses have operated, who have produced things as perfectly good as those just mentioned. But if they were as great as those, they rose above ordinary human nature, and in the same proportion were as divinely endowed as they.

"And after all what does it all come to? God did not venture to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, if he had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material basis. So He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract lower ones."

Well may Eckermann say that he cherished the great and good words of the poet and the philosopher in his heart!

Goethe, however happy as a poet and a philosopher, was not so as a man of science, although the discoverer of the metamorphosis of plants. "There is nothing," he said, "through which I have learned to know mankind better than through my philosophical (scientific?) exertions. It has cost me a great deal, and has been attended with great annoyance,

but I nevertheless rejoice that I have gained the experience." The mathematicians of France and England having attacked Goethe's theory of colours as opposed to the Newtonian, the philosopher exhibits no small amount of the waywardness and sensitiveness of the poet in rebuking them :

"I receive mathematics," he said, "as the most sublime and useful science, so long as they are applied in their proper place; but I cannot commend the misuse of them in matters which do not belong to their sphere, and in which, noble science as they are, they seem to be mere nonsense. As if, forsooth! things only exist when they can be mathematically demonstrated. It would be foolish for a man not to believe in his mistress's love because she could not prove it to him mathematically. She can mathematically prove her dowry, but not her love. The mathematicians did not find out the metamorphosis of plants. I have achieved this discovery without mathematics, and the mathematicians were forced to put up with it. To understand the phenomena of colour, nothing is required but unbiassed observation and a sound head; but these are scarcer than folks imagine."

On matters of science and philosophy generally, Goethe, however, uniformly exhibits in his conversations the same generous, comprehensive, admiring, and unenvious spirit that he does in matters literary, political, and religious. Upon the subject of opening the Isthmus of Panama, he said, "Innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilised and uncivilised. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such a work into their own hands. It may be foreseen," he added, prophetically, "that this young state, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains."

"Would that I might live to see it! but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! it would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

Nothing can be more liberal or philanthropic than such wishes. How seldom do we find anything so world-embracing, so utterly devoid of nationality, come from a Frenchman! But we might fill a volume with extracts breathing everywhere the same love of human nature, the same comprehensive philosophy, the same liberality of opinion in all matters. To do so, it would be also necessary to give Goethe's own view of himself so ably expressed in several of his intimate conversations, his retrospective review of his life, his ideas of the restraints imposed by society, his studies, pursuits, modes of thought, feeling, and expression, down to his death, in which he is still the great man and the noble philosopher. Boswell did not spend more than nine months in the society of his illustrious friend Johnson; the period embraced in Eckermann and Soret's invaluable reminiscences extends from September, 1822, to 1832, the year of the philosopher's death, a period of nearly ten years; and we hope we have said and quoted enough to show that the opinion with which we started, as to the merits of their joint production, is more than borne out by the contents.

A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF MANCHESTER.

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN.

HE was scarce past his childhood, and yet, at a glance, I perceived that he had commenced life's warfare for himself; that necessity had, with a stern unbending brow, pointed out to him the way he was to take, and taught him, young as he was, that his fate must be to battle for himself on the path of life. His very humble and tattered dress, the sorrowful expression which had settled on his pallid yet interesting features, told their own story, and I involuntarily sighed whilst observing him. "Want alone," I mentally exclaimed, "has hitherto been his companion; light hearts, gambolling playmates of his own years, exuberance of the young spirit, which gives buoyancy to the foot, throws sunshine on the heart, and 'neath whose spell all things seem beautiful—he, poor boy! has never known. He knows nought of the green fields and flowers, of murmuring brooks and leafy trees, amidst whose branches sweet music dwells; in some pent-up crowded alley is his home, and his young mind hath been awoke in confines close, amidst scenes of toil and misery."

The gentle and dejected expression of his countenance first attracted my attention, and, unobserved by him, I watched his movements as he slowly advanced down the crowded street towards the spot where I stood. Occasionally he paused, and after looking up and down the busy thoroughfare, apparently awaiting or looking for some expected object to come in sight, he resumed his saunter, keeping close to the wall, so as to avoid intercepting the way of the numbers who were hurrying past him. The more I saw of the boy, the more was my interest in him increased, and my desire to know what object had brought him thither. So young, could his design be criminal? had he been initiated into the craft of pocket-picking? did he thus linger amidst the bustle of the crowded pathway to mark where he could successfully seize the spoil? I looked at him more earnestly as he approached me still nearer, and I felt that in the bare suspicion I had done him an injustice.

Whilst I was thus speculating on his character, he paused within a few paces of me, and gazed earnestly down the street, where something appeared to be exciting his attention. Following the direction of his earnest look, I perceived at a little distance a gentleman on horseback slowly advancing, whilst looking inquiringly at the houses he was passing, as though in search of one of them in particular. He had arrived within a few yards of the place where I stood, when he halted, and dismounted: in an instant the boy I have spoken of was at his side, and, touching the ragged apology for a cap which he wore, evidently tendered his services to hold the horse. The horseman cast a hasty glance at the little fellow, and was apparently about to resign the reins into his hands, when the door of the house before which he was standing opened, and a servant advanced to address him. I indistinctly caught the words "from home" and "to-morrow," when the functionary retired to the house; the horseman remounted, and cantered down the street, leaving the boy disappointedly and wistfully gazing after him.

Yes, I saw the gleam which had irradiated the little fellow's face vanish; and fancied I heard a sigh, which his young breast heaved forth as he turned away dejectedly from the spot. Thus unsuccessful, I saw him next, from some of the passers-by, ask charity; but so timidly, that I saw he feared the repulse of harsh words, which, as I watched him, in

some instances met his solicitations; whilst others passed him without the slightest notice. Apparently very tired, he now seated himself on a door-step, still looking eagerly about him, as though anxious for another opportunity to present itself, when he might, with success, offer his services. Whilst he was thus employed, an open carriage came rattling up the street, and, pulling up, a lady alighted at the house immediately opposite to where the young street-wanderer sat. I watched the play of his features as his gaze rested upon two little fellows of apparently his own age who were in the carriage, and who, in spite of an elderly-looking nurse's efforts to restrain them, were gambolling with each other rather boisterously. In the true spirit of boyish glee and mischief, they were endeavouring with parasols to push off the hat of the footman; who, seemingly, as much amused as themselves, whilst standing by the carriage awaiting the lady's return, was giving them opportunities to accomplish their object. Yes, right joyous were they; and with their costly dresses, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, presented a striking contrast to the little fellow, who, in rags and wretchedness, from the door-step, was earnestly observing them. I would have given much to have known his thoughts in those moments;—to have read, like the pages of a book, the feelings of his heart, whilst watching them in their gambols. There was no envy in the expression of his countenance; but, by the fixedness of his gaze, I judged that the sight of the carriage and its young occupants at that juncture had given birth to a train of thoughts and ideas as new as they were, perhaps, saddening. Did he think that fate had dealt hardly with him? Did he in his cogitations become bewildered in a labyrinth of thought, in endeavouring to account for the why of their being so differently situated?—or, did fancy in his young brain raise some strange speculation on the world and the designs of Him who made it?

After a short time had elapsed, the door of the house opened, and the lady came forth; she entered the carriage, the footman mounted behind, away they rattled down the street, and were soon out of sight. I turned to look at the boy; he seemed to have fallen into a reverie, sitting motionless, whilst his gaze rested on the part of the street where the carriage had disappeared.

When I again observed him, he had left his seat, and was rapidly crossing the street, to meet a female who, attired somewhat above the common garb, was advancing on the opposite side, and bearing in her arms a rather bulky parcel, which she appeared inconveniently to carry. As I had seen him salute the horseman, the street-wanderer, in addressing her, touched his cap, and evidently tendered his services to carry the parcel. The woman paused for a moment to look at the applicant, when, either deeming him too diminutive for the burden, or actuated by a spirit of economy, with some brief but decisive remark she turned from him, and resumed her walk. At the same moment a boor of a porter, rather than diverge from his path, knocked roughly against the boy, who was standing on the pavement, and sent him staggering against the wall, continuing his heavy tread onward, without as much as turning his head to see whether or not the little fellow had fallen.

Thus twice had I seen the cup held to his lips and dashed away; twice had I seen him strong in hope, and twice in disappointment deep. Where now, boy, is thy energy?—where thy spirit, thy resolution? Methinks thou needst them now. Alas! thou art but a child; and at thy age the green fields, where birds are blithely singing, or the jocund

playground with young kindred spirits, where sport hath its daring and its perseverance too, were more fitting place to bring forth such exalted qualities than the crowded street,—where want, perhaps, spurs thee to attempt; where fortune frowns upon thee, and seems hope to whisper only to deceive! Courage thou hast no more. Energy, it has left thee; else wouldst thou not so dejectedly hang thy head, and creep along the street as though thou wert upon forbidden ground, or trespassing in sharing the light of the fading day and the breath of heaven with those who are heedlessly hurrying past thee.

After his last unsuccessful application, I next saw the dispirited little fellow turn down a small, little-frequented street, and, with the intention of meeting and speaking to him, I made a short *détour*, soon gaining the opposite end of the street which I had seen him enter. The buildings consisted entirely of warehouses, which were all closed for the night; and knowing that he could scarcely have entered one of them, I was not a little surprised to find the street apparently deserted. Advancing a few paces, however, the mystery was soon solved. Nestling in the corner of a warehouse doorway, with his head resting on his little hand, my eyes fell upon the wanderer I was in search of. Absorbed in his grief, I approached him unseen, unheard. Ah! need I say that he was weeping bitterly?

Reader, the boy had a home; I saw it; a cellar, whose bare walls and brick-uncovered floor bespoke it the abode of poverty and misery. He was not an orphan; for on a heap of rags, which served her for a bed, I saw an emaciated figure which he called his mother; a brother and a sister, too, were there, younger than my guide, and in their tattered dirty garments scarcely distinguishable from the bed of rags on which they were huddled beside the dying woman. He was not an orphan; the young street-wanderer had a father. Him, too, I saw; a rude, bleary-eyed drunkard, whose countenance it was fearful to look upon; for there might be seen that the worst passions of our common nature had with him obtained a perilous ascendancy—a brute, whose intellect, perhaps never bright, had become more brutal under the influence of the fire-spirit, to which he bore conspicuous marks of being a grovelling soul and body slave. To me he appeared like the demon Ruin midst the wreck around. On him, now that the wife could work no more, were they dependent. Need I say that there were days when they scarce tasted food, when the young wanderer had been unsuccessful in the streets? and when hungry, tired, and dejected, he gave current to his grief, as when I found him in the midst of his heart-breaking sorrow?

Yes, my first surmise was painfully correct. He had, indeed, commenced life's warfare for himself; young as he was, it was his fate to battle his way on the path of life, and not a soul to advise and guard him against the demon Crime, whose favourite haunts are the footsteps of the ignorant and needy.

Reader, how many of the victims of crime who fill our prisons, were their histories known, would prove to have commenced life like this boy! Not always, then, let us unpitying behold the criminal, who, in his early manhood or the prime of life, is banished from his country, or suffers the dread penalty of death, without reflecting how much those who brought him into the world were concerned with so melancholy an issue,—without reflecting that, like the little fellow of whom these pages tell, he may have had a father little better than the brute of the field, and in his childish years have been turned out to get his bread—a wanderer in the streets.

THE PAVILION BALL AT BRIGHTON.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

IN the year of our Lord 1751, the small fishing-town of Brighthelmstone—in shape an irregular quadrangle—was comprised within the limits of the three streets whose names still show to what point of the compass each was opposed, with the sea-beach forming the base. It was disfigured on the east by a broad and deep gulley, called “the Steyne Ditch,” protected on the west and south by the battery, and graced on the north by the Church of St. Nicholas, which then sufficed for the spiritual necessities of some two or three thousand inhabitants. It communicated with the metropolis by means of a carrier’s waggon, and the earliest intelligence from thence reached it usually on the evening of the second day. It had a post-office, but those who wrote and received letters were few; a market-place, with the sky for its roof; and here and there was a small public-house, for the entertainment of travellers, farmers, fishermen, and smugglers, which latter class very frequently included the other three.

This poor little town had once been a place of some estimation; not in the time of the Romans, who, as the historians say, “probably frequented it,” though why or wherefore is not stated; not in the days of the Saxon bishop, Brighthelm, who, according to the same veridical accounts, made it his residence; not even in the hour when William de Warenne, that great fief appropriator, cast his net over this part of Sussex; but at a comparatively recent period—the early part of the seventeenth century. It was then one of the most flourishing towns along the coast; but the restrictions which were laid upon the fisheries, the loss of ships by war and tempest, the inroads of the sea, no longer its friend, and, to give it the *coup de grace*, the terrible inundation of 1699 (which, however, the oldest inhabitant cannot, fortunately, now remember), sweeping away no less than one hundred and thirty houses, all conspired to bring Brighthelmstone to decay, and for the first half of the eighteenth century it lay on the beach, a mere waterlogged hulk, deserted by its crew, and abandoned to its fate.

There it might have remained till it went to pieces, had not a certain physician of some celebrity—high Dr. Patrick Russell—discovered, now something more than a hundred years since, that the purity of its air, and the renovating freshness of its waves, were exactly what his patients wanted to dispel the spleen by which they were devoured, and to remedy which neither Bath nor Beau Nash were competent. The invalids came, at first, by twos and threes, and at long intervals; then, at the rate, perhaps, of a score a season; until, at last, they mustered in sufficient number, and were sufficiently restored to health to talk of a little amusement; nay, more, to create some. The national custom of celebrating whatever is remarkable by a dinner, has its exception at a watering-place. There, an event of any importance is invariably commemorated by a Ball. It was so in the days of our forefathers, and, happily, it is so still.

On the occasion referred to, which (if the account given by Swallow, in his “History of Sussex,” be correct) happened in the year 1751, and, by the oddest coincidence, on the 21st of January, two-and-twenty couple assembled in the large room of the Ship Inn (a bedroom now, probably,

if still in existence, which is doubtful), and then and there—to use the language of the poets of that time—“devoted the evening to the worship of the Muse Terpsichore.” The high sheriff of the county, Robert Bull, Esquire, of Chichester, led off the ball with Miss Treadwell, of Lewes—“an heiress of 5000*l.*,” as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which recorded their marriage afterwards, said—and, for the satisfaction of the curious in such matters, we may add, that the shrieval dignitary and his fair partner performed this ceremony to the tune of “The Sow in the Sack,” the newest and most fashionable “contre-danse” of the day.

So spirited a beginning augured well for the prosperity of the town, and it crept on, little by little, till, amongst other personages of note, Brighthelmstone attracted the attention, or was recommended as likely to be serviceable to the complaints, of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George III., who married Mrs. Horton, and was less distinguished for wit than good-nature. The duke and duchess lived in a house on the cliff to the eastward of the Steyne Ditch; it was called “the Grove House”—*lucus à non lucendo*; and here, in the year 1782, Prince Florizel, “the sweetest, rascalliest young prince,” from whose arms his loving Perdita had just been torn, came down on a visit to his uncle, to seek consolation from his *bonhomme*, and divert himself with his *bêtise*. Pleased with the locality, which offered him the seclusion he sought, the prince resolved to construct a Marine Pavilion at Brighthelmstone, where he might hide himself from the world, and breathe his sorrows to the troubled ocean. But before the foundations of this “gem of the sea” were laid, the prince fell into gay company, who soon caused him to forget his Perdita; but, by way of compensation, they enlarged the ideas of extravagance which that fair unfortunate had pretty well encouraged already. The chief companions of the Prince of Wales, at this period, were the Duke de Chartres—better known a few years later as Orleans and Egalité; and the Duke de Lauzun, who shortly afterwards succeeded to the “graceless name of Biron,” and even then enjoyed the reputation of being the most dissipated and extravagant man in France.

But in 1784, when the Marine Pavilion was begun by Holland, its dimensions were scarcely more than one-half the size which the building subsequently attained; neither did it bear any external resemblance to the present edifice. The sea-front of Mr. Holland's erection, for it had a *quasi* sea-front at that time, extending about two hundred feet, consisted at first of a circular building, with a lofty dome raised on pillars, and a range of apartments on each side. But that it was fitted up “regardless of expense,” may well be conceived when we know that it furnished its quota to the prince's debts which, in 1795, amounted to the trifling sum, accurately and nicely computed, of six hundred and thirty-nine thousand, eight hundred and ninety pounds, four shillings, and fourpence!

Between 1784 and 1795—the very hey-day of his wild career—the prince gave himself ample scope for outlay of every description, and the balls, at which Lady Beauchamp, the Miss Ingrams, and the Miss Talbots appeared “in Spanish dresses, of white crape spangled with gold and ornamented with precious stones,” and where “Lady Digby's crape petticoat was adorned with *stripes of shells* and broad gold fringe”—the dinners Egalité and Lauzun disdained not to praise, and the suppers Louis Weltje purveyed, which were enlivened by the wit of Fox and Sheridan, and when Burke, Lord Moira, Fitzpatrick, George Hanger, Bate Dudley, and “honest” Jack Payne were guests, went for something in the account;

but they would hardly have swelled it to the enormous figure it reached, had not the expensive notions of the royal owner of the mansion had full swing also.*

To alter, extend, decorate, and re-decorate the building, which was gradually changed under Nash's care till it assumed its present aspect, was the constant occupation of the prince; and to render the interior as magnificent as the utmost cost and the most fanciful taste could accomplish, was a pleasure which he never wholly relinquished. However much the lovers of classical art might object to the absence of simplicity, there were none to deny the gorgeous beauty and rare splendour of the Pavilion, and all admitted that it was, of its kind, the finest thing that had ever yet been seen. As a finished palace, it flourished during three reigns, and then its history—as a royal residence—ended.

But while the Pavilion was making progress, the town of Brighthelmstone or Brighton, as it was soon generally called, began to make progress also. The royal patronage bestowed upon it, and the consequent influx of fashionable visitors, set every engine at work to effect improvements. The population increased with marvellous rapidity; buildings arose as if by magic; the communication with London became celebrated throughout the kingdom for its frequency and rapidity, long before the establishment of railroads; magnificent hotels supplied the place of doubtful inns; and fresh proofs were every day afforded of the increasing prosperity and importance of Brighton. For a moment there was a check in its onward course: George IV., from some unexplained cause, looked coldly on the town he had created, and its inhabitants began to fear that, his patronage withdrawn, another wreck was impending. But the first panic over, they reflected that much of what had been given was inalienable; a few of the highest titled and most privileged persons in the kingdom might absent themselves, but as society in England does not depend upon the will of a few, and as the multitude had discovered that there were pleasures and advantages to be had at Brighton which were not to be found elsewhere, they took heart and went on improving, and when their first great patron died, they met his successor on terms of greater equality than the most sanguine could have expected. That Brighton should continue to be the residence of the court was no doubt desirable—for the expenditure of a court must needs be advantageous to a rising place—but that a town should fear to go alone which contained no less than 40,000 inhabitants, and owed that increase of population to a principle independent of royal support, was wholly out of the question; and the soundness of the opinion which was held in 1831 has been triumphantly shown twenty years later by an augmentation of twenty thousand residents.

At last the day came when nothing of royalty remained in Brighton but the edifice which had first occasioned its celebrity, and this, like Hassan's Serai, fell rapidly into neglect.

* It may not be unamusing to read the account of the Prince's own dress on one of these occasions:—"The Prince of Wales appeared in a most beautiful cut velvet gala suit of a dark colour, with green stripes, and superbly embroidered down the front and seams with a broad embroidery of silver flowers, intermixed with foil stones. Waistcoat, white and silver tissue, embroidered like the coat: the garter fastened with a shoulder-knot of brilliants, star, George, &c."—*European Magazine*, A.D. 1790.

The dress of Lord Paget (the present Marquis of Anglesey) is thus described by the same authority:—"A striped and spotted velvet; the embroidery of gold and silver, silk and stones, over point lace."

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall.

* * * * *

And manna gilded chamber's there
Which Solitude might well forbear.
Within that dome ——— decay
Hath slowly work'd its cankering way.

In short, the Pavilion, without occupants, was *done up*; and there it stood, everybody wondering what was to become of it; and in this desolate condition it remained for about twelve years, when it occurred to her Majesty's present advisers—renowned for the rapidity of their movements in all that concerns the embellishment of cities, and for the exquisite taste which attends their sudden inspirations—that if nobody ever meant to live in the Pavilion, the best thing to be done was to get rid of it altogether. Armed with the necessary powers, government put up the building for sale, offering the refusal of it at a fixed price to the people of Brighton. Manifestly advantageous, however, as the offer was to those who could look even a little way before them, a party of Wrongheads arose, who opposed the purchase which the Strongheads were desirous of making. Fortunately for Brighton, the former were in so decided a minority that their opposition soon became insignificant, and the cause, which had for its chief supporters all those who had lent their aid for years to the improvement of the town, eventually triumphed. Foremost amongst these—the fact is patent to all, so we need have no reserve in speaking of it—was the active, intelligent, and worthy town-clerk of Brighton, Mr. Lewis Slight, on whom devolved all the real business of the transaction, and through whose direct agency the purchase was completed. The view which he and others took was probably this:

• “We don't want to buy the Pavilion for ourselves, but for our visitors; when tradesmen wish to display their wares to advantage, they ornament their shops with plate-glass windows. Well, we must make the Pavilion our shop-front, and then people will come to look at what's in the place.”

What sort of a shop-front the inhabitants of Brighton might have bought if the purchase had been much longer delayed, was becoming a question; for, when possession at last was taken of the Pavilion, it was found that that singularly irresponsible body, the “Woods and Forests,” had set so liberal an interpretation on the word “fixtures,” that, in carrying off the pier-glasses, grates, and marble chimney-pieces, their agents had nearly carried off the building itself. To get at the copper bell-wire, which was afterwards sold at the nearest marine store for three-pence a pound, these devastators tore off the skirting-boards in every apartment in the palace; to take down the glasses, they broke away large masses of brickwork sufficient to build another small Pavilion; to remove the hearths, they tore up the flooring with pickaxes, crowbars, jemmies, and every housebreaking instrument on which they could lay their hands; they shivered the household gods—the Chinese idols—wherever they were to be met with, either sculptured on pedestals or painted on the walls; the rare and curious paper, with all its emblems of the Celestial Empire, was torn into shreds; in short, if a pulk of Kosacs from the Don, a band of Red Republicans from Paris, or a host of Californian gold-seekers had been turned loose into the Pavilion, with instructions, as the Americans say, to do their—worst, they could not have committed a tithe of the ravages effected by the delegates of the “Woods and Forests,” in simply *removing the fixtures*!

This was the internal condition of the Pavilion when Mr. Slight took

possession of it, and, by his timely appearance, prevented still further dilapidation; for we are assured of the fact that, had he waited another hour, the whole of the marble that lined the splendid bath, which it cost George the Fourth something like ten thousand pounds to fit up, would have been carried off and seen no more in Brighton. That marble was happily rescued, and from it some of those beautiful chimney-pieces were made which now decorate the people's Pavilion.

This sentence brings us to the point at which we set out, a hundred years ago. The first stone, as it were, of Brighton's prosperity was laid in 1751, at the *contre-danse* in an obscure room in what was then a small tavern on the beach. The key-stone of a prosperity which, we trust, may endure for many hundreds of years, was placed on the night of the 21st of January, 1851.

From the moment the Pavilion became public property, its immediate destination formed an anxious question. Whatever might ultimately be decided on with regard to the appropriation of its countless chambers, it was clear that the more important suites of apartments offered all that was desirable for rendering the public amusements of Brighton superior to those of any other town in the kingdom; and it was resolved to inaugurate the Pavilion by a ball.

To renovate what Time had decayed, and restore what the Woods and Forests had destroyed; to cause the Phoenix to arise from her ashes, and renew the brilliant plumage she had worn in the days of her early glory; in a word, to make the Pavilion as much like what it was "when George the Fourth was King," was the self-imposed task of Mr. Slight and the Brighton Commissioners. How diligently they laboured in this, their new vocation; how skilfully they availed themselves of every appliance of art and manufacture; how zealously they were supported by those who not only lent their warmest patronage to the undertaking, but assisted with many a valuable hint and many a tasteful suggestion, was abundantly shown on the night when fifteen hundred persons of rank, fashion, beauty and talent, assembled to assist in the ovation which was to form an era in the annals of Brighton.

Public curiosity had long been on tiptoe to learn when this long-expected event was to come off. At length the ladies patronesses assembled. They numbered no less than thirty-three of the most distinguished personages in the county, and all of them more or less closely identified with the interests of the town. The chair was taken by Lady Jane Peel; the ball was fixed for Tuesday, the 21st of January, and all the necessary regulations for carrying out the project were made. The Duke of Devonshire, who never refrains from any act that can add to the happiness of those who approach him, consented at once to become President of the Committee of Management; the members of the borough gave in their names as vice-presidents; and a number of noblemen and gentlemen enrolled themselves as stewards. The agitation which pervaded Brighton for the fortnight that followed was of a most unusual kind, for the amusements of the place are generally of a metropolitan character. On this occasion, however, nothing was heard of but "the ball;" it became the shibboleth in every one's mouth, and the subject of every one's thoughts. It is a moot point if even the *contre-danse* of "The Sow in the Sack," at the Ship Inn, created as much sensation. Vouchers were in requisition everywhere,—the business of the post-office increased marvellously,—and at least fifty pages in buttons, the property of the ladies patronesses

and others, were superannuated from fatigue. At every meeting of the Ladies' Committee,

The ~~cup~~ was still, "They come!"

and it very soon became apparent that the great difficulty at the ball would be how to accommodate the number of applicants for admission.

At last the 21st of January arrived. The day was a brilliant forerunner of the event, and when we who pen these hasty lines took our seats in the express train, which whisked us from one end of the line to the other in an hour and five minutes, we found that all our fellow-travellers in the carriage were bent on the same errand as ourselves; nor these alone, for when the train discharged its freight no one could doubt that the majority were going to the ball. The skies changed; but, with only one exception that came to our knowledge, there was no change in the determination to be gay, if even "for that night only."

To-night, at least to-night, be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings,

was the motto of the fifteen hundred who, standing or sitting before their dressing-glasses—as the difference of sex decided—heard, with the most perfect indifference, the pelting of as fierce a storm of rain as the well-washed bricks of Brighton are in the habit of experiencing—a storm which lasted far into the night, but whose fury was as utterly forgotten by those within the Pavilion walls as if the serenest summer reigned outside.

And, certainly, there was every excuse for forgetting all but the scene before the eye, which was one of matchless splendour. The slaves of the lamp had done their work of enchantment with a spirit's power. From crystal tripods, and chandeliers of spiral and pagoda-like form, a river of light streamed through the vast saloons, whose painted roofs and walls, glittering with silver and mother-of-pearl—or what seemed such—dazzled the beholder's gaze, and carried him back to dreams of faëry-land. In various parts of the building,—in the quiet hall of entrance, in the grand banqueting-room, in that vaulted apartment which is called the music-room, *par excellence*—strains of harmony were heard, whose rare merit was not so much the intrinsic worth of the performance, as the skill with which the different sounds were modulated to keep them from clashing with each other, so that an atmosphere of music pervaded the whole. To look around, it was impossible for any one who had witnessed a fête there twenty years before to imagine that the Pavilion had undergone any change; or, if a change at all, that, as in the Eastern story, a long slumber had been broken, and the sleepers awakened to a scene of greater magnificence than they last closed their eyes upon. And who, now, were the awakened sleepers? The fairest daughters of a land where beauty is a common dower—the noblest ladies of a soil where nobility is the type of virtue and dignity. Amongst the numbers who thronged to the Pavilion that night, how many were there who had gained a distinguished name in art, in arms, in literature,—in the forum, in the senate, in the field! The assemblage was a joyous and a brilliant one, and worthy of the occasion that brought it forth.

That it may be but the forerunner of many resembling it we sincerely hope; not only for the sake of all who seek a refined and graceful pleasure, but as a reward for the exertions of those who have laboured to make Brighton what it now is—the most attractive and the pleasantest place in England!

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

VOL. XCI.]

MARCH, 1851.

[NO. CCCLXIII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE; OR, WHAT BROUGHT EVERY-BODY TO LONDON IN 1851	269
LAVENGRO	290
CLARISSE DE MAULEVRIER	299
NOTES IN CORNWALL	310
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—Chaps. LXVII., LXVIII., and LXIX.	314
THE MONEY BANKS FIELD	327
HESTER SOMERSET. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	333
ON THE LITERATURE OF THE TROBADOURS	343
OSCAR AND GIANNETTA. BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN	360
RUSSIA AND THE DANUBE	362
THE THREE DRAGONS. BY JOHN OXENFORD	371
THE GREAT FORESTS OF ANTIQUITY AND OF PRESENT TIMES	378

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

. REJECTED ARTICLES CANNOT BE RETURNED.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, AND HOW M. DE BEAUVILLIERS FOUND HIMSELF THERE.

ON the morning of the 3rd of February last, about the hour when the express-train from Folkestone discharges its living load at the South-Eastern Railway station, London was dressed in her shabbiest winter garment. Expecting no company so early in the season, and having, as usual, a good deal of business to get through during the day, she had attired herself in a dingy, yellow fog, strong and serviceable, and just fit for the dirty work of November, but not at all adapted to the month which has for its patron the bridegroom, Saint Valentine; nor, by any means, calculated to convey an agreeable impression to the mind of a stranger. Notwithstanding her habitual thrift, the old City would, without doubt, have put on something a little smarter, had she anticipated that on that day the first of the many foreigners whom she has invited to pass the summer with her would have made their appearance. It was a miscellaneous lot, and, a few years ago, the sudden arrival of such a bearded throng would have excited some apprehension for the safety of the metropolis; but, thanks to the extended intercourse of the last three years, the only question now asked is—"Have the foreigners brought plenty of money, and will they stay long enough to spend it?" The answer to this inquiry will, we apprehend, be—in French phrase—"A thousand times, YES!"

We shall have a good deal to say to several of the travellers who arrived on this occasion, but for the present we must confine ourselves to one gentleman and his suite,—the latter not very numerous, but sufficiently important, as it consisted of his *valet-de-chambre* and an equally well-trained poodle. To accommodate these, without the inconvenience of separation in one instance and its pangs in the other, the gentleman had secured a *coupé* from Folkestone; and, *being a Frenchman*, instead of boring himself with a newspaper, beguiled the tedium of the journey—for railway travelling is inexpressibly tedious, in spite of its celerity—by performing on a *cor-de-chasse*, after the most approved method of his countrymen. This "method"—as all must admit who have heard

them at it—consists invariably of a few bars of “Au clair de la lune,” or “Ah vous dirai-je,” sputtered out violently for about ten minutes, and then all is quiet till the fit comes on again.

Monsieur François de Beauvilliers, the gentleman in question, was a distinguished sportsman—also after the manner of his countrymen—and could wind the “*halali*” as scientifically as he unharboured a stag; but, except for his own satisfaction, and the pleasure of contending with the steam-whistle, it was not of much consequence what he played, as the noise of the train permitted only of very few fragments of his melody from being heard, except by his valet Victor, and his poodle “Putty,” a choice English name which he had given to the animal. These two were accustomed to the music, or probably enjoyed it, for there is no saying what variety or amount of noise a native of France—man or dog—may not bring himself to endure. Putty, indeed, really seemed as if he liked the *cor-de-chasse*, for, on most occasions, he was in the habit of accompanying his master in a fine sostenuto howl, which probably endeared him only the more, as affording evidence of his sympathetic feelings.

But it was not from mere *gaieté de cœur* that M. François de Beauvilliers expended his precious breath, for, like Prince Hal, he could have been “sad, and sad indeed too;” on the contrary, it arose from a desire to dissipate his melancholy—that is to say, as much melancholy as generally belongs to a Frenchman’s disposition.

M. François de Beauvilliers, a descendant of the ducal house of Saint Aignan, one of the most illustrious in Touraine, was, by a rare chance, as rich as if he had belonged to the *classe roturière*, always supposing that such a class is allowed to be in existence in republicanised France. He was too young and too indifferent to politics to have imbibed any personal prejudices against the head of the existing government, and very few, for personal reasons, were more welcome than himself at the Elysée. It was at one of the balls given in December—which the members of the Assembly who went to them appear so unwilling to pay for—that M. de Beauvilliers had a vision of one of the fairest English girls his eyes had ever beheld. He did not dance with her, he did not even speak to her, but, from the hour when he saw her first up to the period of his introduction to the reader, she had never been absent from his thoughts; a figure of speech which must be understood to exclude the mornings devoted to the *manège*, the days to the Boulevards and the Bois, the evenings to the “Italiens” and “Variétés,” and the nights to sleep. This would seem to occupy most of his time, but there were intervals—the *carte* at the *Trois Frères* notwithstanding—when the fair unknown was ever present to his sight; and then we have said nothing of what happened during his slumbers. Who shall pretend to say that he did not dream of her all the night long? Something of the kind must certainly have chanced, for, after looking for her in vain at all the *receptions* in Paris, he suddenly resolved to leave that capital just as the carnival balls and other gaieties of the season were at their height, and continue his search in London, convinced that one or other of the two places must hold his *inamorata*.

This circumstance, we trust, will account for his presence in the railway *coupé*, and for his occupation while there.

The approach to the queen of cities was not of a nature to dissipate any feeling of melancholy on the part of Beauvilliers, unless, indeed, he had been born and bred a Bermondsey tanner; but as this was not the

case, he shrugged up his shoulders at the combined odours of fog and curried hides, desired his valet to pull up the windows, and poured his sorrows into the bosom of his poodle, whom he apostrophised as his mistress, calling her—or it—an “*ange de candeur et d’innocence*,” which—as far as Putty was concerned—could only have been applied on the strength of a very recent washing, poodles not being famed for candour or innocence, save when they are held up, shivering, for sale.

But although M. François de Beauvilliers played on the French horn, and made a *confidant* of his poodle, these occupations by no means indicated the measure of his intellectual resources. He was very well read, had good taste, a fair knowledge of art, and possessed a variety of accomplishments, even to the extent of speaking English; and very respectable English it was, being remarkable only for rather too much precision, as if he were translating, not thinking, and for occasional errors in accent and emphasis. *Du reste* he was a *beau garçon*, and, better still, a *brave garçon*, somewhat too prone, perhaps, to sudden impulses, but never willingly giving offence, nor committing an act unworthy of his station.

Monsieur Victor, his *valet-de-chambre*, a little, wiry, dark-haired man, with a bright eye and a snuff-coloured complexion, was not one of those people who make themselves martyrs to too much moral restraint, but he kept his useful qualities in the foreground, and reserved his peccadilloes for other eyes than those of his master. As a servant, he was invaluable; and not being required to act in any other capacity, he gave unlimited satisfaction.

It is not necessary that we should describe the moral qualities of the poodle; no one who has ever been the possessor of that description of dog requires to be told what they are.

Behold the train, then, fairly at rest in the station, and fancy the rush of the travellers clamouring for baggage and eager for conveyances. If we had time to pause at such a moment, it would be worth while just to stop and look at that fiery little Frenchman and the imperturbable railway porter on whom he has fastened; to listen to the bewildering jargon of the foreigner, making mad efforts to express himself in English, and then giving up the attempt in a volley of native execrations; to note the stolid look of the sturdy official, who, in a very loud voice, asks the Frenchman for his baggage ticket in a language he *can’t* understand. But the throng and bustle are too great to admit of selection from the hurrying groups, now crossing, now running against each other, now frantic at supposed losses, now radiant at an unexpected recovery. It is better to suppose the miracle of satisfying everybody accomplished,—the omnibuses to the “Haymarket,” and “Leicester-squarr,” filled with their chattering freight, and the long file of cabs, laden like emmets, emerging from the station, and taking a westward direction. Victor, with intuitive sagacity, and in despite of his Provençal accent, has secured everything, and kept an eye on everybody, affording a nod or a word to such of his countrymen whom he recognises as his fellow-travellers by rail or steamer, learning their destination and imparting his own. Monsieur de Beauvilliers, enveloped in his cloak and *capuchon*, takes his seat in the smartest cab that Victor can find; the poodle is handed in with all the solemnity due to his importance; the heavy trunks and indescribable carpet-bags, with drawers in them, are piled on the roof of the vehicle,

Victor mounts beside the driver, who keeps down his propensity to grin as well as he is able, the word is given, "to Mivart!" and away they go at a pace, which Victor can only compare to that of the train he has just quitted.

It must be confessed that the route the driver takes is not greatly calculated to impress a foreigner with the splendour of London, even if the fog allowed him to see where he was going, neither does the rapidity with which corners are turned and short cuts made augur a very safe conclusion to the journey; but the mysterious labyrinths of Bankside are threaded without collision, nobody is knocked down or run over, Waterloo-bridge is crossed before the travellers are aware of its insulting name, the Strand is left behind, Regent-street is cleared at a hand gallop, Hanover-square is traversed with undiminished speed, and a sudden sharp pull-up in Brook-street announces that Mivart's hotel is reached. Out come the waiters, who bow with an air of profound respect to the handsome distinguished young man who issues from the cab, the proprietor himself appears to welcome the first arrival of the season, and in a few moments M. François de Beauvilliers is installed in one of those admirable suites of apartments which combine every luxury of the Continent with all the comfort of England.

But in a London hotel, notwithstanding all its appliances, it is still possible to feel a slight degree of ennui, if you have nobody but a poodle to talk to, and nothing better to look at from the windows than the dull regularity of the London houses, "brown cages," as M. de Custine calls them; so, as soon as De Beauvilliers had made his toilet, he desired to be driven to the French embassy, the *chargé d'affaires* being one of his most particular friends.

"Comment! François, c'est toi!" exclaimed the diplomatist, astonished at De Beauvilliers's unexpected arrival; "has anything happened in Paris? Is the ministry out again? Is another ambassador appointed? Are you the man, *par exemple*?"

"Ah, mon cher!" returned De Beauvilliers, "I know nothing about affairs. I have come to London on a mission that is strictly private to every one but yourself. I am in love," he continued, dashing himself into a *fauteuil*; "in love, and with an angel!"

"Cela va sans dire," replied the *chargé d'affaires*; "that is to say, if you *are* in love. But, tell me, who at last has touched your heart?"

"That is exactly the very thing I am unable to explain to you. It is some one who is wholly unknown to me; but such grace, such beauty! No, there is nothing on earth to compare with that lovely English girl!"

De Beauvilliers then proceeded to acquaint his friend, as coherently as he could, with the cause of his sudden journey; but, except sympathy, there was nothing to be gained by the revelation; for, had the *chargé d'affaires* been ten times the diplomatist he was, his penetration would have been at a loss to discover the identity of the beautiful unknown, from the vague account which he received of "an angelic being with blue eyes and fair hair." There are too many young ladies in England who answer to this description to make it an easy matter to fix upon the right one. There was little doubt, however, that, seen where De Beauvilliers had first met her, she moved in good society, and the *chargé d'affaires* promised to do all in his power to aid in discovering her,

recommending patience in the interval. With his mind unburdened of his secret, and having performed, as he said, "*le devoir qu'il s'était imposé*," De Beauvilliers willingly gave his attention to other themes, and the next moment all traces of the agony of a despairing lover had vanished from his countenance. The occurrences of the hour were discussed, and then came the question of amusement, for no Frenchman, let his rank or occupation be what it may, can remain long without making this inquiry. But here the *chargé d'affaires* was at fault again.

"It is true," he said, with a shrug which showed that his observations were not likely to be complimentary to the object of them; "it is true that London is not without its *agrémens*, but to find them you must arrive in the proper season. Conceive a nation, *mon cher François*, who never attempt to amuse themselves except for four months in the year! The rest of their time they travel on everybody's railway, or up everybody's river, until the days get too short for them to see where they are going to, and then they come home and hang themselves on their own lamp-posts, or drown themselves in their own Serpentine; it is the only way they have of keeping up their spirits, and keeping down their population! But, *à propos* of the Serpentine, the English mean to improve this year; already their Grand Exhibition is in progress. The building is a fine one, invented by Monsieur Paxton, after the manner of all the English inventions, from a French model—*Le Jardin d'Hiver, aux Champs Elysées*. Cette Exposition est une heureuse idée du Prince Albert pour changer le caractère national. From all quarters of the world people are flocking in."

"I have had proof of it already, *mon cher*," said De Beauvilliers, "*le convoi de Folkestone ce matin était toute-toute pleine de monde; Français, Belges, Allemands,—je ne sais qui! Enfin, une vraie cohue! Négocians! marchands! manufacturiers! Cherches-fortunes de tous genres!* On the railway from Paris, in the terrible steam-boat coming across, every one was speaking of the Hydes-Park Exposition. It will, no doubt, be very gay! When is it to open?"

"Ah, that is the question for *nous autres*. It is now the beginning of February, and the exhibition will not be ready till the 1st of May! Cet excellent Mitchell n'a plus de théâtre Français à Londres cette année, et M. Lumley gagne trop d'argent à Paris, pour qu'il songe à revenir ici avant le mois prochain. Que faire, en attendant! Ah, I remember, there is something for one day at least. To-morrow is the opening of the English Parliament, the Queen herself—have you ever seen her? Elle est très gentille, n'est ce pas!—the Queen will be there, and everybody worth knowing. You shall have one of the *billets d'entrée* of the *corps diplomatique* for the House of Lords. It is a pretty show, and as there is no longer any royalty in France, we must remind ourselves of it here as well as we can."

"Do with me as you please," exclaimed De Beauvilliers, with an air of resignation, the image of the unknown floating for a moment before his memory; and it was accordingly settled that the following day he should "assist" at the opening.

Everybody knows in England that, however we may reproach our climate with inconstancy, we have no cause for complaint when Queen Victoria goes abroad on an occasion of ceremony. The 4th of February

was, certainly, a very different day from that which preceded it, but the difference was all in favour of the holiday-seeker. Instead of a gloomy fog resolving itself into a cold, miserable rain, the morning grew brighter as it advanced, the heavens were cloudless, "the air breathed balmy summer," and the sun shone out with all the splendour of June. The out-door pageant was magnificent, but it seemed only as the adjunct to the sovereign's reception by her people, whose loyalty and affection constituted the really imposing features of the scene, and might well excite the admiration of the thousands of proscribed from other lands who mingled with the multitude. Within the House of Lords, though differing in form, the expression of sentiment was the same, heightened, it might be, by the grave senatorial character of the assemblage, and the importance attached to the occasion. De Beauvilliers was charmed with all he saw ; the gorgeous decorations of the building, the rich tones of the painted windows, the splendour of the costumes, and the beauty that gave life and lustre to the whole, enchanted him beyond measure. It seemed like a brilliant kaleidoscope, where every variety of form and colour was traced, and from which the beholder vainly tried to separate one distinct image. But what can conceal itself from the keenness of a lover's vision ? As De Beauvilliers eagerly scanned the bright parterre, where the loveliest in England were met, with the thought uppermost, we will admit, that she whom he sought might be amongst them, his eye fell upon a face which once seen was never to be forgotten. The "ange de candeur et d'innocence" (not the poodle, but the lady) was before him, in all her ethereal beauty !

He gazed upon her for a moment in breathless delight, and then hastily turned to ask his next neighbour if he could tell him who she was. The person he addressed belonged to one of the German embassies, and could give him no information.

"Che ne bourrais bas fous tire, monsieu," he replied, in slow and highly Germanised accents, to the animated inquiry of De Beauvilliers ; "chai la fue passe et che ne fois bas très tistinctement ; che crois que c'est le Duc de Wellington !"

"Le diable emporte——" began the excited young Frenchman, but who was to be carried off he did not further declare, for at that instant the Queen entered the house, and a general "hush" was heard, everybody crowding forward to get a glimpse of her Majesty. The only head that was not turned in the direction of royalty was that of De Beauvilliers ; his eyes remained fixed upon the unknown, who, all unconscious of the sensation her presence had excited, was simply enjoying the brilliant spectacle.

The royal speech was delivered ; but even the silver tones of Queen Victoria were unheeded by De Beauvilliers, whose every faculty was engrossed by the fair object in the opposite gallery ; and whether great Britain was at peace or war with her neighbours, at the height of prosperity or in the lowest depths of distress, in a turmoil about foreign aggression or serene in agricultural content, were facts to which he remained entirely indifferent, his only thought being how he could approach the angel of candour and innocence.

The stir which took place as soon as her Majesty had ceased speaking recalled him to his senses, and he then eagerly made his way towards his friend the *chargé d'affaires*, who during the ceremony had been more

prominently placed than himself. It was not a time for learning what he wanted so much to know, for that functionary was hurrying away to dictate the telegraphic despatch which should inform his cabinet of the result of the day's proceedings. He stopped, however, till De Beauvilliers had pointed out the beautiful English girl; but though he saw her plainly enough, he was not able to give him more satisfaction than the hazy German diplomatist; he could not remember to have ever seen her before; and amidst the sea of feathers and flowers he had a difficulty in recognising his ordinary acquaintance. Still, what was in his power he did; and this was to call an officer of the house, to whom he was well known, and ask him to take his friend round to the entrance to the ladies' gallery. In a few minutes De Beauvilliers had taken up a position from whence he could command every *sortie*. He watched anxiously, and, after what appeared an age of expectation, was gratified at last by the appearance of the "ange de candeur," on whose arm a tall, dignified, elderly lady was leaning. They passed close by where he stood, the skirt of the angel's garment of snow-white gauze actually touched him, and, for an instant, her glance met his own. In his eyes there was an expression of such earnest admiration that her own were as suddenly cast down as they had been accidentally raised, and she quickened her pace to leave the gallery. Not to observe the *bienséances* of society was out of the question with De Beauvilliers, but there was no law of politeness to prevent him from quitting a place that was no longer interesting to him, and he followed the unknown. A crowd is never accommodating, for this reason, that everybody wants the same thing at the same time; and it was not till he came within sight of the porch in Abingdon-street, that he obtained another glimpse of her. Regardless, then, of the cross looks of a stout lady in lappets and feathers, who had hitherto impeded his progress, De Beauvilliers pressed forward, and once more stood beside the angel. Her carriage was at the entrance, and she was in the act of stepping into it when something caused her to turn her head, and again her eyes met those of De Beauvilliers. What was at first surprise, became now confusion; her colour rose, and in her agitation a richly embroidered handkerchief which she carried fell from her hand. She was not aware of her loss, but it had been observed by De Beauvilliers, who eagerly stooped to pick it up and return it to the owner. He caught the handkerchief from the ground and turned to present it, but in that instant, brief as it was, the carriage-door was closed, and the horses dashed forward, leaving De Beauvilliers *planté-là*, with the *mouchoir brodé* in his grasp. As rapidly as he could get clear of the press he darted into the street; but already the carriage was at a distance, and before he could remember the English words to make it stop, the angel was whisked out of sight.

He did then what even an English lover would have done under the circumstances; he bestowed upon the handkerchief a passionate kiss, thrust it into his bosom, and rushed with all his might in the direction which the carriage had taken.

Whether he overtook it or not is a secret which we reserve for the present.

CHAPTER II.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COQUELICOT FAMILY, AND ONE OR TWO PERSONS BESIDE.

"WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grève," was Matt. Prior's poetical testimony to the popularity of that celebrated spot in the early part of the last century. The Grève has, fortunately, been for some time out of fashion, and the people of Paris prefer the Porte St. Martin as a place of public entertainment; we do not, of course, mean the triumphal arch which commemorates the victories of Louis XIV., but the theatre close by, where Frederic Lemaitre has achieved as many triumphs, and, to the full, as melodramatic, as those of the Grand Monarque.

The Porte St. Martin being granted, it follows that the long, narrow street with the wide mouth, directly opposite, which gives its name to the arch, must be tolerably well known also. We would willingly imagine even more than this, to save ourselves the trouble of description, but it is not everybody, in all likelihood, who is equally familiar with a street called the Rue aux Ours, which turns off on the right hand about half-way down the Rue St. Martin. And yet, in days of yore, this street had a great reputation; not for the bears which, from its present name, may be supposed to have dwelt there, but for the roast geese which were cooked in it, "ours" being a corruption of "oues," the old word for geese. The future fame of the Rue aux Ours, if it be destined to have any in connexion with this story, will depend less upon the animals which, right or wrong, have thus bequeathed their names to it, than upon certain individuals who lived at the two corner houses, and whom we wish to introduce to the reader.

Each of these houses was tenanted by a Monsieur Coquelicot. They were brothers, but, except in name, they bore each other no resemblance. Their calling, too, was distinct. M. Coquelicot, aîné, was an *épiciier*—M. Adolphe Coquelicot, a *fabricant de nouveautés*. Over the doorway of the former was the image, carved in wood and richly painted, of the "Grand St. Martin," the benevolent patron of beggars and travellers, and the saint after whom the elder M. Coquelicot was named, his birthday having occurred on the 11th of November, which, as all the world knows, is the *fête* of the above-mentioned good-natured bishop. The portal of M. Adolphe Coquelicot was differently decorated. It was surmounted by a richly-gilt basket, overflowing with its contents, which might have been mistaken for a cradle, if the words, "A la corbeille de mariage," had not undeceived the spectator. He was further set right—if he had gone wrong—by this additional inscription: "Adolphe Coquelicot. F. de linge-ries, nouveautés, et trousseaux de dames, &c." Thus nothing could well be more dissimilar than the occupations of the brothers. M. Martin Coquelicot ministered chiefly to the wants of the inner man; M. Adolphe, to those of the female exterior; one dealt in *pistaches*, the other in *pos-tiches*; the pursuit of the elder was common and vulgar; that of the younger, refined and elegant. And there was as much difference in their characters as in their callings, but this distinction requires to be shown a little more in detail.

M. Martin Coquelicot, the grocer, really merited the epithet which,

with more truth than politeness, has been bestowed on his class by the Parisians, who, when they invented the phrase "*bête comme un épicier*," must have had some one in their eye very like our friend. He was a bachelor; but neither his *bêtise* nor his fifty years were the real obstacles to a change in his condition, for he was reputed to be "*un homme cassu*;" and when a man is rich, it is not the largest measure of stupidity, nor twice fifty years, that can deter the fair sex from attempting a capture: rather the reverse. The difficulty lay with himself. Without being a *croqueur de demoiselles*, Martin Coquelicot was by no means indifferent to female beauty; and yet, owing to his natural timidity, he had never been able to muster courage enough to put the important question, or, as we in England say—perhaps without allegory—to bring himself up to the scratch. The thing might have been done for him *par procuration*, if his nearest relatives had not had an interest in keeping him unmarried; and, therefore, Martin Coquelicot remained a bachelor, with the reputation, amongst the gossips of the *quartier*, of being a *grand benêt* into the bargain. There was nothing very captivating in his personal appearance, and yet nothing repulsive, unless objection were made to his very red face and enormous figure, he being one of those Frenchmen who have done their best to disabuse the public mind on this side of the water with regard to the supposed meagreness of his countrymen. It does not often happen that corpulence and moroseness combine in the same person (though we *have* known a few fat tigers), and in Martin Coquelicot those qualities were certainly disjoined. He was extremely good-natured, and those who called him "*bête*," reckoned quite as much on his temper as his intellect in doing so. But though he was not looked upon as an oracle by his neighbours, Martin Coquelicot had a tolerable opinion of his own importance; and in this respect he differed from no Frenchman whom we have ever met with. The great Napoleon knew this when he encouraged his soldiers to believe that a marshal's *bâton* was concealed in each man's knapsack; and the second Napoleon—whom we don't call "great" yet, but may, perhaps, by-and-by, if he succeeds—gives every French citizen reason to hope that a minister's portfolio will, sooner or later, be at his command—an expectation which recent events have rendered by no means improbable. Martin Coquelicot thought it was on account of his genius, and not because he was a grocer, and lived in a corner house, that the *petite poste* had been established in his shop; and if he had an eye to any particular department of the government, we must conclude that he aimed at that of Postmaster-General, as being most consonant with the functions of a letter-receiver. It was as well, however, that he had an active assistant, or the correspondence of Paris might occasionally have travelled a little wide of the mark. As it happened, all went well, and the worthy grocer gave himself the credit of the result. Such other traits of his character as are noticeable will probably develop themselves as we proceed.

M. Adolphe Coquelicot, the *marchand de nouveautés*, was five years younger than his brother Martin, and, with regard to his domestic arrangements, had gone on a tack so completely opposite, that he was not only a widower, but the father of a very pretty girl about twenty, named Clotilde. Like the rest of his nation, he had no misgivings as to his own abilities, and was a very fair specimen of the busy, active Parisian tradesman, sharp-witted in all matters of business, and somewhat *rusé* in his general dealings. He was always on the *qui-vive* for making money,

kept a sharp look-out after his own affairs—in which he included his brother's—and had fully made up his mind that his daughter should marry no one who was not as well to do as himself.

Mademoiselle Clotilde was at the head of her father's establishment, and governed his *ménage*. She was a lively, agreeable girl, with a skin like velvet, hair and eyes as black as jet, a young moustache giving piquancy to a well-formed mouth and contrasting with teeth of dazzling whiteness, a high colour like the tint of a carnation, *une taille bien prise*, very pretty hands and feet, and rather under the ordinary height; in short, she was a round, plump, pleasant little thing, and belonged to that order of damsels who are commonly said to be “faites à croquer.” It was for such a complexion as hers only that those gorgeous dyes were invented which make even gold and cochineal look pale beside them; and when Mademoiselle Clotilde turned out attired for the eleven o'clock mass—or for conquest—one could perfectly understand the hardihood of the Lyons manufacturers in producing such glowing silks and satins. It is needless to say that so striking a young lady had plenty of admirers, but none could boast, as yet, of being distinguished from the herd.

As the brothers Coquelicot were on the best terms, the family *réunions* were frequent. They generally took place at the house of M. Adolphe, where, the respective labours of the day being ended, Mademoiselle Clotilde *donnait du thé*. At these *soirées*, M. Adolphe shone very brilliantly, in the opinion of his elder brother, having the faculty of remembering what he had read in the day's paper, which M. Martin—we think fortunately—did not.

In a quarter so commercial as the sixth *arrondissement* of Paris, the news of the intended “*Exposition de Londres*” became, at a very early period, an interesting subject for discussion, and a lively theme for speculation. It was very soon determined by M. Adolphe that he would *confectionner certains objets* in his establishment which should show the admiring world what the “Corbeille de Mariage” in the Rue St. Martin was capable of producing; and having constructed his plans with all the gravity and reflection which the case required, the delicate fingers of Mademoiselle Clotilde and her assistants were speedily employed to carry them into execution. Some very remarkable specimens of female ingenuity were the result, and amongst them a *mouchoir brodé*, of so fine a texture, and such exquisite workmanship, that, to use the words of M. Adolphe, “Le Grand Seigneur des Turcs n'aurait que le voir pour se décider à en faire l'emplette, afin de pouvoir le jeter aux pieds de sa plus belle Odalisque!” M. Adolphe Coquelicot entertaining the traditional belief that it was after that fashion the Sultan made love. But neither the Grand Turk, nor M. Salandrouze de Lamornaix, the French Commissioner in London for the Exhibition, were destined to be the first possessor of this rare piece of work; for, scarcely was it finished, and exposed to view in the Rue St. Martin, as a triumphant example of high art—à la Française—than an English gentleman, prowling about Paris in search of a *cadeau* for the *jour de l'an*, came by chance into the establishment of M. Adolphe, and saw the fairy web.

“Combant cela?” he asked, with that agreeable *brusquerie* which, in the belief of the Parisians, always indicates a portfolio stuffed with bank notes.

“Ceci, monsieur,” replied Mademoiselle Clotilde, gracefully balancing and caressing the handkerchief. “Ah! ceci n'est pas à vendre.”

"Commong!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"C'est bien vrai, monsieur; mon père le destine pour la grande Exposition à Londres."

"Combang!" repeated the Englishman, taking out a splendid *porte-monnaie* as he spoke.

The young lady repeated her statement, observing at the same time that the *travail* alone was worth a thousand francs.

"Mill frong!" said our friend, who, now there was a difficulty, had fully made up his mind to have it. "Si vous voolly vander cela, je vous donnery doo mill frong;" and he held up two fingers to give expression to his words.

Mademoiselle Clotilde wavered. "Two thousand francs!" she thought. "What a profit!"

"Attendez, monsieur," she said, after a moment's reflection; "il faut que je parle à mon père, il est seulement dans son bureau ici, au coin de la boutique."

And so saying, she tripped across the shop to communicate the offer to Monsieur Adolphe. That gentleman, though intently occupied with his accounts, had already noticed the transaction.

"Impossible, mon enfant!" said he, coming forward, and saluting his would-be customer. "Ma fille, monsieur, vient de me dire que vous avez proposé d'acheter ce mouchoir. Savez-vous, monsieur, que ça vous coûterait énormément cher, quand même la chose fut à vendre!"

"Wee," replied the Englishman, who only understood about a quarter of what M. Adolphe said.

"Ce mouchoir, monsieur," continued the *fabricant*, kindling as he went on,—"*ce mouchoir doit remporter le premier prix à Londres! Si j'en ferais le sacrifice à quelque pratique que ce soit, mon honneur, l'honneur de mon pays, l'honneur de la France, monsieur, s'immolerait en même temps!*"

The Englishman smiled. He took out a note for five hundred francs and placed it on the other two, which were for a thousand each. He then shut up his *porte-monnaie* and put it by. M. Adolphe watched his movements, and drew from them his own conclusion.

"Monsieur aura la bonté de s'asseoir," he observed; "en attendant que je lui prépare une petite facture. Faites emballer le mouchoir, Clotilde—mais très soigneusement. A quel hôtel, monsieur, voulez-vous qu'on vous l'envoie?"

"Nong," replied the Englishman; "dong mong poash!"

And thrusting the little paquet into his pocket he marched out of the shop.

"Voilà les frais de notre expédition à Londres," said M. Adolphe, fingering the notes; "il faut que l'Exposition se passe du mouchoir, à moins que nous ayons le temps d'en faire faire un autre."

This last observation will serve to acquaint the reader that it was the purpose of the Coquelicot family to swell the crowd of foreigners in London during the Exhibition of 1851.

"And what is the news to-day, Adolphe?" asked Martin, rousing himself from a dream of figs into which he had fallen while stirring his tea.

"There is another change of ministry," replied his brother, politics being always uppermost in a Frenchman's mind.

"Very good," said Martin; "who is at the head of the post-office?"

"It is still M. Conte," returned Adolphe, "but he must give way the very next time, and then we shall see."

"Yes!" apostrophised Martin; "then we shall see."

And this time his reverie took the form of an enormous envelope addressed to himself, under the title of "Administrateur-Général des Postes."

Mademoiselle Clotilde now took up the word.

"And is there nothing else, papa, but these changes of ministry?"

"Oh, yes, Clotilde; there is always the *Exposition de Londres*. The *Moniteur* of to-day contains the last instructions for French exhibitors. Everything must be packed up, and sent to the central jury in three days; and in a few more all will be sent to London. To-morrow we must see about this, and in a week's time I shall set out myself."

"And when are we to go, papa?"

"That we shall decide upon, Clotilde, when I have been a short time over there. The Exposition itself is not yet. I have no doubt that we shall meet with a distinguished reception, particularly we who gain the prizes. Ah! if I had not sold that handkerchief, I should probably have been decorated with two medals instead of only one."

"I expect a medal, too, *mon frère*," interposed Martin, who had silently made himself master of the subject of the conversation.

"Vous, mon oncle!" exclaimed Clotilde, laughing. "Et à quel titre, je vous en prie?"

"Eoutez," replied Martin, gravely, and with the air of a man who had profoundly examined the question. "Mon industrie est une industrie faite. Les pruneaux, le sucre, le thé, le café, etcetera, ce sont pour la plupart des cadeaux que nous fait la nature. Bon! Mais il y en a des objets qui ne se perfectionnent pas sans le secours que leur prête le talent de l'homme. Dans cette catégorie il faut mettre—en premier rang—les cornichons! Voilà mon titre à l'estimation publique! J'ai des cornichons là-bas qui me sont—pour ainsi dire—sortis de l'esprit. L'Exposition en aura de mes cornichons!"

M. Adolphe Coquelicot was much too wise to interfere with any of his elder brother's fantasies; for opposition to a stupid man only begets obstinacy. Besides, he felt proud of the effort which Martin had made to represent the honour of his house, though it was only in the shape of *cornichons*.

About a week after this brief conversation took place, Monsieur Adolphe Coquelicot was *en route* for London. As Frenchmen always travel, by choice, at night—even when the journey is merely for amusement—at a quarter to eight o'clock, on the evening of the 2nd of February, M. Adolphe found himself violently embracing his daughter and brother in the waiting-room of the Northern Railway station. His ecstasies would have excited some surprise on this side of the water, where people are not given to weeping in public, but, as everybody was doing exactly the same thing to the relations who accompanied them, these family emotions went for nothing; which was as well, considering that they cost nothing. A Frenchman's feelings are exactly like a train of gunpowder; the smallest spark ignites it, and the next moment every trace of the explosion is swept away. Thus the tears of M.

Adolphe—real tears—disappeared—whither it would be impossible to say—the instant he took his seat in the train. For the sake of economy—that master-principle in modern France—he travelled in a second-class carriage. Though the *convoi* was a long one, there were only two other persons in the compartment where he was placed. One of these was a lady, apparently tall and slight, but neither her face nor figure could very plainly be seen, for she wore her veil down, and was enveloped in a multitude of cloaks and wrappers. Her voice was the only positive token by which she might have been recognised, and that was so singular in its tone, as if pitched two or three notes higher than the voices of other people, that to hear it once was enough, whether as an aid to memory or as a source of gratification. It was evident that she was not herself of the latter opinion, for her talk was incessant, and, *malgré lui*, M. Adolphe was obliged to listen to her, though it was not to him that, in the first instance, she addressed her conversation. She had discovered at a glance—as any one else might have done—that the light blue eyes, high complexion, straw-coloured beard and moustaches, and the “liffre-loffre” dialect which expressed the politeness of the other traveller when she entered the carriage, did not denote a genuine Frenchman; he might be an Alsatian, but in her own mind she was convinced that he came from beyond the Rhine—and she was right. For a lady who feels herself under the necessity of relating her history to the first comer, a German is a perfect godsend; and before the *convoi* had arrived at St. Denis, *this* lady was deep in the narrative of her ineffable wrongs, her contempt for and detestation of the world, her yearning for a sympathetic mind, the singular position which she occupied, and the strange destiny which she felt was in store for her. All these matters were discussed with the most perfect confidence and apparent frankness, and yet it would have puzzled any one to explain to a third person who had not heard her, what these wrongs were, why she hated the world, who she was in search of, what she was at present, and what she was likely to turn out hereafter. One thing was tolerably clear; she possessed the genius of mystification in an eminent degree, and she could scarcely have met with a better person to try it on with than Karl Blumentopf, from Brunswick, her new travelling acquaintance. The German listened with great attention to all the details of her touching story, in which not only the perfidy of individuals was involved, but the injustice heaped on her by nations. Every now and then he said, “So!” as a German must say, whether he understands the subject before him, or is endeavouring merely to comprehend it,—for the word “So” is as useful as *gutta percha*; but, for the most part, he swallowed her revelations in respectful silence, showing by his attitude and the expression of his countenance that none of them were thrown away upon him.

But it was not enough to have one auditor. People who publish their memoirs *en route*, demand as large a public as circumstances will allow, and this description of author has the advantage of being able to exact the attention which is only given at one's own choice to a printed book. Having secured Herr Blumentopf, the inspired lady now turned to M. Adolphe Coquelicot.

“You are a native of Paris, sir?” she asked, fixing him for an answer.

“Oh yes, madam,” replied M. Adolphe, “I may call myself so, having lived there ever since I was born.”

"In that case, sir, you must have heard of me! My sufferings, my trials, my triumphs—my renown, in short, must have reached your ears!"

"It is most likely, madam; but until I have the honour of knowing to whom I speak——"

"Ah! you shall know that directly. My name, sir, is Lablonde! Madame Desirée Lablonde! It is a name that has resounded throughout Europe!"

"Je dois bien savoir ce que c'est que la blonde," muttered M. Adolphe to himself; "mais quant à cette femme.—No, madam, to my eternal regret that name is not upon my books."

"Is it possible! But, I see, you are engaged in commerce; and to those who extend the trade of France, everything is permitted."

"How, madam! You are aware that I am in commerce the moment I speak!"

"Where is the wonder? Had you been familiar with my reputation, like the rest of the world, so small a discovery would have caused you no surprise. Stay, sir; for the future you shall know me better."

So saying, the lady dived beneath her wrappers, and brought forth an *agenda*, out of which she took two cards, and offered one to each of the gentlemen. They bore the following inscription:

"SOMNAMBULE EXTRA-LUCIDE,

"MADAME DESIRÉE LABLONDE,

"La Sybille moderne donne des consultations sur tout ce qui est du domaine Somnambulique. Rue Richelieu, 75 à l'entresol."

"So!" said Herr Blumentopf, opening his large blue eyes, and gazing with increased astonishment on Madame Lablonde.

"Madam, then, is a somnambulist?" observed M. Adolphe. "Voilà le secret de cette voix criarde!" he added, to himself. "Tout ce qui outrage la nature—hm! hm!"

"I am a somnambulist, gentlemen, from the force of circumstances. It is from amongst the hearts that are crushed, the souls that are seared, the minds that aspire beyond the earth, that destiny claims her expositors. Those over whose heads the breath of the oracle has passed have henceforward a separate existence. A grand but a melancholy privilege is vouchsafed to us, and we accomplish our mission!"

"Wunderbar! mein Gott!" exclaimed Herr Blumentopf.

"C'est curieux!" said M. Adolphe. "This woman," he thought, "is an *intrigante*; but what matter; very likely she has a good connexion. Madam," he continued, out loud, "I must repay the confidence you have been pleased to place in me. Here, also, is my card, which will explain my position, and the nature of my affairs."

Madame Lablonde read it attentively.

"Without doubt, monsieur is not travelling at this season merely for pleasure."

"No, madam; I am on my way to London on business connected with my house. I am one of the principal exhibitors at the grande Exposition which is to take place in May."

"That is singular," returned Madame Lablonde; "yet no, it is a stroke

of destiny! I, too, am obliged to visit England on account of the Exposition."

The lady told the truth, in one respect; she had, indeed, been obliged to leave Paris, at the pressing instance of M. Carlier, the *préfet de police*, and what better place, she asked herself, could she select for the exercise of her *metier* than London during the Exhibition.

On further comparing notes, it appeared that Herr Blumentopf, who was what Mr. Nicoll, of Regent-street, describes in his advertisements as a "Tuchhändler *en gros*," and dealt in Saxony broadcloths, was bound for the same mart of all nations. He had a brother already settled there, an opulent "Schneider-meister," in one of those streets devoted to tailoring which abound in the region of Piccadilly; and though it could never be said of him that he was hurrying, he was certainly taking time as much by the forelock as a speculative man could well be capable of attempting. His principal object, he said, in setting out so early, was to make himself master of the English language before the Exhibition began. With this object in view, he had already procured, while at Leipzig, one of those useful works which have recently been invented in Germany for making our insular tongue familiar to foreigners, and enabling them to plunge at once into a thorough knowledge of our manners, customs, modes of speech and habits of action. These clever productions are called "Aufstellungs-Unterhaltungs-Grammatik," and that they are likely to answer the end proposed, those who have studied the affinities of nations will readily believe. Herr Blumentopf had been a diligent student, and, at a later period, gave numerous proofs of his proficiency.

What further conversation took place in the train to Calais need not be recorded. The travellers crossed at once and proceeded to London together, in the same train that conveyed M. de Beauvilliers, neither of the gentlemen being sorry to avail themselves of the local information possessed by Madame Lablonde, who had paid more than one visit to the great metropolis. It was by her advice that they drove to the Hotel de Provence, in Leicester-square; as she always went there herself, till she had time to look about her, it was convenient, particularly as it enabled her to reach her destination free of expense, the gallantry of her companions being too great to admit of her paying her proportion of the cab. Out of gratitude for their politeness she gave the cabman to understand, in terms much briefer and more intelligible than those contained in the "Grammatik," that it wouldn't do to charge four times the amount of his fare. If the cabman called her "a French—female," with the addition of any obnoxious adjective, he did so *sotto voce*, for there was something in the expression of Madame Lablonde's countenance, when seen by daylight, that, as he afterwards observed, "a'most took away his breath."

CHAPTER III.

LE MOUCHOIR BRODÉ.

To overtake a carriage that is moving off at full speed, two things at least are necessary. In the first place, the pursuer ought to be able to run very fast; and in the next, he should know the short cuts. Now M. de Beauvilliers laboured under the disadvantage of being perfectly unacquainted with London; and had he possessed the swiftness of Hippomenes, and the wind of the Oxford Pet, they would have been of little

use in the throng that surrounded the Houses of Parliament. There was another reason, also, why his endeavours were likely to prove fruitless, arising from the fact that whenever a person sets off running in a crowd, he is invariably suspected of being a thief, and the hue and cry follow him as a matter of course.

De Beauvilliers had scarcely made half a dozen energetic strides, before a seedy-looking gentleman, in a battered hat, a tightly buttoned-up coat, and having no gloves on his red hands, expressed it as his decided opinion that "that foreign-looking cove as was cutting away so fast had prigged somebody's wive;" whereupon the cry of "Stop thief!" broke forth, and just as De Beauvilliers had emerged from beneath a horse's belly, under which he had dived to cross the street, he found himself in the arms of Sergeant Lynx, of the detective force. In the mean time the seedy-looking gentleman who had given the alarm, having withdrawn attention from himself, proceeded at leisure to empty the pockets of his neighbours, and then moved off in an opposite direction.

It would not, however, have been much to the credit of Sergeant Lynx if he had not immediately perceived that M. de Beauvilliers was not a member of the swell mob, but only an impatient foreigner, and as the latter is not a scarce article in London, the sergeant's experience told him how the stranger was to be dealt with. Resisting the desire of several philanthropists in the crowd who amiably suggested that "the 'Ungarian" (that is the favourite phrase since Haynau's misadventure) should be introduced to the nearest pump, Sergeant Lynx took De Beauvilliers aside, and asked him the cause of his anxiety. Had the stranger himself been robbed, and could he describe the property? "Which, in that case," observed the sergeant, confidently, "the goods shall be restored in twenty-four hours at the very outside." The exhibition of so much extrapoliteness on the part of a policeman may seem an unusual thing to those who are in the habit of being taken in custody, but we beg to assure that enterprising part of the community, that there was a reason for it; Sergeant Lynx had already taken a note of De Beauvillier's appearance when he drove past with the French *chargé d'affaires*, about half an hour before.

De Beauvilliers considered for an instant, and fearing, if he said anything about the handkerchief, that the sergeant might wish to take possession of it for the purpose of enabling him to identify the owner, contented himself by saying that he had suddenly recognised some very dear friends whom he had not seen for a great length of time, and that he was hastening to overtake them when he was stopped. Perhaps the sergeant, whom he addressed as M. le Commissaire, had noticed a carriage drawn by a fine pair of grey horses, with servants in white and crimson liveries?

"Two ladies inside, sir?"

"That is it."

"One of them holder than the other?"

"Oh, yes—much."

"I see 'em, sir."

"Which way did they go?"

"There is but one way as the coachman could take at present, since the Woods and Forests blocked up Parliament-street with the shores—along Birdcage Walk."

The combination of woods, forests, and birdcages, presented too confused an image to the mind of De Beauvilliers to allow of his profiting by the description; besides, the carriage was at least a mile off by this time, so he asked Sergeant Lynx if he knew to whom it belonged. That functionary's detective powers, though very widely exercised, did not sustain their reputation in this instance, as he had only seen the carriage "promiscuously;" and, "to the best of his recollection"—the sergeant's speech was always in the form of evidence—"had never set eyes on it before."

"But do you think you should recognise it if you saw it again?"

"I could take my oath to the coachman's wig, sir; and—yes—I think I may safely say I could swear to the footmen's calves, if they were placed in the same position."

"And the ladies—should you know them, too?"

"The old lady, sir, had unmistakeable features."

"And the younger one?"

"Why, you see, sir, she sat rather behindish, and I couldn't get more than a glimpse of *her* face, so that I shouldn't like to be positive in that particular."

"Well, M. le Commissaire," said De Beauvilliers, who saw that Sergeant Lynx might be an available ally, "I must tell you that, not having seen those ladies for so long a time, and being only just come to England, I am ignorant of their address, and should be very happy if I could discover it. If you can find that out for me," he added, slipping a couple of sovereigns at the same time into the ready paw of Sergeant Lynx, "and will bring me word to Mivart's Hotel—observe this card—I shall be very much your friend."

The most obvious course to effect the discovery which De Beauvilliers desired, would doubtless have been to have mentioned the names of the persons he was in search of; but Sergeant Lynx understood the case too well to hint at this mode of proceeding; so that De Beauvilliers was spared an explanation which he had it not in his power to give. The police-officer then directed his patron the nearest way to reach his hotel, and the parties separated.

Although the days are gone when—as in Spanish comedy and all its derivatives—a master invariably makes a bosom friend of his valet, imparts to him all his plans, and receives his advice on the subjects dearest to his interests; still, the exigencies of every-day life compel a man to have recourse to somebody's assistance when he meets with a difficulty which he cannot overcome by himself, and in many cases a valet is as useful a confidant as the friend whom you take at random from the nearest club-house. If the question relate to an investment in the funds, the disposal of a large amount of cash, or any other serious matter—money being the only serious thing in this world, as *most* people suppose—one's valet is not exactly the person to select; but where so trifling a matter as an *affaire de cœur* is the subject of solicitude, such an individual answers the purpose, in all probability, as well as anybody.

We have already adverted to the useful qualities of Monsieur Victor, the body-servant of M. de Beauvilliers; and when we say that the latter thought he might derive advantage from the counsel of his valet, he was only paying a just tribute to his merits. As soon, therefore, as he reached Mivart's, he sent for him to expose the state of the case.

"Victor," he said, when that gentleman had entered, and stood respectfully awaiting his commands, "do you know what brought me to London?"

"I have never presumed to think, monsieur," was the obsequious reply.

"Well, think now, then, and tell me your opinion."

"If I might hazard a conjecture," returned the valet, looking round, and shrugging his shoulders in a way that comprehended many things, "it was not simply to amuse himself that monsieur made this journey."

"So far you are right, Victor; it was a much stronger impulse than mere amusement; I had a great object in view."

Victor bowed with an air of conviction as profound as if M. de Beauvilliers had announced to him, *à la Napoleon*, his intention of undertaking the conquest of the British East India possessions, with Putty as his *chef d'état-major*.

"That object," continued his master, "was the discovery of an English lady whom I saw lately in Paris, at the ball of the President of the Republic."

"Is monsieur acquainted with the lady's name?"

"No! I could meet with no one who knew her while she remained in the room, and I never saw her again till this afternoon."

"And where did monsieur meet with her again?"

M. de Beauvilliers then recounted the circumstances which we have detailed, not omitting to mention that it was necessary Victor should make the acquaintance of Sergeant Lynx, in order to keep him on the look-out, as he had promised.

"And the handkerchief, monsieur," inquired Victor; "does that bear no mark by which the owner can be distinguished?"

M. de Beauvilliers went to a *cabinet*, and drew the sacred relic from a drawer in which he had deposited it. He opened it carefully, and spread it on the table before him. It was assuredly a most beautiful fabric.

The groundwork of this precious object was formed of the very finest cambric, of a texture so delicate as to make it hardly less transparent than air. Very little, however, of the original substance was visible, a space of about four inches square being all that was left in the centre uncovered by work, and it was by this part, gathered together and passed beneath a ring, that the handkerchief was carried in the hand. The borders, which were, in fact, the thing itself, were very deep and of the most exquisite pattern, the material being the richest Valenciennes lace, all of one piece, without any join at the corners. The devices with which they were ornamented were elaborate, but not complicated, and represented birds and flowers, and leaves and tendrils, all of the most graceful form, and intertwined with consummate skill; no single figure was repeated, and perfect harmony prevailed throughout the design, while, in point of workmanship, nothing equal to it had, perhaps, ever been seen.

There was only one thing wanting, and that was an indication—even if it had been of the slightest—to lead to the discovery of the owner's name; but not a single initial was there to set a lover guessing; from Adeline to Zoe all was a blank.

Monsieur Victor gazed on the handkerchief with all the admiration that a Frenchman is capable of feeling for a work of art, and in their own way the French are great enthusiasts. His knowledge of the

science of needlework-embroidery did not carry him quite so far as the famous Colonel Calicot when he detected the royalist propensities of Miss Biddy Fudge, but it was sufficient to assure him that the *travail* he beheld had not been performed out of Paris. As to its being English, you might just as well have told him that it was the work of the Esquimaux or Patagonians, so highly did he estimate the abilities of the Britons. While occupied in examining the pattern, a thought struck him.

During the transit from Calais he had not been unobservant of his *compagnons de voyage*. While M. de Beauvilliers and Putty were sharing their "sea sorrows" in the cabin, Victor remained on deck, eyeing the invalids, and conversing with those who did not suffer. He had particularly noticed the trio whom we have described in the second-class carriage from Paris, Monsieur Coquelicot and Herr Blumentopf, on account of the dislocated attitudes into which they threw themselves in their agony, and Madame Lablonde, for her remarkable indifference to the vessel's motion. To this lady he had been very attentive; not because of her beauty—for, it may be remembered, that she kept her veil down during the journey, and *bonâ fide* beauties never do that—but for some other reason less upon the surface. Monsieur Victor was one who studied character, and there was that about "the modern Sybil" which made him of opinion that she possessed faculties not of the common order. He ingratiated himself accordingly, by revealing just as much as he thought necessary of, not his own but his master's affairs; and we have seen that the lady was not one to withhold her confidence, even without being asked. In this instance, however, the tone of mystification in which she usually indulged was considerably abated; most likely because she saw that M. Victor was one of her own sort, with similar ends in view, which he sought to attain by a different *route*. In the course of conversation, he learnt all that Herr Blumentopf and M. Adolphe Coquelicot had communicated about themselves; it was not much, but it served as a reminiscence, and the memory of M. Victor was such, that every seed scattered over it came up in its appointed time.

It was at this juncture he bethought himself, that if there was any one in London who could enlighten him respecting the manufacture of the handkerchief, that person was M. Adolphe Coquelicot.

"If monsieur permits," he said, "I think I can discover where this was made."

"By all means, Victor. Ascertain that, and I will reward you handsomely."

"Oh, monsieur is always too generous; but his kindness shall not be thrown away. Let me see," he said, taking out his *calepin*, and turning over the leaves—"yes; 'Hotel de Provence, Leicester-squarr,'—that is the place. With monsieur's permission, I will go at once."

This permission was readily granted, and M. Victor set out on his errand.

In spite of its name, the Hotel de Provence does not breathe of the sweet South. It would be difficult, indeed, for any house built in Leicester-square to do so; unless we exchange the poetical idea of southern gales for certain facts encountered in those latitudes. But it does what it can: it stands at the corner of the square, and opens its doors to two different points of the compass; and this is as much as any circumscribed London edifice can attempt. How people fare within is a fact of

which we have, as yet, no personal experience; but if we may trust the smiling little Frenchwoman, who lies *perdue* in the depths of the long, narrow bar, the general accommodation is no less commendable than the *cuisine*.

M. Victor, who, like M. Thiers and other great men, was a native of Aix, and therefore a Provençal, found himself quite at home in this region; and, what was more to the purpose, he found M. Adolphe Coquelicot at home. He was alone, and in the act of writing to his daughter; his friend, Herr Blumentopf, having ventured abroad under the pilotage of Madame Lablonde. No form of introduction was necessary between the fellow-travellers, and Monsieur Victor was not long before he entered into the subject that had taken him there.

"A handkerchief very magnificently embroidered!" said M. Coquelicot. "Yes, I am skilled in these matters, of course, and if it has been made in Paris, I dare say I can give a tolerable guess at the maker. But, to do so, I must see it."

"Of course," replied M. Victor; "and it was to request you to accompany me to M. de Beauvilliers's hotel, that I paid you this visit."

Reserving the conclusion of his correspondence till his return, the fabricant of the Rue St. Martin immediately assented to this proposition, and went back with M. Victor to Mivart's. M. Coquelicot was presented to M. de Beauvilliers, and once more the handkerchief was displayed. As it was unfolded, and the embroidery met his view, he smiled, and an air of paternal fondness spread itself over his countenance.

M. de Beauvilliers was all impatience, and asked eagerly if he thought he could tell the maker's name?

"I think I can," returned M. Coquelicot. "It is not six weeks ago since I sold that very handkerchief. C'est de ma fabrique."

"Quelle chance!" exclaimed De Beauvilliers. "Who was the purchaser?—a tall, graceful young English lady, with a profusion of fair hair, and lovely blue eyes, was it not?"

"Mais non, monsieur," replied the fabricant; "it was somebody very unlike that. I sold it to an English milord——"

"Malédiction!" muttered De Beauvilliers, with a furious gesture.

"An English milord," continued M. Coquelicot, "such as one sees constantly in Paris. Un petit homme trapu—short, square, dumpy, red-faced, with money in both pockets, qui parlait très peu, et écorchait tous les mots qu'il prononçait!"

"Quel sacrifice!" exclaimed the lover, turning up his eyes.

"Quant à ça," said M. Coquelicot, "le travail est, comme vous voyez, superbe, mais toutefois je ne l'ai pas sacrifié." He was thinking of the handkerchief, not of the lady. "J'ai vendu ce mouchoir-là cent livres sterling. J'ai renoncé à mon ambition. Ce mouchoir aurait du avoir été envoyé à la Grande Exposition ici à Londres!"

"And where did this handsome, agreeable Englishman live?" asked M. de Beauvilliers.

"That, monsieur, I am unable to tell you, for, with the brutality that characterises those islanders, he refused to give any address, and made himself his own portefaix. He paid for it on the spot, walked out of my shop with a grunt, not even saying, 'Adieu, mademoiselle,' to my daughter, the handsomest girl in the Rue St. Martin; and I never saw anything more of him, or of the handkerchief either."

M. de Beauvilliers threw himself back in his chair, with an expression of profound vexation.

"If monsieur will allow me to offer a suggestion," said Victor, appealing to his master—

"Oh, readily—speak!"

"You see, mon bon M. Coquelicot, that M. de Beauvilliers is extremely anxious to find out, not merely how this handkerchief came into the possession of the lady who dropped it here in London to-day—it was most likely given to her by a relation, her brother perhaps"—(here there was a decidedly negative shrug from M. de Beauvilliers)—"but what he wishes more to know is, who the lady is. You mentioned just now that it had been your intention to exhibit this handkerchief amongst the productions for which your establishment in the Rue St. Martin is famous. Now, permit me to ask you, mon cher M. Coquelicot, what reason is there why it should not still be exhibited?"

"Comment donc! je ne l'ai plus!"

"No; but monsieur can lend it to you for that purpose. Here we are in this vast city, endeavouring to find out the owner of this little *objet* in the midst of a population of ten or twelve millions, or more—*que sais-je?* We may spend all our lives in the search; monsieur may die of despair, *cet estimable barbet* may become a lunatic, and, as for me, I shall most probably suffocate myself with London smoke, there being no charcoal in this country,—and all because we cannot discover a lady with blue hair and golden eyes—je demande pardon—I mean blue eyes and golden hair. Well, if you consent to introduce the *mouchoir* amongst your goods, as all the world will come to see *them*, and this beautiful young lady, who belongs, of course, to distinguished society, will come with the rest, she will recognise her property, she will appreciate your delicate attention—for the merit will be yours; her patronage will be bestowed upon your house for ever; M. de Beauvilliers will attain his object, and everybody will be made happy; the proper conclusion of so interesting an affair."

M. de Beauvilliers was enraptured with this scheme; and M. Coquelicot admitted that it was feasible, but as the extensive patronage of the unknown young lady was, at least, a mere contingency, he was desirous of making sure of a real advantage, and hinted something to that effect. M. de Beauvilliers was too generous and too much in love to care about conditions, and the fabricant was so satisfied with the prospect, that he announced his intention of immediately taking the necessary steps for procuring admission for the handkerchief amongst the *nouveautés* which he had got ready. As the original specification had not been altered, he anticipated no difficulty in this respect, and it was settled that a handsome glass-case should be prepared, to contain a splendid cushion of purple velvet, whereon should be displayed the *mouchoir brodé*—THE GEM OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

L A V E N G R O.*

WE have been greatly amused and edified by this book, strange and rambling though it be. It contains a vast deal of admirable description, life-like portraiture, and shrewd remark; and its style is racy and masculine in the highest degree. There is abundant evidence about it of what Hazlitt emphatically called the "fist." We do not think so highly of the gipsy scenes. They surely want truthfulness; for no gipsy could ever talk as Mr. Borrow's do. As regards some of the marvels and mysteries, we trust the author will not place us high on the list of "lickspittle editors," if we confess to a slight Ferdinand-Mendez-Pinto feeling of incredulity during their perusal.

Mr. Borrow's portrait graces the title. It is a highly intellectual countenance, with something of a look of Southey about it. The forehead is lofty, and the head altogether of unusual length.

"A dream, partly of study, partly of adventure; in which will be found copious notices of books, and many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form"—such is the description given of "Lavengro" by its writer. Lavengro, it may be necessary to premise, signifies, in the gipsy language, "word-master;" and a thin veil of mystery is cast over his career as here recorded by Mr. Borrow, who asserts in his preface that the reader would be very much mistaken if he imagined that the principal actors in this dream or drama—the scholar, the gipsy, and the priest—form one. Personally, they stand apart, and constitute separate entities; but the spirit of each, and even the actions and language of each, may also be found in Lavengro's own person. Thus, to simplify this mystery, there is Lavengro the scholar (there might be discussion on that point); there is his adopted brother, Jasper Petulengro, the gipsy; there is the right hand of Dr. Platitude, the priest. But, again there is Lavengro, turned gipsy, and pattering Rommany; and there is Lavengro, talking charity, teaching wisdom and virtue, practising forbearance, healing wounded consciences, expounding the gospel, and unravelling the truths of religion; doing, in fact, all that a priest should do, and can do, who is not in search of worldly wealth and temporal power. It remains with the reader, then, as the author remarks, in his usual half-bantering style, to seek for as much of the scholar in the gipsy, or of the gipsy in the priest, as he may care to detect. For our own part, we are satisfied with a scholar, a gipsy, and a priest; and the two latter super-added to the scholar.

Lavengro was born in the first quarter of the present century, at "East D——, a beautiful little town in a certain district of East Anglia." As his father subsequently settled at Norwich, we may presume this place to be East Dereham. This father, the youngest of seven brothers, was a posthumous child of a respectable (*gentillâtre*, as Mr. Borrow has it) Cornish family, whose ancient home was at Tredinock, which, being interpreted, means the "House on the Hill." Although in the army, and much jostled about England and Ireland at the time of the threatened invasion, it does not appear that the gallant

* Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest. By George Borrow, Author of "The Bible in Spain," and "The Gipsies of Spain." 3 vols. John Murray.

captain had any opportunity of distinguishing himself beyond marrying the mother of Lavengro, the daughter of a French Protestant *émigré*, and being engaged in a pugilistic combat of an hour's duration in Hyde Park with Brain, the prize-fighter, afterwards champion of England.

Lavengro had an elder brother, so beautiful as a child, that people would stand still to gaze at him, as they would also at Lavengro,—“Ay,” says the autobiographer, “more than at my brother;” though for a different reason. The brother was a happy, brilliant child; Lavengro was of a thoughtful, melancholy disposition. By nature slow of speech, he was so shy, that if addressed by strangers, he would burst into tears. A lover of nooks and retired corners, he would flee from society, and sit for hours together with his head upon his breast; but in the depths of this gloom and sadness lay the germs of much that was strange and mysterious. A wandering Jew, with the discrimination peculiar to his race, detected this when Lavengro was still a mere child:

One day a travelling Jew knocked at the door of a farmhouse in which we had taken apartments; I was near at hand, sitting in the bright sunshine, drawing strange lines on the dust with my fingers; an ape and dog were my companions; the Jew looked at me and asked me some questions, to which, though I was quite able to speak, I returned no answer. On the door being opened, the Jew, after a few words, probably relating to pedlery, demanded who the child was, sitting in the sun; the maid replied that I was her mistress's youngest son, a child weak *here*, pointing to her forehead. The Jew looked at me again, and then said: “’Pon my conscience, my dear, I believe that you must be troubled there yourself to tell me any such thing. It is not my habit to speak to children, inasmuch as I hate them, because they often follow me and fling stones after me; but I no sooner looked at that child than I was forced to speak to it—his not answering me shows his sense, for it has never been the custom of the wise to fling away their words in indifferent talk and conversation; the child is a sweet child, and has all the look of one of our people's children. Fool, indeed! did I not see his eyes sparkle just now, when the monkey seized the dog by the ear?—they shone like my own diamonds—does your good lady want any—real and fine? Were it not for what you tell me, I should say it was a prophet's child. Fool, indeed! he can write already, or I'll forfeit the box which I carry on my back, and for which I should be loth to take two hundred pounds!” He then leaned forward to inspect the lines which I had traced. All of a sudden he started back, and grew white as a sheet; then, taking off his hat, he made some strange gestures to me, cringing, chattering, and showing his teeth, and shortly departed, muttering something about “holy letters,” and talking to himself in a strange tongue.

Examples of labouring for knowledge, under all kinds of difficulties—pages of a tragic yet glorious history, which is still unwritten—the history of the martyrs of the mind—are by no means rare. But examples of gifts of languages—“word-masters” from infancy—of mystical intuitive sympathies with certain forms of creation, as vipers and horses, and, still more strange, mystical and magnetic relations with certain races of men, more especially gipsies, are essentially so, and in our own days obsolete.

The first time Lavengro became aware of his power over the reptile tribe, was when still a child; so young, that the memory of few others extend back to such early periods of their infancy. It was at a time when his father was encamped with a militia regiment at Pett, in Sussex:

It happened that my brother and myself were playing one evening in a sandy lane in the neighbourhood of this Pett camp; our mother was at a slight distance. All of a sudden, a bright yellow, and, to my infantine eye, beautiful and glorious, object made its appearance at the top of the bank from between the thick quick-set, and, gliding down, began to move across the lane to the other side, like a line

of golden light. Uttering a cry of pleasure, I sprang forward, and seized it nearly by the middle. A strange sensation of numbing coldness seemed to pervade my whole arm, which surprised me the more, as the object to the eye appeared so warm and sunlike. I did not drop it, however, but holding it up, looked at it intently, as its head dangled about a foot from my hand. It made no resistance; I felt not even the slightest struggle; but now my brother began to scream and shriek like one possessed. "O mother, mother!" said he, "the viper!—my brother has a viper in his hand!" He then, like one frantic, made an effort to snatch the creature away from me. The viper now hissed amain, and raised its head, in which were eyes like hot coals, menacing, not myself, but my brother. I dropped my captive, for I saw my mother running towards me; and the reptile, after standing for a moment nearly erect, and still hissing furiously, made off, and disappeared. The whole scene is now before me, as vividly as if it occurred yesterday—the gorgeous viper, my poor dear frantic brother, my agitated parent, and a frightened hen clucking under the bushes—and yet I was not three years old.

It is my firm belief that certain individuals possess an inherent power, or fascination, over certain creatures, otherwise I should be unable to account for many feats which I have witnessed, and, indeed, borne a share in, connected with the taming of brutes and reptiles. I have known a savage and vicious mare, whose stall it was dangerous to approach, even when bearing provender, welcome, nevertheless, with every appearance of pleasure, an uncouth, wiry-headed man, with a frightfully seamed face, and an iron hook supplying the place of his right hand, one whom the animal had never seen before, playfully bite his hair, and cover his face with gentle and endearing kisses: and I have already stated how a viper would permit, without resentment, one child to take it up in his hand, whilst it showed its dislike to the approach of another by the fiercest hissings. Philosophy can explain many strange things, but there are some which are a far pitch above her, and this is one.

From Canterbury, where Lavengro was nearly robbed of all his great purposes of existence by a rash indulgence in poisonous wild berries, the troops moved to Hythe, where the sight of an enormous skull, reputed to have belonged to one of the giant Northmen of old, first awakened in him a love of the ancient chronicles of the north. The happy days of strolling about and playing at soldiers was brought to a close for a time, by his father being sent to D——, the place of the autobiographer's birth, on the recruiting service. Lavengro was now six years old, and the perusal of Robinson Crusoe produced a world of sensations and ideas to which he had hitherto been a stranger; and, in fact, "thawed the ice which had hitherto bound the mind of the child with its benumbing power."

At Norman Cross, whither his father was next sent to guard the French prisoners, Lavengro stumbled upon a manufacturer of snake unguents, who professed to have actually seen the king of vipers, and who, in return for the boy's sympathy for his pursuits, gave him a tame reptile, which he was, for a long time afterwards, in the habit of carrying abroad with him in his walks. It was at Norman Cross that Lavengro formed his first acquaintanceship with gipsies; and as Mr. Borrow has recorded in his work called "*The Zincali*" that his acquaintance with the gipsy race dated from a very early period of his life, we have, in this first meeting, a circumstance of considerable interest in itself, and also a further clue to the identity of Borrow and Lavengro. The account given of this meeting teems with all the peculiarities of the author of the work just noticed, and the equally strange record of "*An Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula*." There was a hostile reception, not only allayed at once by the quick intelligence of the youth, but the angry feelings of the tribe were converted into superstitious wonder, by the timely exhibition of the snake; or, as Lavengro designates it,

"his father, which lay concealed in his tepid breast, ready to be called forth to help him with his forked tongue." It was among these, the first of his gipsy acquaintances, that the lad was first called Sap-engro, or snake-master—a designation after changed by his brother Jasper Petulengro—a brotherhood also mystically cemented upon the same occasion—to that of Lavengro, or Word-master. As to this extraordinary story, we are inclined to exclaim, with honest Murtagh, "Faith, Ghorsha, dear! that snake bates anything about Finn-ma-Coul, or Brian Boroo." The first meeting of the brothers is recorded as having taken place through the medium of Jasper's father. The interview was interrupted by the arrival of a noted malefactor, of whom a graphic description is given:

"There, Jasper!" shake hands with the sap-engro."

"Can he box, father?" said Jasper, surveying me rather contemptuously. "I should think not, he looks so puny and small."

"Hold your peace, fool!" said the man; "he can do more than that—I tell you he's fly: he carries a sap about, which would sting a ninny like you to death."

"What, a sap-engro!" said the boy with a singular whine, and, stooping down, he leered curiously in my face, kindly, however, and then patted me on the head. "A sap-engro," he ejaculated; "lor!"

"Yes, and one of the right sort," said the man; "I am glad we have met with him, he is going to list with us, and be our clergyman and God Almighty, a'n't you, my tawny?"

"I don't know," said I; "I must see what my father will say."

"Your father; bah!" . . . but here he stopped, for a sound was heard like the rapid galloping of a horse, not loud and distinct as on a road, but dull and heavy, as if upon a grass sward; nearer and nearer it came, and the man, starting up, rushed out of the tent, and looked around anxiously. I arose from the stool upon which I had been seated, and just at that moment, amidst a crashing of boughs and sticks, a man on horseback bounded over the hedge into the lane, at a few yards' distance from where we were: from the impetus of the leap the horse was nearly down on his knees; the rider, however, by dint of vigorous handling of the reins, prevented him from falling, and then rode up to the tent. "'Tis Nat," said the man; "what brings him here?" The new comer was a stout burly fellow, about the middle age; he had a savage, determined look, and his face was nearly covered over with carbuncles; he wore a broad slouching hat, and was dressed in a grey coat, cut in a fashion which I afterwards learnt to be the genuine Newmarket cut, the skirts being exceedingly short; his waistcoat was of red plush, and he wore broad corduroy breeches and white top-boots. The steed which carried him was of iron-grey, spirited and powerful, but covered with sweat and foam. The fellow glanced fiercely and suspiciously around, and said something to the man of the tent in a harsh and rapid voice. A short and hurried conversation ensued in the strange tongue. I could not take my eyes off this new comer. Oh, that half-jockey, half-bruiser countenance, I never forgot it! More than fifteen years afterwards I found myself amidst a crowd before Newgate; a gallows was erected, and beneath it stood a criminal, a notorious malefactor. I recognised him at once; the horseman of the lane is now beneath the fatal tree, but nothing altered; still the same man; jerking his head to the right and left with the same fierce and under-glance, just as if the affairs of this world had the same kind of interest to the last; grey coat of Newmarket cut, plush waistcoat, corduroys, and boots, nothing altered; but the head, alas! is bare, and so is the neck.

A few years more, and the scene changes to Edinburgh Castle, which Lavengro seems to fancy has never yet been described. Here he learnt to climb crags, and took part in the fights between the boys of the Old and New Towns, at that time carried on in the "Nor Loch." From Edinburgh the quarters were moved to Tipperary, which became the scene of several wild and well-narrated incidents. Among these, the

rencontre of Lavengro and Big Bagg with the Irish outlaw—the first ride, and that, too, without a saddle—and the shibboleth for taming a horse—are the most striking. Here is Bagg's rencontre :

"Bagg says it was the most sudden thing in the world. He was moving along, making the best of his way, thinking of nothing at all save a public-house at Swanton Morley, which he intends to take when he gets home, and the regiment is disbanded—though I hope that will not be for some time yet: he had just leaped a turf-hole, and was moving on, when, at the distance of about six yards before him, he saw a fellow coming straight towards him. Bagg says that he stopped short, as suddenly as if he had heard the word 'halt,' when marching at double quick time. It was quite a surprise, he says, and he can't imagine how the fellow was so close upon him before he was aware. He was an immense tall fellow—Bagg thinks at least two inches taller than himself—very well dressed in a blue coat and buff breeches, for all the world like a squire when going out hunting. Bagg, however, saw at once that he had a roguish air, and he was on his guard in a moment. 'Good evening to ye, sodger,' says the fellow, stepping close up to Bagg, and staring him in the face. 'Good evening to you sir! I hope you are well,' says Bagg. 'You are looking after some one?' says the fellow. 'Just so, sir,' says Bagg, and forthwith seized him by the collar; the man laughed. Bagg says it was such a strange awkward laugh. 'Do you know whom you have got hold of, sodger?' said he. 'I believe I do, sir,' said Bagg, 'and in that belief will hold you fast in the name of King George and the quarter sessions.' The next moment he was sprawling with his heels in the air. Bagg says there was nothing remarkable in that; he was only flung by a kind of wrestling trick, which he could easily have baffled, had he been aware of it. 'You will not do that again, sir,' said he, as he got up and put himself on his guard. The fellow laughed again more strangely and awkwardly than before; then, bending his body, and moving his head from one side to the other as a cat does before she springs, and crying out, 'Here's for ye, sodger!' he made a dart at Bagg, rushing in with his head foremost. 'That will do, sir,' says Bagg, and drawing himself back, he put in a left-handed blow with all the force of his body and arm, just over the fellow's right eye—Bagg is a left-handed hitter, you must know—and it was a blow of that kind which won him his famous battle at Edinburgh with the big Highland sergeant. Bagg says that he was quite satisfied with the blow, more especially when he saw the fellow reel, fling out his arms, and fall to the ground. 'And now, sir,' said he, 'I'll make bold to hand you over to the quarter sessions, and, if there is a hundred pounds for taking you, who has more right to it than myself?' So he went forward, but ere he could lay hold of his man the other was again on his legs, and was prepared to renew the combat. They grappled each other—Bagg says he had not much fear of the result, as he now felt himself the best man, the other seeming half stunned with the blow—but just then there came on a blast, a horrible roaring wind bearing night upon its wings, snow, and sleet, and hail. Bagg says he had the fellow by the throat quite fast, as he thought, but suddenly he became bewildered, and knew not where he was; and the man seemed to melt away from his grasp, and the wind howled more and more, and the night poured down darker and darker; the snow and the sleet thicker and more blinding. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' said Bagg."

From Tipperary the change is just as sudden to Norwich. Lavengro had at this time learnt Rommany from the gipsies, Scotch in Scotland, Irish—genuine old Irish—in Ireland; at Norwich he set to work to master French and Italian; when apprenticed to a solicitor, he studied Welsh; the accidental discovery of a book in a mariner's cottage set him to work at Danish; and to almost similar accidental circumstances he was indebted for a smattering of Hebrew, Armenian, and Arabic. His education, he modestly tells us, is in the present day perfect! No doubt Mr. Borrow might appeal with some pride, as a philologist, to his vocabulary of the Zincali language.

Lavengro being at a horse-fair in Norwich, was made aware of his brother Jasper's presence in a mystical manner. He had a consciousness

that he was the object of some person's observation—that two eyes were fastened upon him, and followed him, but he could not see them, till Jasper declared himself by cracking a whip with the report of a pocket-pistol.

Jasper had become a Rommany Kral, or Chal, as it is differently written by Borrow (Kral being still used to express king, but king in a disrespectful sense among the Turks, a fact that Mr. Borrow has overlooked), and the gipsy king and Lavengro had many long and pleasant conversations. These instructive interviews appear to have been put a stop to for a time by the study of the law, adopted as a profession, and mixed up with that of the Welsh language; but after a time, the duties of the profession and philological studies became alike distasteful, and Lavengro repaired with his gipsy brother to a pugilistic combat, a trial of pluck and strength which, before the practices of the ring became corrupt, Lavengro highly eulogises as a bold, manly, national practice.

The father does not appear to have looked with the same partial eye upon this progress of the boy in the study of law mixed up with that of languages—shooting and fishing, with visits to gipsy tents and prize-fights. He once candidly rated our hero for never speaking of what he was about, his hopes, or his projects, but, instead of that, covering himself with mystery—a practice which he will probably follow to the last, for, with strange, we cannot but presume assumed, inconsistency in one so generally thoughtful and pious, when his father said to him on his death-bed,

“Is there anything, boy, that you would wish to ask me? Now is the time.”

He answered. “Yes, father; there is one about whom I would fain question you.”

“Who is it? Shall I tell you about Elliot?”

“No, father; not about Elliot; but pray don't be angry; I should like to know something about Big Ben.”

The father departed, however, to the world of spirits, and that of living struggles lay before Lavengro, who repaired to the “Great City,” with an introduction to a publisher, and, for stock in trade, a volume of ancient songs of Denmark; another of the songs of Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard; and a romance in the German style; but the publisher, who is described as one of the most capricious and despotic of his race, preferred to set our young aspirant to work upon a compilation of Newgate trials, and a translation into German of a philosophical work, written by the publisher himself.

The connexion lasted for some time, but not sufficiently so to affect materially the erratic propensities of the rising constellation in literature. The “rage for interference,” as Lavengro styles it, with those under his control, disgusted the young author with his tasks; he transferred his allegiance to “Glorious John,” and having got paid for the “Trials,” and soundly rated for the German mis-translation, the connexion ceased.

During this first sojourn in London, Lavengro formed a number of acquaintances of doubtful character. One of his favourite resorts was an apple-stall, on London-bridge. The proprietor, an old woman, boasted of the possession of a copy of De Foe, with which several subsequent adventures are associated. He also frequented gambling-houses and dog-fights, and gives us a good sketch of Frank Ardry and his lady friend.

The connexion with the old apple-woman is relieved by a very effective scene, written in the style of Sterne, of an accidental rencontre with her son, a returned convict. As Lavengro becoming an itinerant tinker caps all previous habits of a doubtful, or, in some eyes, disreputable character, we may as well take the opportunity of remarking here, *à propos* of his strange acquaintances picked up in London, that sentiment, philology, philosophy, and religion, are so strangely blended with social degradation in this remarkable autobiography, that the impression given at least to ourselves is, that the author, from some perverse idiosyncrasy, purposely vilifies himself and his characters, to vindicate humanity and the higher purposes of creation. It was a noble, if a wayward, course to follow; but the results are portrayed with the greatest vigour. There is something of the spirit of Mephistophiles's *animus* in the observation of the adopted brother of a gipsy and future tinker, that "it will never do for an author to be considered low." Homer himself has never yet entirely recovered from the injury he received by Lord Chesterfield's remark, that "the speeches of his heroes were frequently exceedingly low." Among the acquaintances thus accidentally picked up, was also an Armenian, whose characteristic pride was to realise two hundred thousand pounds, which golden feat accomplished, he took Lavengro's advice, and started to resuscitate the empire of the Haiks! It is matter of surprise that we should never chance to have heard of this Armenian Rothschild's doings.

Want—that stern teacher of many a wholesome truth—not only carried Lavengro back to the company of Jasper, but also to a first lesson in "thimble-rig!" Nobly, however, does the philosophic philologist vindicate his morality as superior to the temptation! He may condescend to become a tinker, but he will not be bonneter to a thimble-rigger; so he in the mean time resolves upon one more literary effort, no less than to write the "Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell," the great traveller, for which he obtains twenty pounds from a publisher, who advertises in his window, "in fair round hand, 'A novel or tale is much wanted.'"

With this sum in his pocket (one having been kindly offered, but magnanimously refused, by the old apple-woman), Lavengro sets out upon his travels. And strangely enough he proceeds: selecting a road apparently merely because it was "broad and excellent," and very indifferent as to whither it led, nor roused to a consciousness of his whereabouts, till he came to a circle, not of trees, but of immense upright stones. "I knew now where I was," says the dreamy wanderer, "and, laying down my stick and bundle, and taking off my hat, I advanced slowly, and cast myself—it was folly, perhaps, but I could not help what I did—cast myself, with my face on the dewy earth, in the middle of the portal of giants, beneath the transverse stones. The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me!" Lavengro had, in fact, travelled from London to Stonehenge without the knowledge of an intermediate stage. This is part, we suppose, of "the dream of study and adventure."

After interviews with a shepherd and a sailor—the returned convict son of her of the apple-stall—and a jolly, huge, fat landlord, acquaintance is made with a certain literary baronet, whose portrait presents some features with which the public are already more or less intimate, which they probably are not with a more mysterious practice here detailed at length,

of perpetually touching objects to keep off the evil chance, and which in this instance attained its climax, by making the baronet clamber to the topmost branch of a stately elm, by which he saved the life of a beloved parent.

It was shortly after leaving this aristocratic mansion, to resume his more humble peripatetic wanderings, that Lavengro stumbled upon a disconsolate group, consisting of a travelling tinker, who, with his wife and family, had been driven by Black Jack, the Flaming Tinman, and his equally pugnacious spouse, Grey Moll, out of their rural beat. Striking a bargain with the tinker, for the sum of five pounds ten shillings Lavengro purchased his whole stock in trade, cart and pony, and having laid in sundry provisions, and robed himself in a waggoner's frock, he enters upon the gipsy part of his career. Housekeeping beneath an ash-tree, amidst a maze of bushes of various kinds, but principally hazel and holly, is pleasant at first, well in keeping with the newly-assumed character; but a brief period of gipsying in solitude is soon interrupted by a gipsy song, chanted by a girl about thirteen, with comely features, a clear olive complexion, and jet-black hair hanging back over her shoulders. Rather scantily attired, with arms and feet bare, she wears round her neck, however, a handsome string of corals, with ornaments of gold, while in her hand she holds a bulrush. A fairy creature thus introduced, and who calls Lavengro "brother," could scarcely be suspected of evil, still less of crime; but, alas! the pretty gipsy girl, prompted by an old enemy of Lavengro's, Herne, the repulsive mother-in-law of Jasper, poisons our hero in the coolest manner possible, tossing the cakes, one for herself and another for her victim, singing all the while, and only for a moment betraying the devil within her when Lavengro inadvertently offers a bit of *his* cake to the maiden's pet dog.

Lavengro, however, was not destined to die thus. An itinerant preacher and a saint-like wife come to his aid, and the odious Herne feels herself that she has no power over the fate of the gifted one. She even tells his fortune, in relation to her own.

The Pechod Ysprydd Glan, the sin of the Holy Ghost, which had weighed so heavily against the Welsh minister, Peter Williams, is as indistinctly and unsatisfactorily developed as is the weight which hung upon Lavengro's mind as a boy and in after-life; in both cases very different from the Evil Spirit (or the priest) who appeared in person to the fanatic Peter; and both are among the most obscure psychological phenomena recorded in this singular history.

Lavengro accompanied his new friends as far as to the borders of Wales; but as translator of the odes of the great Ab Gwilym, the pride and the glory of the country, he would not enter it in his present guise; he would only go in, he says, "when he had a new suit of superfine black, with hat and beaver, mounted on a powerful steed, black and glossy, like that which bore Greduv to the fight of Catrasth." Petulengro's horse is drinking of the waters of the Rugone of England and Wales, and Lavengro turns back with his pal, much to the horror of the godly Peter Williams and his wife Winifred.

Lavengro now learns that Mrs. Herne has so far accomplished a part of her dukkerin, as to have hanged herself, and Jasper politely intimates to him that he cannot go up and down the country with a pal who was the cause of his mother-in-law's death, without previous satisfaction; so,

selecting a quiet, shady spot, Lavengro and Petluengro inflicted as much mischief as they could upon one another for half an hour, and this being accomplished, to the satisfaction of the gipsy at least, peace was concluded, with an offer of Jasper's wife's sister, Ursula by name, as a wife to the new Rommany chal. Lavengro, however, had resolution enough to enable him to decline the tempting offer, and he withdrew from the society of his adopted brother, to take up his station for some time at a remote and lonely dingle, known to the fraternity as the Chong Gav. It was a deep hollow, in the midst of a wide field; the shelving sides were overgrown with trees and bushes, a belt of willows surrounded it on the top, a steep winding path led down into the depths, practicable, however, for a light cart like his; at the bottom was an open space, and there he pitched his tent, and put up his forge—"I will here ply the trade of Kaulomescro," said Lavengro, to himself. Lavengro had then in his mind's eye a Rembrandt-like picture of a rural forge and half-illumed Sastramescro's face, which he depicts with an artistic pen; and within the mind itself, the memory of the well-known story of Volundr or Velint, who lived in woods and thickets, and made such keen swords, that, if placed in a running stream, they would fairly divide an object, however slight, if borne against them by the water.

Lavengro was not, however, destined to have the Chong Gav long to himself. Perhaps it was as well it was so; for he had not been there many days before he had a violent fit of his old enemy, "the horrors." But who should come to set up his forge also in the dingle but the "Flaming Tinman," accompanied by his wife, Grey Moll, and a gigantic beauty, fit partner for a Volundr, yclept Belle, and whom Lavengro, struck with her regal face and figure, likened to Ingeborg, Queen of Norway, who had twelve brothers, "and could lick them all." This formidable fair one, after administering a sound blow upon Lavengro's face, in return for his mingled wonder and admiration, seconded him in a stand-up fight against the Tinman.

After his victory, Belle remained to share the lonely dingle with Lavengro! Perilous society this; but Lavengro succeeded in warding off the dangers of loneliness, proximity, and familiarity, by lessons of the Armenian; and a new feature was imparted to the Chong Gav by the introduction of a priest—THE PRIEST with whom Lavengro fell in company at a neighbouring alehouse, kept by a pugilistic, gambling bankrupt, and would-be Papist landlord, and whom he had invited to the dingle. The shadow of this priest had attended Lavengro in all his travels. He it was who had brought discomfort into the home and neighbourhood of the literary baronet; who had attempted the faith of the Armenian; who had been mistaken, by the simple-minded Peter Williams, for the evil one; but he had not yet come personally in contact with Lavengro. The *priest* is evidently the spirit of Popery, as it now exists in England, evoked in order either to confront it or to exorcise it.

CLARISSE DE MAULEVRIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC."

I.

THE nuns were leaving the chapel after Salut, filing out two by two in a stream, behind them came the novices, and then the boarders, the lady abbess, holding her beads in her hand, as they fell in a double string from her waist, bringing up the rear. Close by, and conversing with the superioress, walked a young and pale woman—the remains of beauty, however, were discernible through her nun's habiliments.

The long line dispersed in various directions. The boarders, under the care of some of the sisters, were conducted to the scholastic apartments, the novices sought their cells, a few of the nuns returned to the chapel to pray, and several made their way to the convent garden, there to wander until the shades of evening should be deeper, and the grey walls of the old nunnery, which surrounded them on every side, shutting them out for ever from the world into which they had been sent to perform a very different part, were shining in the light of the rising moon. The superioress and the nun before mentioned alone remained.

"It may be that she is not well, my daughter," was the concluding observation of the former, as they were about to separate, "otherwise absence on this night were scarcely accountable."

"Excitement, madam, had always a great effect upon her, as you know."

"True, my daughter. When I held a less exalted position in our society, and she occasionally fell under my tuition, I have wished her temperament could be subdued into a calmer one."

"And I think, madam, it has been."

"Years have done much; she was then but a child. Go you to her, my daughter, and bear her my inquiries and best wishes."

The younger nun curtsied slightly, and moved away with a stately step. Why do you look after her, reader? do you think you have seen her before? that it is a form which you ought to recognise? Ay, you are right. Ghastly and wo-begone as her face has become with watchings and prayer, and, disfiguring as are her religious vestments, it is still Marie de St. Léger. But a little while, scarcely more than a twelve-month, has elapsed since that dreadful catastrophe in the cathedral church of Grenoble, yet she has been for some months a nun. Her own earnest entreaties, and the interest used by Father Leance, shortened in her case the ordinary term of probation. And the morrow's sun was to witness the profession of another—one more fitted for the world than she was, more young, more beautiful, even her sister, Clarisse de Maulevrier.

They had retired to the convent immediately upon the breaking up of their home, which Madame de St. Léger had caused to be done at once. She had entered then upon her noviciate, and Clarisse—what with the combined efforts and persuasions of the nuns, the dreadfully melancholy conversations of her sister, as to the wretchedness and wickedness to be found in the world, and the wily preachings of Father Leance—had soon followed her example. Remember, that in that secluded convent there was no human being who whispered to her of a different course; all

things around, whether animate or inanimate, contributed to urge her onwards.

Passing along cloisters, dark passages, staircases, and other turnings and windings, which few can picture to themselves, unless they are familiar with a foreign nunnery, Madame de St. Léger, or, to call her by the name assumed at her profession, Sister Madeleine, gained the upper part of the building, finally approaching a corridor of great length, and perfectly dark. From a niche in the wall she took a lighted lantern, one of several, and advanced with it in her hand. Innumerable doors were ranged on either side, opening to the cells of the nuns; standing against one or two of them were the noiseless shoes, or, it may be better to call them, sandals of a priest, giving token that their reverend owner was inside, and at such moments—sacred, as the nuns call them, whatever they may think—no third party ventures to approach the cell. Towards the end of the passage, down which her steps had glided without noise, Madame de St. Léger raised the lantern, throwing its light full upon the number of the door she stopped at, and then she saw she was too far, and had to trace her steps back to one she had passed. Glancing down to make sure the inmate of the cell was not with her confessor, she knocked gently. No one can enter these cells from without. The doors are opened by means of keys only—as, indeed, is greatly the custom in private houses all over France. There were two keys to each cell; the occupant possessing one, which they sometimes carry to their girdle, and the lady abbess the other. The latter, however, is never taken from its receptacle, or used, save some extraordinary occasion calls for it.

Clarisse de Maulevrier opened it—not changed, not a bit changed, since the day you last saw her at the house of her ill-fated brother-in-law. The little latticed window, high up and deep in the wall, was open, and it would seem that she had been mounted on the small bare table underneath it, and had stood there looking round at the expanse of sky, with her forehead pressed against the iron bars. Madame de St. Léger went in and closed the door, leaving the lantern outside.

“Clarisse, why were you not at Salut?”

“Sister Charlotte had come in, and we were trying on my dress. She was bending in the wreath for me, for it was too large, when the bells rang out. I made what haste I could to get the things off, but not in time.”

Lying lightly across the bed was an elegant white dress of embroidered muslin, and a wreath of white roses, towards which Clarisse glanced as she spoke.

“Sister Charlotte is reprehensively giddy—more so than any of the lay sisters,” frowned Madame de St. Léger. “You will do well, Clarisse, to have no future intimacy with her. And I could have wished that your absence from the holy services of our church had been caused by a less unworthy motive.”

“It does look so well!” exclaimed Clarisse, in a more elated tone of voice than the religious inmates of a convent usually permit themselves to display. “Sister Charlotte borrowed a little piece of glass from some of the boarders; and she let down my hair as I shall wear it to-morrow, and the effect of the wreath——”

“You are forgetting yourself,” interrupted her sister, in a tone which served to recal the scattered thoughts of Clarisse to her position. “What have gewgaws and vanity to do with the thoughts of one henceforth devoted, bodily and spiritually, to God?”

"True, true," murmured Clarisse; "I fear I have been dwelling upon the worldly portion of to-morrow's ceremony more than befits me. But I trust that when I have once taken the vows, even you, Marie, will not find aught to complain of."

"Not 'Marie,'" said Madame de St. Léger, in a milder tone. "I have had several times to remind you of this. It is a sin to retain aught of our worldly associations."

"Indeed I have endeavoured to forget all such, and will do so."

"Prayer and fasting," murmured Madame de St. Léger, "will enable us to overcome all things. Remain on your knees this night, my sister. May the Holy Virgin aid you!"

"Good night, Sister Madeleine." And Clarisse, as the door of the cell closed, fell upon her knees.

II.

THE sun was shining gloriously on the beautiful Department of the Isère—the morning sun, which wanted more than an hour to its mid-day heat; the bells of the convent were ringing out, priests were to be seen in their showy vestments, and crowds of the invited were pouring into the convent chapel that they might witness Clarisse de Maulevrier's renouncement of earth.

The gorgeous robes of many priests glittered before the altar; the choristers had taken their accustomed places; the incense-bearers were in readiness, when the hymn to the Virgin, "O Gloriosa," rose sweetly upon the ear, giving token of the approach of the lady abbess and her train. It would have been a singular sight to those who are not accustomed to witness such. The rigid, and, in many instances, ghastly faces of those professed women, who, each bearing a lighted taper, wheeled off noiselessly into their places, their remarkable habit presenting no features by which one form was distinguishable from another; and now, advancing from the midst of them, and prostrating herself before the altar, came a being who seemed as if to serve for a very contrast. Her white robes hung in graceful folds around her, mingling with the colours of many jewels; her soft brown hair, confined by its white chaplet, fell in curls upon her neck, shading her flushed and lovely countenance, and, had it not been for the lighted waxen taper in her right hand, you might have thought she was kneeling there for her bridal.

After some preliminary forms, the chief of the priests present, l'Evêque de S——, turned to her, and spoke, whilst every voice was hushed, and every ear listened.

"My child, what would you—what is it that you ask?"

"The holy vestment of religion," Clarisse replied, bending lower her graceful head, "and may God be merciful unto me!"

"Do you demand this of your own free will?"

"Most high and reverend father, I do."

The bishop looked at the abbess, who stood at a little distance. "Have you questioned this child, holy mother? and is she fitted for this sacred ceremony?"

"She is, my lord."

He turned again to Clarisse, his rich vestments rustling with the movement. "Know you, my child, that this course you ask to pursue, the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, must be steadily followed to the end of your life; and do you kneel here with a firm intention to do so in the fear of God, and relying on His love to help your strength?"

"It is on Him that I rely for aid, and, trusting to His mercy, I hope for sufficient strength."

"That which God has begun in your spirit may He consummate!" concluded the bishop, rising from his seat, and raising his hands as if to give force to his prayer.

And now turn away for a few minutes, and pause ere you look again. . . . They are chanting the hymn "Veni Creator;" and who can that be kneeling before the altar, in the place recently occupied by that light and fairy form? It is a nun, in nowise distinguishable from those crowding groups hidden yonder behind the ample folds of the dark curtain. The dress of flannel, the disfiguring headpiece, the beads, and the cross are the same; yet the delicate cheek is flushed as that young girl's was, and there is a wonderful similarity in the outline of the features. To you, who still think the world's ties worth living for, the conviction that it is, indeed, the same form, Clarisse de Maulevrier's, rushes with a feeling of heart-sickness. The embroidered dress, the sparkling trinkets, the chaplet of roses, and, worse than all, the long shining curls, are cast aside for ever. Look at the ringlets as they lie there, to be swept away as of no more moment than the dust which so many feet will leave upon the chapel floor.

The bishop, formal and stately, approached her as she knelt, his deep voice ringing through the stillness left by the departed sounds of the music.

"What is it you demand, my child?"

"To be received into the holy profession, my lord; earnestly and humbly do I implore it."

"My child, do you deem yourself thoroughly acquainted with all that appertains to these religious vows, with their rules and obligations; and do you feel the solemn responsibilities you take upon yourself?"

"Most high and reverend father, I do," replied Clarisse, "thanks to the grace of God."

"May God help you to persevere in this your righteous resolution," was the rejoinder of the bishop, "and may He vouchsafe in His merciful goodness to perfect in you the holy work he has begun!"

The deep, harmonious tones of the priests were now heard, commencing the solemn mass. Clarisse scarcely knew that it was concluded, when one of the priests advanced towards her, and taking from her the lighted taper, put into her hand the act of profession. She glanced up: he was a tall, fair man, with a pleasing countenance, younger than most of those present, and quite a stranger to her. But the bishop was now before her, holding the sacred Host, which she fixed her eyes upon whilst she pronounced her vow. The deed was next signed, the sacrament administered to her, and the bishop, assuming the mitre and cope, commenced the antiphon, "Veni Sancti," whilst the sacred ring was placed upon her finger. She resumed the taper, the bishop throwing the veil over her head whilst he blessed her: she prostrated herself once more before the altar, as they sang the "Te Deum;" the bishop sprinkled her with holy water; the incense ascended in clouds, filling the chapel with its overpowering sweetness; and, at the conclusion of the "Ecce quam bonum," chanted by the choir, Clarisse de Maulevrier had finally entered the service of God.

Some hours had passed away. All signs of the morning's excitement were over, and the convent was wrapped in its usual gloomy stillness.

More gloomy still was the cell that contained Clarisse. She sat at the foot of her low bed, having drawn the small round table to her side, that she might lean her elbow upon it as she mused. A sad, lonely expression was upon her countenance. Was it that she had *already* begun to doubt the wisdom of the life she had chosen? No, no; not yet. She was thinking of the morning's ceremony, in which she had borne so conspicuous a part. *How many hundreds does the idea of that coming ceremony cause to give the casting vote to their immuration?* You cannot root out human passions from the human heart; you cannot separate a novice, or even a nun, from human vanity. They look forward to the pomp and show of that ceremony as more favoured ones anticipate the pomp of their bridal. The white and flowing garments, never to be worn save that once; the array of jewels; the rich curls of the hair then to be displayed, and for ever cast aside; the temporary consequence with which they are invested; the worldly crowd who will assemble, with their looks and gestures of admiration, never again to be met with; and, last—but, remember, not least—the many priests who will take part in the service; and you, who are unacquainted with the workings of a convent life, little know in how super-eminent a degree these priests are regarded by its inmates. Can it be otherwise? No; for it is their only link with the secular thoughts and passions they have professed to renounce, not subdued.

They look forward to it almost as to a bridal; and Clarisse had knelt there that morning with thoughts like the rest. But where was the analogy now? In place of the one cherished being, by whose side would have been uttered vows of love, and from whom she would henceforth never have been separated by night or by day, what was there for her? The four walls of her dreary cell, the incessant string of prayers ever to be repeated, the midnight watchings and the penance, and the deepest solitude for her girl's heart.

Most of the nuns had paid her a visit in the course of the afternoon, some of the less rigid ones bringing her little pieces of gossip—such gossip as must prevail in a convent. One of the boarders was sick; another, it was thought, had that day determined to enter upon her noviciate; a novice had fainted with the excitement of witnessing the ceremony, and a second had burst into tears. One of the confessors to the convent—Clarisse's own—had received a distant appointment, and was about to leave. Madame de St. Léger it was who had told her this, recommending her, at the same time, to adopt in his place Father Leance.

"He is so severe, sister Madeleine," answered Clarisse, in a hesitating tone.

Sister Madeleine frowned.

"I presume no longer to advise," was her cold reply. "Your responsibility now rests with yourself."

"May the Holy Virgin give me grace to use it as I ought!" aspirated Clarisse.

Madame de St. Léger withdrew; but Clarisse was again interrupted by a knock at the cell-door, and a fair, merry-looking girl of nineteen—a vast deal too merry for a convent—appeared, throwing her arms round Clarisse, and embracing her affectionately.

"I hardly dare to do it," she cried. "You are so metamorphosed that I have some doubts whether it is in reality my friend Clarisse."

"Metamorphosed outwardly," was the young nun's reply, "but still Clarisse in heart."

"And always Clarisse to me here," added Charlotte de Coigny. "Elsewhere, I suppose it must be formal Sister Agnes?"

"Dear Charlotte, you must be steady when with me now."

"And talk steadily, too, you would imply. The religious dress does not become you at all. You look twenty years older than you did this morning in those bridal robes."

"Years are nothing to me now. Old or young, of what moment is it?"

"I know I'm very wicked," said Charlotte, seriously; "they tell me so every day. But I can't see any more harm in being dressed becomingly—we boarders, I mean—than in wearing these blessed old stuff gowns. Did they tell you I burst into tears?"

"No; they said one of the novices did."

"And I too, and sobbed aloud. It was when they cut off your beautiful curls. Were it for that alone, they could never persuade me into becoming a nun."

"Charlotte, these worldly thoughts are fit for neither of us."

"Let me talk; you will not have me long. A letter arrived from my stepmother this morning, intimating that as I declined to take the veil, I might prepare to return home at the end of the present year."

"The time may come," answered Sister Agnes (her religious appellation), "when you will regret your resolution. Compare the snares and unhappiness of the world with the peaceful life of a convent."

"Peaceful to you, Clarisse, who were brought up here; but intolerably irksome to me, who never saw the inside of one till my seventeenth year. My dear mamma was a woman of the world, sister though she was to his godliness the Archbi——"

"No more of this, Charlotte, in my presence, or I shall be compelled to remind you that I am no longer, even to you, Clarisse de Maulevrier, but Sister Agnes, and professed."

"I beg your pardon," said the younger lady, bowing her head, and looking up as if she thought the habit of Clarisse had indeed changed her.

"They say Father Jean is about to leave the convent," resumed Clarisse.

"Do they," uttered Charlotte, all her serious thoughts scattered to the winds. "I hope we shall have that handsome priest in his place. Did you remark him, Clarisse? He gave you the deed of profession."

"I thought it was a stranger who presented the deed, but I assure you I saw nothing distinctly this morning."

"He is the most pleasant looking man," ran on Charlotte; "the very image of my cousin Jules. And many a sly glance, I can tell you, he cast up towards our places, but his most admiring looks he kept for you; you may see that he has an eye for a pretty girl."

Clarisse started from the chair where she had been sitting. "You compel me to request you to withdraw, Sister Charlotte, and I shall deliberate whether to report your conversation to the superioress. You are unlike yourself this evening."

"I am elated with the good news my letter brought; but you won't report me, Clarisse, sweetest and best," added the giddy girl, as she stole

a kiss. "And if you did, the old abbess would not be too severe, for you know she reverently adores the archbishop, and I, as his niece, get many of my wild chatterings winked at. I am sure if it were not for me, there would never be a bit of life going on in the convent. Will you forgive me?"

"Will you speak becomingly?"

"I'll never say another word to you about pretty girls, I vow. Nor of the priests either, if you like; though I should have deemed them a legitimate theme, for the nuns are always talking of them. Ah, I can see; this convent life, for the professed *religieuses*, is not so unexciting after all, and that perhaps you will find out, Clarisse: their thoughts dwell as much upon those shaven crowns as ours do upon a lover. Even the ancient abbess herself is sweet upon——"

"Good evening to you, Charlotte de Coigny," interjected the nun, with a severe countenance. "The next visit you pay me must be at my own request."

"Dear Sister Clarisse, you don't mean that!"

"The cells of the sisterhood are sacred. In a week's time from this, I will send for you; but if you offend again, as you have offended this evening, your banishment from mine will be perpetual."

"My tongue is always bringing me into scrapes," rejoined Charlotte, in a tone between laughing and crying, as she unwillingly prepared to obey. "It was all through that letter to-day! I must tell you. I must tell you, Clarisse, before I go into a week's banishment. I know you won't betray me, and it will be my excuse: *there was a little note from Jules smuggled into the corner.*"

Speaking the last sentence in a whisper, Mademoiselle de Coigny departed. Clarisse rose to close the door behind her, and then resumed her place upon the bed, leaning her arm again upon the table, as it supported her head. Various thoughts crowded upon her mind in succession. The morning ceremony, with its parade and excitement; the religious obligations she had assumed; the world outside, which she was never more to see, or act a part in; the gossip of the nuns, and the reprehensible chatter, as she was bound to consider it, of Charlotte de Coigny. And, stealing through all, came the girl's whispering of the strange priest, his blue eyes and his comely form; and, with a start, she caught herself wondering if he had indeed gazed at her with admiration. She threw herself upon her knees before the crucifix, which was nailed on the wall, and prayed for grace to subdue all earthly thoughts, more especially those of vanity; then she commenced her string of prayers, and midnight was chiming upon the convent clock ere every bead was told.

III.

A HEAVY month passed away. The bitter desolation of Clarisse's existence was beginning to tell upon her disappointed heart, though she endeavoured to subdue all regret by prayer and fasting, when one morning a servant of the convent—or, as they are called, subordinate lay sisters—came to tell her she was wanted at the grate. She went down with a lightened step, speculating upon who it could be that asked for her—such a visit is an event in the life of the isolated nun.

Standing conversing with the visitor was Madame de St. Léger, and there, outside, with her face—as much of it as would come—pushed

through the iron bars, stood Aglaë, Charles de St. Léger's former nurse.

"Do you ever hear of *him*, madam?" were the first words Clarisse caught, as she stood back in the gloom.

"I have done with earthly things," was the reply of Madame de St. Léger, and her voice trembled, for all its severity; "my thoughts and service are consecrated to the saints, and to them only."

"And you don't ask whether he is living or dead, happy or wretched?" pursued the servant, with a touch of her former quickness. "I would peril my life to ascertain."

"You called me down from my devotions," was Madame de St. Léger's repelling answer; "I must now return to them. Farewell, Aglaë; may the blessed Virgin change your heart to godliness!"

As her steps echoed away in the distance, Clarisse advanced to the grate. In that short moment Aglaë had covered her face with her hands, and was sobbing bitterly.

"For these long, many months, by night and by day, have I sought tidings of my unhappy child," she wailed. "I have hovered round the establishment of Jesus when, the day closed, the friendly night has covered me. I have let that fool of a gardener"—here came a shadow of an old smile—"think I did it for love of him, and I can hear nothing. The man asserts that such a child as I describe is not in the place, and never has been, to his knowledge. Do you know where he is, Mademoiselle Clarisse?"

"Aglaë, I have no information, and I cannot inquire. It is an interdicted subject. But I am no longer Mademoiselle Clarisse."

"So they told me," interrupted the girl; "they said I ought to have asked for 'Sister Agnes.' I heard that you were professed. Do you ever think now, in your solitude, of that banished child?"

"Often, often, Aglaë; he was dear to me as to you."

The woman shook her head; she knew how mistaken was the assertion.

"Your life is one of loneliness, mademoiselle."

"Almost unbroken."

"And does your heart never fail you? do yearnings after those you once knew and loved never come to you? has the long, death-like existence in prospective no terrors for you?"

A deep blush suffused Clarisse's face; with this link before her of a former world, she could not be wholly a nun, even in speech.

"There never was one yet who had not her regrets when she was fairly launched into the desolation," whispered Aglaë. "And he has been forced, in his timid childhood, into the same solitude. His home, his father. May all the blessed saints rest *his* spirit! and he deserves rest, though they did not put up masses for his soul;—his mother, and all he cared for, torn from him. Kept, perhaps, in terror, in torture——"

"Aglaë!"

"I know much that they will do to bend a rebellious spirit to their will, mademoiselle. And I have such dreadful dreams," she continued, in a whisper. "Sometimes I see him lying dead, and that's a comfort to me; sometimes I see them throw him on a stack of lighted fagots. Last night that ever was, I dreamt——"

"Don't talk so," shivered Clarisse; and she drew nearer to the grate, for superstition was rife within her, and the servant's words caused a chill feeling to creep over her. "I hate any one to talk of dreams; remember,

Aglaë, I am alone in my dark cell from the fall of evening to the break of day."

"And you know nothing about him!" moaned poor Aglaë, as she prepared to leave; "it was my object in coming here. May Heaven guard you, mademoiselle; may it protect us all and give us consolation, for I believe we all need it."

Clarisse turned from the grate; the convent bell was ringing for one of the chapel services, and she joined the procession of nuns as they glided towards the holy edifice.

IV.

AGAIN the weeks went on, many weeks, and a change had entered into the life and heart of Clarisse de Maulevrier. Look at her as she sits there in her lonely cell; it is more dreary than ever; for the cold of the late autumn is shivering there, Clarisse's feet press the uncovered stone floor, and the whistling wind sighs round the convent and shakes the tall trees with a superstitious sound; yet in her eye the once sad expression has given place to a light rarely seen, save in those who possess heart happiness. Can it be that the austere practices of her religion have called this forth? if so, why the life of a nun is more blissful than the denizens of the world deem it.

A tap at the cell door. Clarisse's hands tremble, and her cheeks flush as she turns the key in the lock. It is her confessor who enters—the fair, pleasing man, who but a few months ago was a stranger in the convent. And ah! you see it now—you see it in her glowing cheek and beating heart—that priest has become to her the day-star of existence.

How did love come to them—for he feels it, or assumes to do so, as she does? Was it that the giddy words of Charlotte de Coigny, awaking the vanity of her heart, led it on to love? Flattered vanity is often a safe conductor to it. Or was it that this confessor, this visitor of the other sex, the only one she ever exchanged a word with or saw, save the officiating priests at the chapel, bore its inevitable prints upon her isolated life? It is of little moment to inquire: the passion had taken possession of her beyond all possibility of eradication—the strange mixture of religion and love that none can feel save the Romish devotees; while she knelt to and obeyed him as a god, she worshipped him as a man.

A light step tripped along the passage; it was that of Charlotte de Coigny. She stopped at the door of Clarisse's cell, but the holy sandals were there, and Mademoiselle de Coigny speeded back again, returning to the room appropriated to the elder boarders.

"Those nuns are always at confession," she exclaimed; "there are no less than four pairs of sandals in the south corridor: what a heap of sins they must commit!"

"If they committed half as many as you, Mademoiselle de Coigny," interrupted a stern voice from the corner, "the holy priesthood would scarce find time to confess them."

"Pardon, madam," cried Charlotte, starting, as she recognised one who held a high place in the convent; "I did not know you were here."

"So it would seem," returned the old nun. "What business had you in the south corridor at this hour of the evening?—what took you thither?"

"My legs," answered Charlotte, *setto voce*, and those in her immediate vicinity were seized with a fit of coughing, so violent, that the reverend sister, who was near-sighted and very deaf, inquired what they were choking at.

"Take your seat there," cried the nun, pointing to a certain high seat, which the boarders called the stool of repentance, "and conjugate fifteen Italian verbs. Sister Cécile," she added, turning to one of the lay teachers, "be so good as to attend that she says them properly."

But Charlotte de Coigny possessed an undaunted spirit, and on the departure of the superintending nun, about an hour afterwards, she again made her escape in search of Clarisse, groping stealthily along the dark passages. The wind howled in gusts that almost startled her, fearless as she was, the rain fell in torrents, and as she took a lighted lantern from the niche, before turning into the south gallery, a rush of wind, entering through the window in the high roof, threatened to extinguish it.

"The Holy Virgin be with you, my child," cried a priest, meeting her as he quitted one of the cells of the nuns. "It is an awful night."

"Awful indeed, father." And Charlotte, with a passing reverence, hurried on.

Again was her journey in vain, Father Gérard's sandals were still before Clarisse's cell. With a gesture of impatience, Charlotte de Coigny turned away, and in the same moment was heard the first stroke of the vesper-bell. Leaving the lantern in its niche, she flew back as fast as the darkness would permit, to answer to the call when the boarders were mustered for vespers.

The chimes had nearly ceased, and Father Gérard left the cell: not so Clarisse—she was lying sobbing upon the bed, a strange source of remorse or grief, one that she had never felt before, shaking her frame.

Now fair and gentle reader, do not fling the Magazine down, and think of Clarisse by a name you have never yet sullied your lips to utter. I tell you, you cannot separate human passions from the human heart. Here was a girl, but four-and-twenty years of age, conscious of her youth and vain of her attractions, immured for life in that gloomy building, as in a living grave. The innocent vanity of girlhood, and the admiration of the other sex, so essential to youth and beauty, shut out from her. The ascetic life, the absence of all comfort, the monotonous attendances at the chapel to hear the same services, the ever-recurring penances, the gloomy cell, the many hours of silent prayer, and the solitary vigils of the dismal night! Is it to be wondered at that the daily visits of her confessor, and he an attractive man, became to her as the one ray of light amidst the surrounding darkness, or that love should supervene? And I tell you, all haughty as you are in your conscious security, that had you been placed in Clarisse de Maulevrier's situation, and tempted as she was, if you had not fallen, you would have been more than woman.

And do you think Clarisse's was a solitary example, even in that convent? She but followed in the wake of thousands of nuns, and thousands will follow in hers, if the French convents retain their places in the country. Believe me, she is more deserving of pity than scorn. In a few weeks that monk will fully have persuaded her that black is white, and that to live in sin is essential to the well-being of her soul. Oh, it is a convenient faith! All offences may be pursued with impunity by one

professing it : murders, thefts, every imaginable crime, may be committed one day, and absolution purchased for them the next.

Neither execrate the priest. He had been reared in the creed of the Jesuits. Their existence is condemned to isolation—they are separated by the laws from the society and love of woman—the sweet ties of mother and sister removed at an early age—the more endearing tie of wife never to be known to them, this intercourse with a convent brings with it an overwhelming temptation. It is the system you must blame, not the man. Let the Roman Catholic governments do away with their nunneries, and his Holiness the Pope will very soon find his priests clamouring to be allowed that marriage they now rail against.

The following morning, after breakfast was over in the refectory—dark dry bread, and cans of milk and water, for the day was one strictly *maigre*—a sister invited Clarisse to walk with her in the cloisters, but she excused herself and ascended to her cell. She had just gained it, when Charlotte de Coigny overtook her.

“ You here at this hour, Charlotte ! ”

“ I am no longer in the school rules,” was the answer ; “ my cousin Jules has asked for me in marriage ; ” and she danced about the cell floor, in her elated spirits, as she poured forth the news. “ Yesterday arrived a special messenger to the lady abbess, from my now gracious stepmother, and I am to proceed home without delay. I don’t think Madame Agathe knew that last night when she gave me the Italian verbs.”

“ You, verbs ! ”

“ For coming after you. By the way, Clarisse, what a long confession you had. Twice I came hither, at a pretty long interval too, and Father Gérard’s sandals seemed fixtures at the door.”

Clarisse hid her burning countenance in her hands, and turned it from Charlotte de Coigny.

“ The priests always do come just when they are not wanted,” ejaculated Charlotte. “ I was longing to tell you, and I braved the rules which forbid our visits here after dusk.”

“ When do you leave ? ”

“ To-day, and this is my farewell visit to you : we start at mid-day. O Clarisse,” she cried, still dancing round her ; “ what a change it will be ! I could not sleep last night for excitement. The wretched days of a convent exchanged for the social happiness and love of a home ! Can I do anything for you in the world ? ”

A sad smile passed over Clarisse’s countenance at the question—a frown would have risen to her sister’s. “ The world and I have nothing now in common,” was her reply. “ And may you so live in it as to prepare you for a better.”

“ Farewell, farewell, Clarisse, dearest,” sobbed Charlotte, as she clung round her neck. “ You are tied to this eternal solitude, whilst I am going forth to all of hope, and that is useful in life ! ”

It was even so. Clarisse de Maulevrier had renounced the world, where she might have played a happy and a worthy part ; flying from its vanities as from snares and pitfalls ; and what gained she ? The bitter anguish of a never-satisfied heart ; and a course of crying sin, mixed with the hypocritical duties of a false religion. Cavil not at the epithet : when sin is pursued, unchecked and unrepented of, religion is but hypocrisy, though the frame be worn to a skeleton with fasting, and the knees bent for ever in the attitude of prayer.

NOTES IN CORNWALL.*

CORNWALL is in every respect one of the most interesting counties of England. The habits and manners of the people are still in many instances primitive and peculiar. Four parts out of five of its outline exposed to the sea, it presents a variety of promontories and bays, rude rocks and treacherous creeks, caves and precipices, with a hardy, fishing, smuggling, wrecking, population; without aught to compare with it elsewhere in the British isles. In the interior, rugged, naked, and uncultivated heaths and moors are diversified by picturesque wooded or cultivated hill and dale. Strange rocks, as the Hurlers, the Cheese-ring, and Logan Stone, cromlechs, circles, and intrenchments of various descriptions, dot the surface of the rock and moorlands; religious edifices with mediæval associations, and castles with many a tradition, rise up here and there, buried in silent woody recesses, or stand forth on lofty and commanding eminences, even on the summits of those stupendous crags (as is the case with St. Michael, but especially so with Tintagel) which form the great barriers opposed by England against the encroaching waters of the deep. Lastly, and not least, there are mines extending far away beneath the billows of the Atlantic; there are small lakes, or pools, of almost mysterious beauty; and there is a climate in which fuschias, myrtles, geraniums, and hydrangeas, thrive and bloom almost throughout the year.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, and his artistic friend, Mr. H. C. Brandling, are excellent companions to follow on a peripatetic excursion in a district of such varied beauty and interest. No sooner is the first start accomplished from Falmouth, and St. Germans reached by the desultory efforts of Mr. William Dawle, "the most amusing and original of boatmen," than we are treated to a pen and pencil sketch of all that remains of the old, and that has been superadded of new, to the church of St. Germanus of Auxerre. What is still more characteristic, turn over four pages, and you have a fishing-town on the south-coast—Looe—which existed as such in the reign of Edward I., and remains to this day one of the prettiest and most primitive places in England. But transitions in a civilised, densely populated country like England are brief and numerous. Fresh from the quaint old houses, the delightfully irregular streets, and the fragrant terrace-gardens of Looe, our tourists pronounced Liskeard—a large, agricultural town, with modern square houses, wide, dusty, deserted streets, and misanthropical-looking shopkeepers, clad in rusty black—to be "an abomination of desolation."

It is from Liskeard, however, that the pilgrim takes his start across the moors to the grey walls of St. Clare, with its ruined oratory and its clear sparkling well, type of its patron saint; to the Great Caraton copper mines; to the granite piles and Druidic remains which diversify the surface of this the most remarkable central district of Cornwall. Within this moorland district are to be seen the Other Half Stone—a fragment of a cross, said to have been erected to the memory of Dungerth, King of Cornwall; the cromlech, called Trevelthy Stone, and other mæn-hirs, dolmens, and Celtic rock structures. There is, however, every reason to believe that the Cheese-ring, of which Brandling

* Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken afoot. By W. Wilkie Collins, Author of "The Life of William Collins, R.A.," &c.; with Illustrations by Henry C. Brandling. R. Bentley.

has given so striking a sketch, the Hurlers, with which a fantastic legend of men turned into stones is associated, and the Logan Stone, also ably sketched by Brandling, are the results of the action of the elements upon the native rock; in this case varieties of granite, or moorstone, as it is expressively called in Cornwall.

We are well aware that archæologists have taken rocking-stones under their patronage, and have classed them among remnants of art. They thus appear under a distinct head; as *Les Pierres branlantes*, in the "Elements d'Archéologie Nationale par le Dr. Louis Batissier;" and in like manner, under that of "Rocking-Stones," in Mr. John Yonge Akerman's "Archæological Index." Many have been the theories suggested by these rocking-stones; and Mr. Akerman remarks, that, whatever may have been the origin and use of these stones, there are some grounds for supposing that they were suggested by the natural cleavage of rocks. We do not pretend to say—as to move these rocking-stones is often a trick requiring a knowledge of the precise point to which force must be applied—that they may not have been used as probationary stones, by which the guilt or innocence of the accused may have been tested in barbarous times, but we are distinctly of opinion that in all cases they owe their origin to natural causes. The peculiarity in the circularly laminar decomposition of granite, and of some rocks of volcanic origin, is well known to geologists, and has been minutely described by Mr. Macculloch.

That rock monuments of the Celtic era abound in Cornwall only shows that great facilities existed there for their construction; it no more attests the construction by the hand of man of the Cheese-ring or the Hurlers, or the original uplifting on the brow of a lofty precipice of the Logan Stone, than it does the erection of the two great rocks in Lamorna Cove, or the scattering of all the fantastic, various-formed rocks that are met with over a great part of the country. No sooner had Messrs. Collins and Brandling advanced on to the wild moor of St. Clare than they stumbled upon three masses of granite, which were said to have been riven in an instant by the lightning into the fragmentary form which they now present. Everywhere, and still more especially between Land's End and St. Ives, the moorstone lies dispersed in detached blocks, many of them huge enough for another Stonehenge. Rocking-stones have been met with in Spain, in America, in Asia, and in Australia; so that, says Mr. Akerman, "their use at one period of the world was universal." But is it likely that the same probationary practices extended all over the world? Do we find cromlechs, or dolmens, or triliths, or other well-attested Celtic rock structures, always by the side, or in the same country, where rocking-stones are met with? There is a district in Cappadocia where, owing to a peculiarity in the rock, several hundred probationary stones, of all kinds of fantastic shapes, are congregated together in two or three different spots; there are no Celtic remains in the same country; and would any one suppose the followers of St. George to have been so corrupt, or so tyrannical, as to have required many hundreds of rocking-stones to have been erected! The fact is, that the situation in which they are placed, the circumstances under which they occur, the character of the rock material of which they are composed, and the difference in texture between the neck of the supporting rock and the rock supported, tell their own tale in a very plain and satisfactory manner.

We would not have said so much concerning the difference between

rocking-stones, Cheese-rings, granite-boulders, and mænhirs and dolmens, but that these are among the greatest curiosities of Cornwall. "If a man dreamt of a great pile of stones in a nightmare," says Mr. Collins, "he would dream of such a pile as the Cheese-ring." Loo Pool, the largest lake, or rather lagoon, in Cornwall, particularly excited our author's admiration. "No fairy vision of Nature that ever was imagined is more fantastic," says Mr. Collins, "or more lovely than this glorious reality, which brings all the more widely contrasted characteristics of a sea view and an inland view into the closest contact, and presents them in one harmonious picture to the eye." The Lizard promontory appears, however, to us, a far more striking and interesting scene:

On each side of us, precipice over precipice, cavern within cavern, rose the great cliffs, protecting the land against the raging sea. Three hundred feet beneath, the foam was boiling far out over a reef of black rocks; above and around flocks of sea birds flew in ever-lengthening circles, or perched flapping their wings and sunning their plumage, on ledges of river-stone below us. Every object forming the wide sweep of the view was on the vastest and most majestic scale. The wild varieties of form in the jagged line of rocks stretched away eastward and westward, as far as the eye could reach; black shapeless masses of mist scowled over the whole landward horizon; the bright blue sky at the opposite point was covered with towering white clouds, which moved and changed magnificently; the tossing and raging of the great bright sea was sublimely contrasted by the solitude and tranquillity of the desert over-shadowed land, while ever and ever-sounding, as they first sounded when the morning stars sang together, the rolling waves and the rushing wind pealed out their primeval music over the whole scene!

Almost every spot at the Lizard is memorable for some mighty convulsion of nature, or is tragically associated with some gloomy story of shipwreck and death. The "Pistol Meadow" records a sad event of the latter kind. The "Lion's Den" and "Daw's Hugo," or cave, exhibit evidences of the former. But the place at which the coast scenery of the Lizard district arrives at its climax of grandeur is Kynance Cove. "What a scene was now presented to us! It was a perfect palace of rocks! Some rose perpendicularly and separate from each other, in the shapes of pyramids and steeples; some were overhanging at the top, and pierced with dark caverns at the bottom; some were stretched horizontally on the sand, here studded with pools of water, there broken into natural archways; no one resembled another in shape, size, or position; and all, at the moment when we looked on them, were wrapped in the solemn obscurity of a deep mist; a mist which shadowed without concealing them, which exaggerated their size, and, hiding all the cliffs beyond, presented them sublimely as separate and solitary objects in the sea view."

Excursions among these rocks to the "Devil's Bellows," the "Devil's Throat," and still more especially to the summit of "Asparagus Island," are not without risk even to those who had had a previous training peculiar to Cornwall by walking on the top of stone dykes as a pathway. The pencil which has been so successful with St. Michael's Mount, Looe, and Land's End, has failed to give an adequate idea of the wonders of Kynance Cove.

Tintagel, with its legends of King Arthur, carries us back to the quaint mythical fancies of olden time: St. Michael's, with its Norman cell, and its stronghold which resisted kings and parliamentarians alike, belongs to better defined historical times. Mr. Collins presents the reader with brief sketches of this interesting spot through what he calls "Dissolving Views," and Brandling crowns the subject with a light, pleasant sketch. Here, also, are the remains of a submarine forest—a forest

which in olden time surrounded *Carak-luz*, "the grey or hoary rock in the wood," of which Mr. Collins makes no mention.

"Something like what Jerusalem was to the pilgrim in the Holy Land," observes Mr. Collins, "the Land's End is—to compare great things with small—to the tourist in Cornwall. It is the grand and final object of his journey—the Cornish *ultima Thule*, where his progress stops—the shrine towards which his face has been set from the first day when he started on his travels—the main vent, through which all the pent-up enthusiasm accumulated along the line of route is to burst its way out in one long flow of admiration and delight."

And a safe vent it is, too; opening upon the Atlantic, without an obstacle to the flow of admiration, from thence to the Antarctic ice! Here the traveller will find an old milestone marked "I."—the real original first mile in England! and a little further on a house, on one side of which he will see written, in large letters, "This is the first Inn in England;" and on the other, "This is the last Inn in England." It being the first to the person who approaches from the sea-shore, the last to him who arrives from the mainland. A great mass of granite has been the saving of Old England in this direction. It alone has preserved it, from ante-historic times, from the action of winds and waves.

A visit to Botallack Mine, and a walk thence to St. Ives, between moors and hills on one side, and cliffs and sea on the other—displaying some of the dreariest views that they beheld in Cornwall—precede two antithetical pictures, to each of which a chapter is devoted; being the "modern" as compared with the "ancient" drama of Cornwall—the modern, as performed in a booth of canvas and old boards; the ancient, as enacted at Piran Round, the amphitheatre famous for its old Cornish miracle plays. Lastly, we have the nunnery of Mawgan, Tintagel, and the legends of the northern coast; and our lively, amiable, and descriptive tourist, whose spirit evidently began to flag the moment he had turned his back upon Land's End, brings his pleasant days of strolling travel to an end. It does not appear, from Mr. Collins's account of his trip, that the Cornish people are so much accustomed to pedestrian tourists as the Germans and the Swiss. The mere sight of two strangers, he tells us, walking along with such appendages as knapsacks strapped on their shoulders, seemed of itself to provoke the most unbounded wonder:

We were stared at with almost incredible pertinacity and good humour. People, hard at work, left off to look at us; whole groups congregated at cottage-doors, walked into the middle of the road when they saw us approach, looked at us in front from that commanding point of view until we passed them, and then wheeled round with one accord and gazed at us behind as long as we were in their sight. Little children ran in doors to bring out large children as we drew near. Farmers, overtaking us on horseback, pulled in, and passed at a walk to examine us at their ease. With the exception of bedridden people and people in prison, I believe that the whole population of Cornwall looked at us all over—back view and front view—from head to foot!

It appears, however, that this boorish staring was not accompanied by jeers or impertinence. There was, however, as is usual in such cases, no end of surmises as to the objects which the two knapsacked pedestrians had in view. Some were satisfied that they were "mappers," others declared them to be "*trodgers*;" others, again, asked them what they had to sell; and one old lady actually moaned lamentably that the poor fellows should be obliged to carry their baggage on their backs!

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE FROSTY DAY.

WHILE the foregoing arrangements were in progress, Mr. Watchorn had desired Slarkey, the knife-boy, to go into the old hay-loft and take the three-legged fox he would find, and put him down among the laurels by the summer-house, where he would draw up to him all "reg'lar" like. Accordingly, Slarkey went, but the old cripple, having mounted the rafters, Slarkey didn't see him, or rather seeing but one fox, he concluded it was him, and clutched him, with a greater eye to his not biting him than to seeing how many legs he had; the consequence was, that he bagged an uncommonly fine old dog fox that Wiley Tom had just stolen from Lord Scamperdale's new cover at Faggotfurze; and it was not until Slarkey put him down among the bushes, and saw how lively he went, that he saw his mistake. However, there was no help for it, and he had just time to pocket the bag when Watchorn's half-drunken cheer, and the thundering cracks of ponderous whips on either side of the Dean, announced the approach of the pack.

"*E-leu, in there!*" cried Watchorn to the hounds. "'Ord, dommee, but its slippy," said he to himself. "Have at him, Plunderer, good dog! I wish I may be Cardinal Wiseman for comin'," added he, seeing how his breath showed on the air. "*Ho-o-i-cks!* pash 'im hup! I'll be d——nd if I sha'n't be down!" exclaimed he, as his horse slid a long slide. "*He-leu, in!* Conqueror, old boy!" continued he, exclaiming loud enough for Mr. Sponge, who was drawing near, to hear; "find us a fox that 'ill give us five and forty minnits!" the speaker inwardly hoping they might chop their bagman in cover. "*Y-o-o-icks!* rout him out!" continued he, getting more energetic. "*Y-o-o-icks,* wind him!"

"No go, I think," observed George Cheek, ambling up on his leggy weed.

"No go, ye hanged young infidel," growled Watchorn, "who taught you to talk about go's, I wonder; ought to be at school larnin' to cipher, or ridin' the globes," Mr. Watchorn not exactly knowing what the term "use of the globes" meant. "D'ye call that *nothin'!*" exclaimed he, taking off his cap as he viewed the fox stealing along the gravel walk; adding to himself, as he saw his even action, and full, well-tagged brush, "'Ord rot him, he's got hold of the wrong 'un!"

It was, however, no time for thought. In an instant the welkin rang with the outburst of the pack and the clamour of the field. "*Talli-ho!*" "*Talli-ho!*" "*Talli-ho!*" "*Hoop!*" "*Hoop!*" "*Hoop!*" cried a score of voices, and "*Twang! twang! twang!*" went the shrill horn of the huntsman. The whips, too, stood in their stirrups, cracking their ponderous thongs, which sounded like guns upon the frosty air, and contributed their "*Get together! get together, hounds!*" "*Hark cry!*" "*Hark cry!*" "*Hark cry!*" to the general uproar. Oh, what a row, what a riot, what a racket!

Watchorn being "in" for it, and recollecting how many saw a start who never thought of seeing a finish, immediately got his horse by the

head, and singled himself out from the crowd now pressing at his heels, determining, if the hounds didn't run into their fox in the park, to ride them off the scent at the very first opportunity. The "Chumpine" being still alive within him, in the excitement of the moment he leapt the hand-gate leading out of the shrubberies into the park; the noise the horse made in taking off resembling the trampling on wood-pavement.

"Cuss it, but it's 'ard!" exclaimed he, as the horse slid two or three yards as he alighted on the frozen field.

George Cheek followed him; and Multum in Pavo, taking the bit deliberately between his teeth, just walked through the gate, as if it had been made of paper.

"Ah, ye *brute*!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, in disgust, digging the Latchfords into his sides, as if he intended them to meet in the middle. "Ah, ye *brute*!" repeated he, giving him a hearty cropper as he rose his head after trying to kick him off.

"Thank you!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, cantering up; adding, "you cleared the way nicely for me."

Nicely he had cleared it for them all; and the pent-up tide of equestrianism now poured over the park like the flood of an irrigated water-meadow. Such ponies! such horses! such hugging! such kicking! such scrambling! and so little progress with many!

The park being extensive—three hundred acres or more—there was ample space for the aspiring ones to single themselves out; and as Lady Scattercash and Orlando sat in the pony phaeton, on the rising ground by the keeper's house, they saw a dark-clad horseman (George Cheek), Old Gingerbread Boots, as they called Mr. Sponge, with Lucy Glitters alongside of him, gradually stealing away from the crowd, and creeping up to Mr. Watchorn, who was sailing away with the hounds.

"What a scrimmage!" exclaimed her ladyship, standing up in the carriage, and eyeing the

Strange confusion in the vale below.

"There's Bob in his old purple," said she, eyeing her brother hustling along; "and there's 'Fat' in his new Moses and Son; and Bouncey in poor Ladofwax's coat; and there's Henry all legs and wings, as usual," added she, as Sir Harry was seen flibberty-gibbertying it along.

"And there's Lucy; and where's Miss Howard, I wonder," observed Orlando, straining his eyes after the scrambling field.

Nothing but the inspiriting aid of "Chumpine," and the hope that the thing would soon terminate, sustained Mr. Watchorn under the infliction in which he so unexpectedly found himself, for nothing would have tempted him to brave such a frost with the burning scent of a game four-legged fox. The park being spacious, and enclosed by a high plank paling, he hoped the fox would have the manners to confine himself within it; and so long as his threadings and windings favoured the supposition, our huntsman bustled along, yelling and screaming in apparent ecstasy at the top of his voice. The hounds, to be sure, wanted keeping together, for Frantic as usual had shot ahead, while the gorged pig-pailers could never extricate themselves from among the ponies.

"*F-o-o-o-r-r-a-r-d! f-o-o-o-r-r-a-r-d! f-o-o-o-r-r-a-r-d!*" elongated Watchorn, rising in his stirrups, and looking back with a grin at George Cheek, who was plying his weed with the whip, exclaiming, "Ah, you

confounded young warmint, I'll give you a warmin' ! I'll teach you to jaw about 'unting!"

As he turned his head straight to look at his hounds, he was shocked to see Frantic falling backwards from a first attempt to leap the park-palings, and just as she gathered herself for a second effort, Desperate, Chatterer, and Galloper, charged in line and got over. Then came the general rush of the pack, attended with the usual success—some over, some back, some a-top of others.

"Oh the devil !" exclaimed Watchorn, pulling up short in a perfect agony of despair. "Oh the devil !" repeated he in a lower tone as Mr. Sponge approached.

"Where's there a gate?" roared our friend, skating up.

"Gate! there's never a gate within a mile, and that's locked," replied Watchorn, sulkily.

"Then here goes!" replied Mr. Sponge, gathering the chestnut together to give him an opportunity of purging himself of his previous *faux pas*. "Here goes!" repeated he, thrusting his hat firmly on his head. Taking his horse back a few paces, Mr. Sponge crammed him manfully at the palings and got over with a rap.

"Well done you!" exclaimed Miss Glitters in delight; adding to Watchorn, "Now old Beardey, you go next."

Beardey was irresolute. He pretended to be anxious to get the tail hounds over.

"Clear the way, then!" exclaimed Miss Glitters, putting her horse back, her bright eyes flashing as she spoke. She took him back as far as Mr. Sponge had done, touched him with the whip, and in an instant she was high in the air landing safely on the far side.

"Hoo-ray!" exclaimed Captains Quod and Cutitfat, as they came panting up.

"Now, Mr. Watchorn!" cried Captain Seedebyuck; adding, "you're a huntsman!"

"Yooi over, Prosperous! Yooi over, Buster!" cheered Watchorn, pretending anxiety about his hounds.

"Let me have a shy," squeaked George Cheek, backing his Giraffe, as he had seen Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters do.

George took his Screw by the head, and, giving him a hearty rib-roasting with his whip, run him full tilt at the palings, and carried away half a rood.

"Hoo-ray!" cried the liberated field.

"I knew how it would be," exclaimed Mr. Watchorn, riding through the ruins; adding, "con-founded young waggabone! Deserves to be well *chaste*-tised for breaking people's palin's in that way—letting in all the rubbishin' tail."

The scene then changed. In lieu of the green, though hard, sward of the undulating park, our friends now found themselves on large frozen fallows, upon whose uneven surface the heaviest horses made no impression, while the shuffling rats of ponies toiled and floundered about, almost receding in their progress. Mr. Sponge was just topping the fence out of the first one, and Miss Glitters was gathering her horse to ride at it, as Watchorn and Co. emerged from the park. Rounding the turnip-hill, beyond, the leading hounds were racing with a breast-high scent, followed by the pack in long-drawn file.

"What a mess!" said Watchorn to himself, shading the sun from his eyes with his hand; when, remembering his rôle, he exclaimed, "*Y-o-o-z-der* they go!" as if in ecstasies at the sight. Seeing a gate at the bottom of the field, he got his horse by the head, and rattled him across the fallow, blowing his horn more in hopes of stopping the pack than with a view of bringing up the tail-hounds. He might have saved his breath, for the music of the pack completely drowned the noise of the horn. "Dash it!" said he, thumping the broad end against his thigh; "I wish I was quietly back in my parlour. *Hold up, horse!*" roared he, as Harkaway nearly came on his haunches in pulling up at the gate. "I know who's *not* Cardinal Wiseman," continued he, stooping to open it.

The gate was fast, and he had to alight and lift it off its hinges. Just as he had done so, and had got it sufficiently open for a horse to pass, George Cheek came up from behind, and slipped through before him.

"Oh! you unrighteous young renegade! Did ever mortal see sich an uncivilised trick?" roared Watchorn, as he climbed on to his horse again, and went spluttering through the frozen turnips after the offender.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" exclaimed he, as his horse nearly came on his head; "but this is the most punishin' affair I ever was in at. Puseyism's nothin' to it." And thereupon he indulged in no end of anathemas at Slarkey for bringing the wrong fox.

"About time to take soundings, and cast anchor, isn't it?" gasped Captain Bouncey, toiling up on his pulling horse in a state of utter exhaustion, as Watchorn stood craneing and looking at a rasper through which Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters had passed, without disturbing a twig.

"*C—a—s—t anchor!*" exclaimed Watchorn, in a tone of derision—"not this half-hour yet, I hope!—not this *forty* minnits yet, I hope!—not this *hour* and *twenty* minnits yet, I hope!" continued he, putting his horse irresolutely at the fence. The horse blundered through it, barking Watchorn's nose with a branch.

"'Ord d—mn it, cut off my nose!" exclaimed he, muffling it up in his hand. "Cut off my nose clean by my face, I do believe," continued he, venturing to look in his hand for it. "Well," said he, eyeing the slight stain of blood on his glove, "this will be a lesson to me as long as I live. If ever I hunt again in a frost, may I be—— Thank God! they've checked at last!" exclaimed he, as the music suddenly ceased, and Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters sat motionless together on their panting, smoking steeds.

Watchorn then stuck spurs to his horse, and being now on a flat rushy pasture, with a bridle-gate into the field where the hounds were, he hustled across, preparing his horn for a blow as soon as he got there.

"*Twang—twang—twang—twang,*" he went, riding up the hedge-row in the contrary direction to where the hounds were casting. "*Twang—twang—twang,*" he continued, inwardly congratulating himself that the fox would never face the troop of urchins he saw coming down with their guns.

"Hang him!—he's never that way!" observed Mr. Sponge, *sotto voce* to Miss Glitters. "He's *never* that way," repeated he, seeing how Frantic flung to the right.

"*Twang—twang—twang,*" went the horn, but the hounds regarded it not.

"Do, Mr. Sponge, put the hounds to me!" roared Mr. Watchorn, dreading lest they might hit off the scent.

Mr. Sponge answered the appeal by turning his horse the way the hounds were feathering, and giving them a slight cheer.

"'Ord rot it!" roared Watchorn, *do* let 'em alone! That's a *fresh* fox!—ours is over the 'ill," pointing towards Bonnyfield Hill.

"*Hoop!*" holloaed Mr. Sponge, taking off his hat, as Frantic hit off the scent to the right, and Galloper and Melody, and all the rest, scored to cry.

"Oh you confounded brown bouted beggar!" exclaimed Mr. Watchorn, returning his horn to its case, and eyeing Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters sailing away with the again breast-high-scent-pack. "Oh you exorbitant usurer!" continued he, gathering his horse to skate after them. "Well now, that's the most disgraceful proceedin' I ever saw in the whole course of my life. Hang me if I'll stand such work! Dash me but I'll write to Sir George Grey! *Foorrard! foorrard!*" holloaed he, as Bob Spangles and Bouncey popped upon him unexpectedly from behind, exclaiming, with well-feigned glee, as he pointed to the streaming pack with his whip, "'Ord dash it, but we're in for a good thing!"

Little Bouncey's horse was still yawning and star-gazing, and Bouncey being quite unequal to riding him, and well-nigh exhausted, "downed" him against a rubbing post in the middle of a field, making a "cannon" with his own and his horse's head, and was immediately the centre of attraction for the panting tail. Bouncey got near a pint of sherry from among them before he recovered from the shock. So anxious were they about him, that not one of them thought of resuming the chase. Even the lagging whips couldn't leave him. George Cheek was presently *hors de combat* in a hedge, and Watchorn, seeing him "see-sawing," exclaimed, as he slipped through a gate,

"I'll send your mar to you, you young 'umbug!"

Watchorn would gladly have stopped too, for the fumes of the champagne were dead within him, and the riding was becoming every minute more dangerous. He trotted on, hoping each jump of brown boots would be the last, and inwardly wishing the wearer at the devil. Thus he passed through a considerable extent of country, over Harrowdale Lordship, or reputed Lordship, past Roundington Tower, down Sloppyside Banks, and on to Cheeseington Green; the severity of his affliction being alone mitigated by the intervention of accommodating roads and lines of field gates. These, however, Mr. Sponge generally declined, and went crashing on, now over high places, now over low, just as they came in his way, closely followed by the fair Lucy Glitters.

"Well, I never see'd sich a man as that!" exclaimed Watchorn, eyeing Mr. Sponge clearing a stiff flight of rails, with a gap near at hand. "Nor woman nouter!" added he, as Miss Glitters did the like. "Well, I'm dashed if it ar'n't dangerous!" added he, thumping his hand against his thick thigh, as the white nearly slipped up on landing. "*F-o-r-r-ard! for-rard! hoop!*" screeched he, as he saw Miss Glitters looking back to see where he was. "*F-o-r-r-ard! for-rard!*" repeated he; adding, in apparent delight, "my eyes, but we're in for a stinger! *Hold up, horse!*" roared he, as his horse now went starring up to the knees through a long sheet of ice, squirting the clayey water into his rider's face. "*Hold up!*" repeated he; adding, "I'm dashed if one mightn't as

well be crashin' over the Christial Palace as ridin' over a country froze in this way! 'Ord rot it, how cold it is," continued he, blowing on his finger ends; "I declare my 'ands are quite numb. Well done, old brown bouts!" exclaimed he, as a crash on the right attracted his attention; "well done, old brown bouts!—broke every bar i' the gate!" adding, "but I'll let Mr. Buckram know the way his osses are 'bused. Well," continued he, after a long skate down the grassy side of Ditchburn Lane, "there's no fun in this—none whatever. Who the devil would be a huntsman that could be anything else? Dashed, I'd rayther be a hatter—I'd rayther be a hosier—I'd rayther be a pork-butcher—I'd rayther be an undertaker—I'd rayther be a Puseyite parson—I'd rayther be a pig-jobber—I'd rayther be a besom-maker—I'd rayther be a dog's-meat man—I'd rayther be a cat's-meat man—I'd rayther go about selling chickweed and sparrowgrass!" added he, as his horse nearly slipped up on his haunches.

"Thank God, there's relief at last!" exclaimed he, as on rising Gimmerhog Hill he saw Farmer Saintfoins's southdowns clustering together, indicative of the fox having passed; "thank God, there's relief at last!" repeated he, reining up his horse to see the hounds charge them.

Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters were now in the bottom below fighting their way across a broad mill-course with a very stiff fence on the taking off side.

"*Hold up!*" roared Mr. Sponge, as having bored a hole through the fence he found himself on the margin of the water-race. The horse did hold up, and landed him—not without a scramble—on the far side. "Run him at it, Lucy!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, turning his horse half round to his fair companion. "Run him at it, Lucy!" repeated he; and Lucy, fortunately hitting the gap, skimmed o'er the water like a swallow on a summer's eve.

"Well done! *you're a trump!*" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, standing in his stirrups, and holding on by the mane as his horse rose the opposing hill.

He just got up in time to save the muttons; another second and the hounds would have been into them. Holding up his hand to beckon Lucy to stop, he sat eyeing them intently. Many of them had their heads up, and not a few were casting sheep's eyes at the sheep. Some few of the line hunters were persevering with the scent over the greasy ground. It was a critical moment. They cast to the right and to the left, and again took a wider sweep in advance, returning towards the sheep, as if they thought them the best spec after all.

"Put 'em to me," said Mr. Sponge, giving Miss Glitters his whip; "put 'em to me!" said he, holloaing, "*Yor-geot, hounds!—yor-geot!*" which, being interpreted, means, "here again, hounds!—here again!"

"Oh, the concited beggar!" exclaimed Mr. Watchorn to himself, as, disappointed of his finish, he sat feeling his nose, mopping his face, and watching the proceedings. "Oh, the concited beggar!" repeated he; adding, "old 'hogany bouts is *absolutely* goin' to kest them."

Cast them, however, he did, proceeding very cautiously in the direction the hounds seemed to incline. They were on a piece of cold scenting ground, across which they could hardly own the scent.

"Don't hurry them!" said Mr. Sponge to Miss Glitters, who was acting whipper-in with rather unnecessary vigour.

As they got under the lee of the hedge, the scent improved a little,

and, from the occasional feathering of a stern, a hound or two indulged in a whimper, until at length they fairly broke out in a cry.

"I'll lose a shoe," said Watchorn, to himself, looking first at the formidable leap before him, and then to see if there was any one coming up behind. "I'll lose a shoe," said he. "No notion of leapin' a navigable river—an arm of the sea," added he, getting off.

"*Forward! forward!*" screeched Mr. Sponge, capping the hounds on, when away they went, heads up and sterns down as before.

"Aye, for-rard! for-rard!" mimicked Mr. Watchorn; adding, "you're for-rard enough, at all events."

After running about three-quarters of a mile at best pace, Mr. Sponge viewed the fox crossing a large grass field with all the steam up he could raise, a few hundred yards a-head of the pack, the hounds still streaming along most beautifully, not viewing, but gradually gaining, upon him. At last they broke from scent to view, and presently rolled him over and over among them.

"WHO-HOOP!" screamed Mr. Sponge, throwing himself off his horse and rushing in amongst them. "WHO-HOOP!" repeated he, still louder, holding the fox up in grim death above the baying pack.

"*Who-hoop!*" exclaimed Miss Glitters, reining up in delight alongside the chestnut. "*Who-hoop!*" repeated she, diving into the saddle-pocket for her lace-fringed handkerchief.

"Throw me my whip!" cried Mr. Sponge, repelling the attacks of the hounds from behind with his heels. Having got it, he threw the fox on the ground, and clearing a circle, whipped off his brush in an instant. "Tear him and eat him!" cried he, as the pack broke in on the carcase. "Tear him and eat him!" repeated he, as he made his way up to Miss Glitters with the brush. "We'll put this in your hat, alongside the cock's feathers," said he.

The fair lady leant towards him, and as he adjusted it becomingly in her hat, looking at her bewitching eyes, her lovely face, and feeling the sweet fragrance of her breath, a something shot through Mr. Sponge's pull-devil, pull-baker coat, his corduroy waistcoat, his Eureka shirt, and Angola vest, and penetrated the very cockles of his heart. He gave her such a series of smacking kisses as startled her horse and astonished a poacher who happened to be hid in the adjoining hedge.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE SECOND BURST.

IN compliance with a time-honoured custom we closed our last chapter with a "kill," though it must be evident to every one, especially to our fair readers, that there is a great deal for Mr. Sponge and Miss Glitters to arrange before we can wind up our long-winded story with any degree of propriety. It is true that Miss Lucy had caught Mr. Sponge as cleverly as Sir Harry Scamperdale's stringing miscellaneous hounds had caught their fox; but between Mr. Sponge and the hounds there was this difference, that his troubles began with the capture, while those of the hounds ended. This palpable truism struck our friend Mr. Sponge almost as soon as he felt himself possessed of love's dart, and threw a transitory gloom over the brilliant achievement we have just recorded.

As he eyed his angelic charmer, her lustrous eyes, her glowing cheeks, her pearly teeth, the bewitching fulness of her elegant *tournure*, and thought of the masterly way she rode the run—above all, of the dashing style in which she charged the mill-race—he felt a something quite different to anything he had experienced with any of the buxom widows or lackadaisical misses who he could just love or not, according to circumstances, among whom his previous experience had lain. Miss Glitters, he knew, had nothing, and yet he felt he could not do without her; the puzzlement of his mind was, how the deuce they should manage matters—make “both ends meet,” as Paul Pry used to say.

It is pleasant to hear a bachelor's *pros* and *cons* on the subject of matrimony; how the difficulties of the gentleman out of love vanish or change into advantages with the one in—“Oh, I would never think of marrying without a couple of thousand a year at the *very least!*” exclaims young Tom Fastly. “*I* can't do without three hunters and a hack. *I* can't do without a valet. *I* can't do without a brougham. *I* must belong to half a dozen clubs. *I'll* not marry any woman who can't keep me comfortable—bachelors can live upon nothing—bachelors are welcome everywhere—very different thing with a wife. Frightful things milliners' bills—fifty guineas for a dress, and twenty for a bonnet—ladies' maids are the very devil—never satisfied—far worse to please than their mistresses.” And between the whiffs of a cigar, he hums the old saw

“Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his sorrow begins.”

Now take him on the other tack—Tom is smitten.

“'Ord hang it, a married man can live on very little,” soliloquises our friend. “A nice lovely creature to keep one at home. Hunting's all humbug; it's only the flash of the thing that makes one follow it. Then the danger far more than counterbalances the pleasure. Awful places one has to ride over, to be sure, or submit to be called ‘slow.’ Horrible thing to set up for a horseman, and then have to ride to maintain one's reputation. Will give it up altogether. The bays will make capital carriage-horses, and one can often pick up a second-hand carriage as good as new. Shall save no end of money by not having to put ‘B’ to my name in the assessed tax-paper. One club's as good as a dozen—will give up the Polyanthus and the Sunflower, and the Refuse and the Rag. Ladies' dresses are cheap enough. Saw a beautiful gown t'other day for a guinea. Will start Master Bergamotte. Does nothing for his wages; will scarce clean my boots. Can get a chap for half what I give him, who'll do double the work. Will make John Sieve into a coachman. What a convenience to have one's wife's maid to sew on one's buttons, and keep one's toes in one's stocking feet. Declare I lose half my things at the washing for want of marking. Hanged if I won't marry and be respectable—marriage is an honourable state!” And thereupon Tom grows a couple of inches taller in his own conceit.

Though Mr. Sponge's thoughts did not travel in quite such a luxurious first-class train as the foregoing, he, Mr. Sponge, being more of a two shirts and a dicky sort of man, yet still the future ways and means weighed upon his mind, and calmed the transports of his present joy. Lucy was an angel! about that there was no dispute. He would make her Mrs. Sponge at all events. Living at inns was very expensive. He

could only counterbalance their extravagance by the rigid rule of giving nothing to servants at private houses. He thought a nice airy lodging in the suburbs of London would answer every purpose, while his accurate knowledge of cab-fares would enable Lucy to continue her engagement at the theatre without incurring the serious overcharges the inexperienced are exposed to. "Where one can dine, two can dine," mused Mr. Sponge; "and I make no doubt we'll manage matters somehow."

"Twopence for your thoughts!" cried Lucy, trotting up, and touching him gently on the back with her light silver-mounted riding-whip. "Twopence for your thoughts!" repeated she, as Mr. Sponge sauntered leisurely along, regardless of the bitter cold, followed by such of the hounds as chose to accompany him.

"Ah!" replied he, brightening up; "I was just thinking what a devilish good run we'd had."

"Indeed!" pouted the fair lady.

"No, my darling; I was thinking what a devilish pretty girl you are," rejoined he, sideling his horse up, and encircling her neat waist with his arm.

A sweet smile dimpled her plump cheeks, and chased the recollection of the former answer away.

It would not be pretty—indeed, we could not pretend to give even the outline of the conversation that followed. It was carried on in such broken and disjointed sentences, eyes and squeezes doing so much more work than words, that even a *Times* reporter would have had to draw upon his imagination for the substance. Suffice it to say, that though the thermometer was below freezing, they never moved out of a foot's pace; the very hounds growing tired of the trail, and slinking off one by one as opportunity occurred.

A dazzling sun was going down with a blood-red glare, and the partially softened ground was fast resuming its fretwork of frost, as our hero and heroine were seen sauntering up the west avenue to Nonsuch House, as slowly and quietly as if it had been the hottest evening in summer.

"Here's old Coppertops!" exclaimed Captain Seedeybuck, as, turning round to chalk his cue, he espied them crawling along. "And Lucy Glitters!" added he, as he stood watching them.

"How slow they come!" observed Bob Spangles, going to the window.

"Must have tired their horses," suggested Captain Quod.

"Just the sort of man to tire a horse," rejoined Bob Spangles.

"Hate that Mr. Sponge," observed Captain Cutitfat.

"So do I," replied Captain Quod.

"Well, never mind the beggar! It's you to play!" exclaimed Bob Spangles to Captain Seedeybuck.

But Lady Scattercash, who was observing our friends from her boudoir window, saw with a woman's eye that there was something more than a mere case of tired horses; and, tripping down stairs, she arrived at the front door just as the fair Lucy dropped smilingly from her horse into Mr. Sponge's extended arms. Hurrying up into the boudoir, Lucy gave her ladyship one of Mr. Sponge's modified kisses, revealing the truth more eloquently than words could convey.

"Oh," Lady Scattercash was "so glad!" "so delighted!" "so charmed!"

Mr. Sponge was a *nice* man, and *rich*. She was sure he was rich—couldn't hunt if he wasn't. Would advise Lucy to have a good settlement, in case he broke his neck. And pin money; pin money was most useful; no husband ever let his wife have enough money. Must forget all about Harry Dacre and Charley Brown, and the officer in the Blues. Must be prudent for the future. Mr. Sponge would never know anything of the past. Then she reverted to the interesting subject of settlements. "What had Mr. Sponge got, and what would he do?" This Lucy couldn't tell. "What! hadn't he told her where his estate was?"—"No." "Well, was his dad dead?" This Lucy didn't know either. They had got no further than the tender prop. "Ah! well; would get it all out of him by degrees." And with the reiteration of her "so glads," and the repayment of the kiss Lucy had advanced, her ladyship advised her to get off her habit and make herself comfortable. Lucy, then, leaving the room for this purpose, Lady Scattercash hurried down stairs to communicate the astonishing intelligence to the party below.

"What d'ye think?" exclaimed she, bursting into the billiard-room, where the party were still engaged in a game at pool, all our sportsmen, except Captain Cutitfat, who still sported his new Moses and Son's scarlet, having divested themselves of their hunting-gear—"what d'ye think?" exclaimed she, darting into the middle of them.

"That Bob don't cannon?" observed Captain Bouncey from below the bandage that encircled his broken head, nodding towards Bob Spangles, who was just going to make a stroke.

"That Wax is out of limbo?" suggested Captain Seedybuck, in the same breath.

"No. Guess again!" exclaimed Lady Scattercash, rubbing her hands in high glee.

"That the Pope's got a son?" observed Captain Quod.

"No. Guess again!" exclaimed her ladyship, laughing.

"I give it up," replied Captain Bouncey.

"So do I," added Captain Seedybuck.

"*That Mr. Sponge is going to be married,*" enunciated her ladyship, slowly and emphatically.

"*H-o-o-ray!* Only think of that!" exclaimed Captain Quod. "Old 'hogany tops going to be spliced!"

"Did you ever?" asked Bob Spangles.

"No, I *never*," replied Captain Bouncey.

"He should be called Spooney Sponge, not Soapey Sponge," observed Captain Seedybuck.

"Well, but who is it to?" asked Captain Bouncey.

"Ah, who is it to, indeed! That's the question," rejoined her ladyship, archly.

"I know," observed Bob Spangles.

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

"Who is it, then?" demanded her ladyship.

"Lucy Glitters, to be sure," replied Bob, who hadn't had his stare out of the billiard-room window for nothing.

"Pity her," observed Bouncey, sprawling along the billiard-table to play for a cannon.

"Why?" asked Lady Scattercash.

"Reg'lar scamp," replied Bouncey, vexed at missing his stroke.

"Dare say you know nothing about him," snapped her ladyship.

"Don't I?" replied Bouncey, complacently; adding, "that's all you know."

"He'll whop her, to a certainty," observed Seedeybuck.

"What makes you think that?" asked her ladyship.

"Oh—ha—hem—haw—why, because he whopped his poor horse—whopped him over the ears. Whop his horse, whop his wife; whop his wife, whop his horse. Reg'lar rule of three sum."

"Make her a bad husband, I dare say," observed Bob Spangles, who was rather smitten with Lucy himself.

"Never mind; a bad husband's a deal better than none, Bob," replied Lady Scattercash, determined not to be put out of conceit of her man.

"*He, he, he!—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!* Well done you!" laughed several.

"She'll have to keep him," observed Captain Cutitfat, whose turn it now was to play.

"What makes you think that?" asked Lady Scattercash, coming again to the charge.

"*He has nothing,*" replied "Fat," coolly.

"'Deed, but he has—a very good property, too," replied her ladyship.

"In *Airshire*, I should think," rejoined "Fat."

"No, in *Englandshire*," retorted her ladyship; "and great expectations from an uncle," added she.

"He looks like a man to be on good terms with his uncle," sneered Captain Bouncey.

"Make no doubt he pays him many a visit," observed Seedeybuck.

"Indeed! that's all you know," snapped Lady Scattercash.

"It's not all I know," replied Seedeybuck.

"Well, then, what else do you know?" asked she.

"I know he has nothing," replied Seedey.

"How do you know it?"

"*I know,*" said Seedey, with an emphasis, now settling to his stroke.

"Well, never mind," retorted her ladyship; "if he has nothing she has nothing, and nothing can be nicer."

So saying, she hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE WAYS AND MEANS.

HAPPY Mr. Sponge! happy Miss Glitters, with no one to consult but themselves! No parents or guardians to run the approving gauntlet of, no hungry lawyer to make quibbles and difficulties for the sake of increasing a bill!

What would great people—what would coroneted heads, with their ancestries and pedigrees and parchment, give for the matrimonial liberty the lowly enjoy?

Talk of the Catholic confessional! what is the Catholic confessional compared to the sweethearting confessional of an innocent, inexperienced youth to inquisitive, worldly-minded parents. The Catholic confession is made through the lattice-window of a sentry-box, in the ear of a priest, who is so used to the thing as most likely to care very little about what is said, while the sweethearting confession is made to greedy and devour-

ing ears, who drink in every word, laying that and that together, very likely with upturned eyes at the falsehood and exaggerations of the world, and surmises as to whether Sam Softhead will not be the best chance after all.

What a pity that the world is so given to exaggerate prospects that a conscientious young man can hardly fail to disappoint at a time he is most anxious to please. When "the gentleman has nothing and the lady has nothing," matters are easily managed. Like the gentleman's progress, who walked with his head under his arm, the first step is everything; get married and trust to Providence for the rest, Providence being supposed especially to befriend the newly married; most likely because the world is then generally done with them. Still, there must be the where-withal to begin upon, and even the most careless cut out something like prospects for the future.

Young, untried men, are always confident of their ability to make their ways in the world. Whatever they turn their hands to they feel certain of succeeding in. They never have the slightest fear on that score. Having ascertained the contrary, they generally bethink them of government offices. Government offices are supposed to be receptacles for all improvident and unfortunate men, and youths without a profession. "Oh, a man with his connexion is sure to get something—his friends will get him a berth in a government office, or something of that sort;" and forthwith every member of parliament, and every person of note within the range of the family acquaintance, is besieged and pestered with importunate applications.

A few years since disengaged gentlemen bought theodolites and set up for railway engineers. That occupation has vanished. The regulars of the profession can hardly find occupation. Literature is rather full, as Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's contributors well know.

California has its attractions, but not for men fond of reading "Mogg." The "tout" and stable "tip," the vagabond betting-list fraternity, who trade in thousands with a farthing capital, is more in a "Mogg" man's line; but the thing is sadly overdone. Look at *Bell's Life*, with its columns of advertisements—its "Little Dicks," and "Peeping Toms," and "Sneaking Joes," and "Greedy Harrys," with their "greatest of all certainties," their "confidential information," their "latest intelligence," their "unrivalled," "sterling," and "matchless tips," and still more matchless impudence, and say whether there would be room for a "SPONGE SUBSCRIPTION BETTING ROOM," even though it combined the attractions of a cigar divan, and Lucy Glitters herself took the cash. No; but Mr. Sponge possessed a quality that the majority of these worthies* are without, namely, knowing a horse's head from his tail, and being able to ride one. That, Mr. Sponge decided, was his *forte*. He had two horses, one that could go if he could only mount him, the other that could go when he (the horse) had a mind—and Mr. Sponge deter-

* *Bell's Life* of the 16th ult. contained a notice of the death of one of these gentlemen, from which we extract the following, for the purpose of showing the material of which some of them are made:—

"DEATH OF MR. EDWARD MANNING, OF 'LIST' CELEBRITY.—This unfortunate man, who kept a very large book, and laid against horses to a great extent for coming events, at the Crown Tavern, Clifford's Inn-passage, Fleet-street, died suddenly on Friday morning, at three o'clock. He was taken seriously ill on Friday week, and, it is believed, was consumptive. He had been a printer on the *Morning Herald*, but, his health declining, he became a betting-man."

mined that he would endeavour to make him have a mind. The steeple-chase season was coming on, and he would enter and ride them whenever he could. Already it was rumoured that the Aristocratic (Watchorn's Aristocratic) was to be run in the neighbourhood of Nonsuch House, and there were plenty more elsewhere, to which railways would easily take him. He would make a fortune by steeple-chasing.

Meanwhile, he was in good quarters, and Lady Scattercash having warmly espoused his cause, he assumed a considerable standing in the establishment. Old Beardey having ventured to complain of his interference in the kennel, my lady curtly told him he might "make himself scarce if he liked;" a step that Beardey was quite ready to take, having heard of a desirable public-house at Newington Butts, provided Sir Harry paid him his wages. This not being quite convenient, Sir Harry gave him an order on "Cabbage and Co." for three suits of clothes, and acquiesced in his taking a massive silver soup tureen, on which, beneath the many-quartered Scattercash arms, Mr. Watchorn placed an inscription, stating that it was presented to him by Sir Harry Scattercash, Baronet, and the noblemen and gentlemen of his hunt, in admiration of his talents as a huntsman and his character as a man.

Mr. Sponge then became still more at home. It was very soon "my hounds," and "my horses," and "my whips;" and he wrote to Jawleyford, and Puffington, and Guano, and Lumpleg, and Washball, and Spraggon, offering to make meets to suit their convenience, and even to mount them if required. His "Mogg" was quite neglected in favour of Lucy; and it says much for the influence of female charms, that before they had been engaged a fortnight, he, who had been a perfect oracle in cab fares, would have been puzzled to tell the most ordinary fare on the most frequented route. He had forgotten all about them. Nevertheless, Lucy and he went out hunting as often as they could raise hounds, and when they had a good run and killed, he saluted her; and when they didn't, why—he just did the same. He headed and tailed the stringing pack, drafted the skirthers and babblers (which he sent to Lord Scamperdale, with his compliments), and presently had the uneven kennel in something like shape.

Nor was this the only way in which he made himself useful, for Nonsuch House being now supported almost entirely by voluntarily contributions; that is to say, by the gullibility of tradesmen; his street and shop knowledge was valuable in determining who to "do." With the Post-office Directory and Mr. Sponge at his elbow, Mr. Bottleends, the butler—"delirius tremendous" having quite incapacitated Sir Harry—wrote off for champagne from this man, sherry from that, turtle from a third, turbot from a fourth, tea from a fifth, truffles from a sixth, wax-lights from one, sperm from another; and down came the orders with such alacrity, such expressions of gratitude and hopes for the future, as we poor devils of the untitled world are quite unacquainted with. Nay, not content with giving him the goods, the demented creatures paraded their folly at their doors in new deal packing-boxes, flourishingly directed "TO SIR HARRY SCATTERCASH, BART., NONSUCH HOUSE, &c. *By Express Train.*"

And here, in the midst of love, luxury, and fox-hunting, let us once more leave our enterprising friend, Mr. Sponge, we hereby entering into our own recognizance in the sum of two hundred pounds to polish him off next month.

THE MONEY BANKS FIELD.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

I do love these ancient ruins.
 We never tread upon them, but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend history.

WEBSTER'S *Duchess of Malfy*.

It is now full thirty summers since, as a young Oxonian, I spent some months of a long vacation in a pedestrian tour in North Wales.

I remember well, as though it were but yesterday, setting out with a full purse and a light heart, staff in hand, from the gate of old gable-ended Chester, through Wales to wend "my solitary way." I sailed without chart or compass, following no more imperative guide than the caprice of the moment, or the wanderings of my own sweet will. Here I scaled a mountain, legend haunted, and there I visited an antique mansion. Here I lay like a crazed poet, musing in spite of myself for hours beside a fall, lulled by the throbbing plunge of the music-thunder of its waters; there I groped for the live-long day amid the rarely visited ruins of some grey-stoned, nameless abbey, repeopling it with the beings of the past, and summoning its white-clad chapter from their long, long sleep in the echoing tombs beneath my feet, before the tribunal of my mind. Now I strove, perched on some jutting crag, to realise the mountain-worship of the antediluvian races, and to shape spirits of the storm from the white mist that boiled up in smoking wreaths from the seething jaws of the bottomless pit below me. Now lying under the pinnacles of some ruined sea-tower, I rhapsodised from the riches of a brain, "new stuffed with old romance," on the pageantries and savage revelries once held in those halls now vaulted only by heaven.

Such were my reveries; and yet still more frequently, must I own it, loving as I do to espy Nature embosked in wildest solitude, fishing-rod in hand (a mere excuse), and some loved poet in my pocket, I strolled from my rustic inn and sailed forth like an early discoverer into an unknown country. Then, for hours, oblivious to the social frankness of my Welsh landlord and the charms of his black-eyed daughter, I would follow the windings of some brawling mountain stream; and led further and further by its chafing ripple, I strayed by lake, through rocky pass and wooded glen, till, with mind replete with scenes of beauty, and with pannier filled with such a goodly array of speckled trout as would have made honest Walton positively swoon for joy, I returned, weary in body, but elastic and refreshed in mind, to a good supper, and a blanched and lavendered bed in my pleasant hostelrie.

It was on a heart-warming, sunny morning in August that I started for such a ramble as I have mentioned, from the odd little fishing-town of Barmouth, or Aber Maw, on the coast of Merionethshire, a corner of the world that the tourist may remember, with its quaint houses perched upon a rock above the river, its white-sailed vessels, and its group of hatted women and stalwart fishermen enlivening the beach; for here, in the very heart of piscators' land, having pitched my tent, I had adventurously visited the adjacent lakes, the eleven tributary streams that empty their little urns into the sea, and the broad Mawddach which,

threading its devious way among the mountains, arrives at last, after passing many a fair spot, at the scattered town of Dolgelly, not

Making sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giveth a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtakes in his pilgrimage;

but, as a Welsh river should, flowing wildly on its way past bold, rocky promontories, there clad with dark, star-proof woods, and here overshadowed by hills, hid only with the thick purple blossoms of the heath-flower, or the varicoloured weavings of the rock-lichen.

But I had heard of Druids, and nothing would satisfy me but I must visit the *Meini Gwyr Ardudwy*, or the obelisk stones that mark the grave of the heroes of *Ardudwy*; the Celtic ramparts of *Cors y Gedol*; the British camp of *Dinas Corddyn*; the holy circle of the Druids, called *Carneddi Hengwn*; and last, but before all, the great *Coeten Arthur*, or rock, denominated "*King Arthur's quoit*," which every Welshman, and therefore every lover of the Welsh, amongst whom I enrol myself, is bound to believe was hurled, by the semi-Homeric champion above named, all the long way from the blue peak of *Moelfre*, let alone the mark of the hero's grasp upon its lichened surface.

But should I forget *Harlech*, towering, in its pride of strength, upon a rock that overlooks the sea. I made a long day's visit to that ruined fortalice of the princes of North Wales, enjoying from its walls the distant views of the vast *Snowdon* range, upreared, like a Titan rampart, between me and England. I strayed, too, down to the broad sand-beach, now far distant from the castle, whose lower walls the sea once washed, and, proceeding some miles further along the shore, I seated myself upon the *Sarn Badrig*, or *St. Patrick's Causeway*, an old sea-bulwark, mentioned, I believe, in the "*Triads*," probably erected by some ancient Cambrian king, and which runs into the deep. I listened to the murmur of the waves, and thought over wild legends of barbarian chieftains and cities beneath the sea. I was so much delighted, indeed, with *Harlech* and its stone-built cottages, that I came thither several times from *Barmouth*, and on one of those occasions entered into conversation with the old seneschal who shows the castle to visitors—a life about as suggestive of mortality as a sexton's, and perhaps equally perverted. My *cicerone* was an intelligent old man, and delighted me with the warmth of his manner and the interest he seemed to take in the ruins and the legends.

Finding me a ready listener, he told me that the oldest wall, one of which he pointed to as he spoke, was of the time of *Malgwyn Gwynedd*, Prince of North Wales, who flourished in the year 530, a remote date, which is but yesterday to genealogists, who put Noah himself at least half-way down their genealogical tree. Here, too, he said lived *Bronwen*, "*the white-necked*," a proud beauty, who, being struck by her savage husband, lit up the flames of civil war in the land, and added another item to those three evil blows which the "*Triads*" say were the ruin of Britain. But the stronghold where the wearers of the golden torques and the amber wreath had ruled fell into decay, like all sublunary things, and was not rebuilt till the conquest of Edward, the lion-hearted, who held it as a point suitable to repress the barbarians of the interior, it being adapted by its situation to receive succours from the sea. There the arch rebel, *Owen Glendower*, stood a siege, and thither that "*She-*

Wolf of France" came with her jewels and treasure after the slaughter at Northampton, ere she fled to France and to the arms of old King René, the minstrel king; for it was the last tower that held out for falling Lancaster and the king too good for earth, just as it afterwards was the last standing-place for the Stuarts.

The old man seemed to love the place, which was to him as the courtyard of the tomb. His pale thin cheek glowed with pleasure as he leant over the ruined wall and looked across the still blue expanse of the Irish Sea, that seemed, as the poets say, like an uncovered mine of gold peering beneath the last rays of a noonday's sun. With the air of a veteran he pointed me out the triple defences of the tower-crowned rock, the gloomy strength of the dungeons, and the great breach which one Mytton (whose family, I believe, is still existing in Cheshire) made, and which forced the brave Major Pennant and his brave little band to yield the hold.

Then my old friend pointed me out the sallyport which once opened on the beach, but now on meadows, since the sea that bore hither the English vessel and the Danish galley had retreated, like a generous foe, from an old disarmed warrior, when the warrior, from the mast head, fought hand to hand with those on the battlement of the lowest wall.

"Oh, it was a famous strong place," said the seneschal, "where our own kings ruled the mountain land, and many a tough bout of war these walls of ours have beat back. I recollect a story now that I heard long ago, of a knight who once kept these towers, who shouted out to his besiegers, who shook their long spears far below, that he had once held a castle in France (it was in the time of Edward of Caernarvon) so long that every old woman in Potoo (Poictou) talked of it; and that if he hadn't good terms he would hold Harlech till every old woman in Wales talked of it."

I smiled, as in duty bound, at the naïve effrontery of the knight,

Whose bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;

and charmed with the castle and its situation, and not less with my grey-headed friend, I seated myself by his side on the broad stones of the terrace wall, and began to enter into conversation with him about the distinctive beauties of Dolgelly, near which town I found he had been born.

"I was there but yesterday," I said, "fishing down the Mawddach, and amusing myself by collecting legends of the country from any fishermen and quarrymen with whom I met, and inquiring the names of places in your own beautiful language—of one place with a romantic name—the Money Banks, I think they called it. I could, however, get no distinct explanation."

"Oh!" replied my friend, eagerly, "a retired, peaceful spot, not far from Cymmer Abbey, in the vale of Llanalltyd, a lovely field just by the monks' orchard."

"The very same," I replied.

"I know it well," he said, "and have reason to remember it well, for with it is connected a story of singular interest."

"Pray relate it," I replied, in my blindest tones, with all the eagerness of a book-making tourist, "and sit beneath the shadow of this half-ruined bastion, for here the sea-breeze tempers the heat."

"It is some forty years ago," he commenced, seeing me a willing

auditor, "since I laboured as a stripling on my father's farm at the abbey you just mentioned. It is a beautiful spot that little vale, with its wooded hills, its mountains crowned by the twin peak of Cader Idris, with its crown of mist, its thundering cataracts, and its peaceful meadows, through which the little Maw, unchecked by rock or crag, glides so sweetly. I had no great love for those things then, but still I felt a secret pleasure in their sight, which stole unconsciously to my heart. Almost the first tales I can remember hearing at my father's house were about the old abbey; and I can recal, as if it were but yesterday, the glowing of my heart when some old crone told me of the noble monk who betrayed your English king, Henry, to the ambushed army of the indomitable Llywelin ap Jorworth. The thought of those things coloured my life, and followed me forth into the scenes around the farm. As I lay by the river-side, watching my sheep, I would dream of the great Welsh princes who founded the little chapel whose ruins were beside me, or would picture to myself the white-robed monks angling in the stream on which I gazed. My own bedroom, indeed, had been, if tradition said true, either the abbot's chamber, or the refectory of the order; and although I knew little enough of the manners of those old times, I knew sufficient to enable me to people it with beings and scenes of the past, and in the past more than the present I lived, moved, and had my being. I could not have been more than thirteen, when one day, as I was busied in clearing the overgrown ivy from one of the long lancet windows of the chapel, I heard a rustling sound behind me, which made me turn and rest for a moment to gaze on the intruder. It was a youth fantastically dressed, and wearing a square college cap, bound round with a garland of laurel; he was pale and careworn, and his eye wore a vacant, wild, and restless expression. He did not speak to or even notice me, but he went on, stooping over the shivered fragments of a tomb which he was examining, and which, with a solemn air, he cleared of the lichen and moss which encrusted it. He then attempted to fit together the scattered fragments; and seeing him unable to lift one from its extreme weight, I went and helped him to raise it to complete his toil. He seemed pleased, but did not speak; and finding no shape or form resulted from his labours, he walked on. I often saw him after this, and found, on inquiring of my father, that he was an idiot, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, whose large family estate, at the death of her husband, owing to the mismanagement, or perhaps knavery, of a steward, had dwindled down till scarcely a field was left around the old mansion which she could call her own. But what cared she for this, when her son was carrying off every honour at Oxford—was the pride of his college—and was affording promise of rising one day to the highest distinction in the law, the profession for which he was destined? His natural ambition was spurred on by the poverty which drags down the little mind."

"Was his name Penlyn?" I exclaimed. "Wasn't he seized with a brain fever on the eve of taking his degree? I think I have heard his history mentioned as a warning against over-application?"

"He was, poor fellow!" continued the old man; "and from that fever, which kept him for weeks suspended over the brink of the grave, he awoke to worse than death—to helpless idiotcy. He was taken to Italy, but all was of no avail; he seemed to pine for his native hills, and they brought him home; and the servants of the big house wept, as I have

heard, to see their young master in so pitiful a state. His only pleasure was to put on his Oxford gown, and roam about alone among the fields.

"It nearly broke his mother's heart at first, but she lived through it, and after a time bore the sore blow with a holy patience which only Heaven could have sent her. She nursed him like an infant, and would have tended him with the ever-watchful care of a guardian angel, but another grief still awaited her to wean her heart still more from earth to heaven. But it was her father's will, who was in heaven, and she bore this too. For he would not now rest as before in the grand but gloomy chambers of his father's house, but would hurry out to the mountains, where he would lie on his back on some point, and watch the passing clouds as if he was conversing with the angels, for hours together. Often he would wander down to the beach and speak to the waves as if he was addressing a stormy multitude, but oftener still he would stroll amongst the abbey ruins, and spend half the day in digging up the chapel floor, in scraping the moss from some carved corbel, or in examining the wall stones as if in search of some hidden spring.

"Some said this arose from the thought of his mother's poverty weighing upon his heart; others, that it was but an half-effaced remembrance of his old enthusiasm for Gothic architecture; but to me there was always something intensely touching in seeing one whose soul was already in heaven so intent on the past, when to him the present was dark undefined night, and the future an unknown country.

"Here, even at the early dawn, I could find him kneeling on the cold earth, the tears of joy running down his poor pale cheeks, as the sun, to him a newly-created world, rose slowly over the east window.

"But still more often the dreams of an ambition, lost for ever, would seem to press on his thoughts, and he would sit on the river's banks till nightfall drew on, gazing with lacklustre eyes on a book in some strange character. *Æschylus*, I think I heard his mother call it (I nodded assent), which he always kept in his bosom.

"And I've known my father, when he's been sitting there, striving, as it were, against fate, turn away his head to hide the large tears running down his cheeks; for, indeed, it was a pitiful sight, and my father felt for him the more because he knew he was the last of an old stock descended from the King of Powisland, and known half the country over.

"Mr. Penlyn was always silent, and seemed with knitted brow ever trying to collect his scattered and wandering thoughts, and resume the suspended projects of his earlier life. More than once an old college friend came to see him, and then he looked thoughtful, bent his head as if trying to remember faces he had seen before, smiled faintly, and again rested his eyes on his book, and wandered forth on a ramble.

"I often found him bending over the water as if holding communion with some spirit within its depth, or in our sunny orchard, stretched out beneath a shady tree, one hand under his head, and the other clasping his *Æschylus* still open to his heart."

"I think," said I, apologising for the interruption—"I think he was employed in a translation of *Æschylus* when the hand of Heaven smote him."

"Very like. Perhaps, as I was saying, Heaven granted him glimpses, in these short slumbers, of eternal peace; for if he awoke suddenly at the

sound of my foot, or the loud song of a bird in some adjoining tree, he would start up, fall on his knees, and point in rapture to the sky.

"All these things made a deep impression on my boyish mind, and I soon learnt to regard him with a love mixed with awe, and I would bring him food into the field, and help him as he toiled at his useless digging. He soon learnt to know, and even to love me. He would run to meet me, wait for me as I went afield, and, occasionally, even call for me at my father's house. My mother always kept a vacant seat for him, for she used to say, good woman, that it made her heart bleed to see one well born so grievously afflicted. He kept his mattock in a corner of our room, from whence he would take it at regular and never-forgotten hours.

"Such were his habits when I first knew him. He loved me, he knew not why. I loved him, as a boy might an infant brother. It was just such an evening as this, I remember it well, and we were all seated at our evening meal, when he entered looking more anxious and thoughtful than usual; a wild light, I thought, seemed to gleam in his soulless eyes.

"'God be with thee, Mr. Penlyn,' said my father, respectfully bowing and rising from his chair to make room for him at the board.

"'Be seated, good Mr. ——. I know not your name; but 'tis well. I came to borrow a crowbar and an axe, for I dreamt last night of a treasure under the chapel window, and I go to prove the truth of God's voice.'

"An involuntary smile crept over my father's face, but he was a warm-hearted man, and he stifled it at the birth.

"'Owen,' he said, in a low voice to me, 'follow Mr. Penlyn, and help him to carry the tools,—humour him, poor fellow!'

"In silence I followed him to the chapel. The sun was just sinking in the west, and shed a solemn light over the grey ruin.

"My friend paused for a moment as if in recollection, and then in a deep voice said to me, pointing to a spot beneath a half-defaced rood-cross carved on the wall, 'Twas here where the finger on the tomb pointed to me. In God's name and the great statue's, dig!' And so saying, he struck the crowbar into the ground with great violence.

"It might have been that my mind was nervously excited, for I fancied it sounded hollow, and echoed to the stroke. We worked steadily on, and in half an hour's hard toil had dug a hole of some depth.

"'My bar strikes something hard,' I cried.

"A few minutes more, and I reached and drew forth a rusty iron casket of large size, half decayed by time, and through whose broken side streamed forth a shower of silver coin. We both shouted for joy, and my poor friend clutched a handful in rapture. 'All was over,' was his cry, and 'Penlyn is restored.'

"'Twas all disclosed. It had been the thought of his life, one that, perhaps, driving him to insanity, had survived even the wreck of reason—to raise his mother from poverty, and restore the ruined house of Penlyn.

"A few more strokes of the pickaxe disclosed a small vaulted recess—perhaps originally connected by subterranean passages with the abbot's lodging—in which were several gold vessels of curious workmanship and great value, probably buried here at the time of the dissolution of monasteries. My astonishment was unbounded; but Penlyn seemed to have anticipated

the truth of his heaven-sent dream. I had come but to humour the caprice of an 'innocent,' and here was I utterly confounded by the results exceeding all that a sober judgment could have anticipated.

"I need hardly describe the surprise of my father, or the wonder of the townsmen, who were inclined to see in it something 'passing man's judgment.' The event to a superstitious mind seemed to be like a red comet from the heavens foreboding the future, and my father himself refused any share of such heaven-sent treasure, and only kept a few of the smaller coins as a remembrance of so extraordinary an event.

"Again the family of Penlyn looked up, and again the broad lands widened round the old mansion. But my poor friend drooped after this, as if blasted by the communication of a secret from Heaven; he drooped and grew weaker and weaker; but still he visited daily his old haunts, and strolled with fond interest round the scene of the treasure-finding.

"The early days of January, 1785, were wild and stormy, and one night in particular the wind roared with surging thunder among the leafless trees, and our house shook to its very foundation in the hurricane. I went early to the chapel, and there, beneath the ruins of a fallen wall, his mattock still clutched in his small white hand, and the well-known *Æschylus*, all wet with rain near him, lay my poor friend. He was quite dead; but a smile played about his lips, as if reason had returned as death smote his frail body and sent it unsummoned before its merciful Judge. May we meet again in heaven!—His body lies under a plain stone in Dolgelly churchyard."

The old man wiped a tear from his eye as he concluded, and I, unwilling to stifle the generous emotion of the o'er-fraught heart, slipped a coin into his hand (I won't tell you how much, reader), and set forth a sadder, and I trust, therefore, a wiser man, for Barmouth.

H E S T E R S O M E R S E T.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER X.

HESTER SOMERSET HAS TURNED ARTIST.—HER DEFORMED LOVER.

HAPPY spirit of the young, though frail and easily bowed down as the reed, yet elastic also as that! the winds of misfortune pass not to rend or to shatter, as the storm crushes the tree of sterner manhood; for the reed stoops to earth, and rises again with its soft feathery blossoms uninjured, and ready to drink once more the fragrant dews of even.

Who is joyful again? Who smiles in that little room, the white-curtained window of which looks down into the squalid street? Perseverance is Hester's great virtue; she is one never to sink—never to relax in her endeavours—never to despair. Perseverance! best friend of man in hours of mischance. Perseverance! that conquers when valour fails;

that performs so oft what genius cannot achieve—the sister of Hope, and the mother of Success.

Hester, seated at her table, was bending over a sheet of drawing-paper, for she had resolved on turning artist. Her natural talent for drawing had been early cultivated. At Brookland Hall, when a mere child, we introduced her studying her art; then she laid on the magic tints, and made the breathing paper emulate Nature's beauties, for amusement only. The time had arrived when she must do this for bread. The time had arrived when her father's fate, his very life, seemed to depend upon the efforts of her pencil.

Yet happy looked Hester now, stooping at her employment, and beautiful as she was happy. The tear recently shed had left no stain on those soft cheeks; they might have been thinner than in years past, but the excitement of far-looking visions spread over them a rosy glow. Her deep-blue eyes beamed with liquid light, like those delicious patches of heaven seen in April when showers have ceased falling. Her head did not now, as once, throw down its luxuriant ringlets on the drawing-paper, half-concealing the picture. The shining hair was wound back from the forehead, and bound in a mass behind. No necklace adorned her throat; no golden trinkets, which women love, sparkled on her bosom; poverty forbade this: but, instead, Nature's snow shone there; the blue wandering veins marked the satin-like skin, and the soft breast beat and beat, every throb telling of the goodness of the young heart beneath; every pulse speaking of virtue.

On the table beside Hester lay two or three pieces in water-colours—pictures of fruits and flowers, a description of painting in which she evinced no ordinary talent. A subject of a more ambitious nature now occupied her; it was a landscape in oil-colours. Fancy or recollection assisted the young artist, for she had no original from which to make a copy. Already a farm-house stood out upon the canvas, such as farm-houses appear in the county of Norfolk, consisting of a low, sloping, thatched roof, narrow windows, the diamond-shaped panes being set in lead, and a rude wooden porch, half buried in a mass of creeping plants; next a field, with its quickset hedge, appeared, the tenants being a cow, a pony, and a goat; but in one corner of the field something now like a human being seemed to grow gradually into life—something which the artist touched and re-touched, between each effort placing down the brush, as if the task demanded her utmost skill, or deeply affected her feelings. There was a round coarse jacket, and on the feet were heavy hobnailed shoes; but the figure was symmetrical and erect; the cap lay upon the ground; one hand held a spade, but the implement appeared to be dropping from it; the other firmly grasped a book. All this was drawn; the open throat, too, was completed, but where were the features?—a blank still remained for them. Hester's breath came quick, and she leant back, her hands lying in her lap, and the lashes falling over her eyes. She was not busy endeavouring to recal an image, for that image was stamped on her brain and heart too deeply ever to require an effort to revive it. She was struggling against her emotions. Her hand would not be steady. She was unable to guide the brush.

The girl rose, spoke to her canary-bird, and watered her flowers. Gradually her spirit became composed—now she would try. Carefully, slowly, was the outline traced; crisp black curl after curl encircled the

high intellectual brow of the peasant-boy; the beautiful Roman nose—the firm resolute mouth—again the hand began to tremble, and lose its command. Leaning back in her chair, and dashing the fast-gathering tears from her eyes, she began to sing. At first her voice was low and tremulous, but it gradually gained strength and volume. The canary, too, in emulation apparently of its mistress, piped its clear shrill notes. A half an hour passed, and the fair form again bent over the canvas. The feelings were subdued now, the difficulty was conquered, the task was achieved! The peasant-boy, Ernest Banks, breathed in the picture, and the likeness to him whose memory seemed Hester's second existence was strikingly correct.

The sun had not set when that little landscape, which had occupied her during several days, received the last touch. And there silently gazed the girl on her own finished creation. Motionless and scarcely breathing, she looked like a Diana contemplating, in the hushed calm of twilight, the sleeping form of her beloved Carian youth; or, like a nun, bending her head in pensive devotion before the symbol of her faith.

While Hester had been thus employed, another person, in the room below, had likewise been practising his art. A wide difference existed between the feelings of Hester and those of Flemming in relation to their respective studies. The one regarded painting as a means of livelihood, and of raising a certain amount of money for an important purpose; the other studied music for its own sake, fed and revelled on the luxury of sounds, his very soul appearing to have entered into and animated the instrument which he played.

But the long arms of the hunchback had ceased to draw the bow, whose quivering touch, like the wand of an enchanter, could wake into life the viewless spirits of harmony. Unknown to his blind mother, he was crouched upon his stool near the door, which he held half-open. His black, prominent eyes, which glittered in striking contrast with his colourless face, were directed to the landing outside. He sat there patiently, but having only one object in so doing—the mere hope of seeing Hester pass down the stairs. He did not intend to accost her, for his heart had never mustered sufficient courage to do that; he would be content simply with looking at her, and breathing after her a prayer that Heaven would continue to shield her, and grant success to an undertaking which, to all human calculations, appeared hopeless.

Hour after hour passed: the blind woman had fallen asleep in the corner, and still Flemming continued at his post. He held a small nosegay in his hand—for no opportunity had been given him that day of placing it in Hester's room—the flowers, in the hot straining grasp, had withered, and they fell over the long lank fingers, their freshness and beauty gone. The hunchback gazed on them, smiling bitterly, as he shook their limp leaves and miserable petals, and then he flung them upon the floor. Such was he, thought the poor wayward being, in the hands of destiny: a crushed, bowed, withered-up thing; and it was fitting that men, too, should cast him in contempt away.

Flemming stooped forwards, and placed his ear against the wall to listen. Hester did not move, and all was silence, except that occasionally were heard the coarse tongues of some lodgers on the floor beneath. Her light step now crossed the room, and his heart palpitated. Presently she

commenced that sweet air which we described her as singing for the purpose of tranquillising her feelings. As Flemming listened to the low gushing voice, which, soft as a silver bell, rang from the squalid apartment, his emotion increased. All sensibility, all fire, and possessing little power of governing the passions, that poor deformed was a very martyr to the impulses of the spirit. His lips open, his eyes straining, and his lean, misshapen body bent forward, he drank in the sounds, as though each note were intoxication, or a maddening poison which he was compelled to swallow.

Hester, having finished her painting, was now going out on an errand. Her door opened—her step was on the stairs. Flemming heard, tremblingly impatient, but did not move from the position he had taken. Lightly tripped down the girl, her straw hat half-covering her beautiful hair, and her shawl around her. She reached the hunchback's room, and perceiving him in his doorway, started back a few steps, uttering an involuntary exclamation, for that spectacle was one more calculated to excite fear, than even to raise pity in the breast of a woman. The trembling, shapeless limbs; the white face, at times expressively handsome, but now wild and haggard; the eyes gleaming with an unnatural fire; the look of despair breathing from the whole countenance: these formed a sad—an appalling picture, which well might cause Hester to shrink and hurry away with quickened step.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT HOSPITAL ACROSS THE WATER.

As the wayfarer passes up Blackfriars-road, and pauses by the Obelisk, raised, it is presumed, in proud imitation and rivalry of the great Obelisks of Luxor, that tower over the Theban ruins by the "sedgy Nile," he finds himself in the centre of six roads, several of which lead directly to the great metropolitan bridges. His eye, at this point, is irresistibly attracted by the architectural magnificence of a very noble building. A lofty dome, pierced by long-arched windows, is the distinguishing portion which, in the distance, he beholds; and, at first, he feels almost inclined to believe that the cupola of St. Paul's has, by some magical power, been suddenly transported across the water. Passing down Lambeth-road, in which thoroughfare the edifice is situated, he approaches a vast umbrageous area planted with trees and flowers, and fenced around by lofty iron rails embedded in blocks of granite. He looks within, and, if it be spring or summer, nothing will be more fresh and exhilarating than the scene. No square in the aristocratic West End surpasses in neatness and beauty these gardens. In front of the building spreads a large circular grass-plot, shaven close, and green as an emerald, a wide gravelled walk stretching around it, from the stone lodge at the entrance, to the portico of the house. On the right and left, the grass forms an extensive sweep, relieved by beds filled with choice flowers; while trees of various descriptions, from the laurel and silver fir to the ash and lime, beautify the grounds, and offer their grateful shade.

All this is rendered doubly pleasing and delightful, inasmuch as the

scene, though not in the most thickly-populated district, is still in dusty, smoky, busy London, some of the very worst and most squalid streets lying in the immediate neighbourhood.

But the edifice itself now strikes the beholder. The size is at once apparent, and much exceeds that of the National Gallery, or the Royal Palace at Pimlico. Yet the magnitude of the building does not detract from its beauty. The far-stretching balustraded wings are in perfect harmony with the grand centre. The Ionic portico of six columns, surmounted by a handsome pediment, in the tympanum of which are displayed the royal arms, has a very airy and elegant effect. Immediately above rises the majestic dome already alluded to.

And who occupies this edifice? or for what design was it raised? Curious questioner, do not start, do not turn aside in dissatisfaction, and say, "Can so much beauty be appropriated to such a purpose?" It is not a house of justice; it is not a convent of nuns, fast increasing as convents are in England; it is not a musical hall; it is not a theatre—it is a hospital for the diseased in spirit—it is a madhouse!

A madhouse—the very word chills our hearts; we can enter, without being appalled, a hospital where bodily tortures wring the sufferers, and death seems to breathe in every low and stifled groan. But to walk through the place where the inmates exhibit the sickness of the soul, the godlike intellect wrapped in darkness, we shrink with a feeling somewhat akin to that we might experience if brought in contact with disembodied spirits.

Away! it is an illusion—a morbid fancy that cheats us: there is nothing in the spectacle of our ruined brother which should excite such sentiments. Pity, treat kindly, but fear not the insane.

Bethlem Hospital, which derives its name from the Convent of Bethlehem, founded in 1247, by Fitz Mary, a citizen of London, on the north side of the Thames, is one of the most famous institutions of its class in England. The arrangements now, and the treatment of the insane, differ very widely from the system prevailing even forty years ago. Then chains clanked, and the frequent scourge raised dolorous cries through the galleries and cells of those melancholy abodes.* In the present day mildness and persuasion, rather than force, characterise the treatment here, as well as elsewhere. The men, those at least whose insanity is of a harmless description, are allowed to amuse themselves in divers ways; they play at trap-ball and leap-frog in the airing-grounds: the women are encouraged to employ their time in needlework; and occasionally the younger ones may be seen, on a fine evening, on the great grass-plot in front, practising those dances which, unforgotten amidst the wanderings of a clouded intellect, have still power to charm the female heart.

But we must not suppose, because all smiles and beauty without, Bethlem Hospital within manifests little now but scenes of tranquillity and happiness. Those iron bars which fence all the windows in the male

* The great reform in English lunatic asylums began in 1816. The following is an extract from the Report of the Committee appointed by parliament to investigate the treatment practised in these prisons prior to 1814:—"One of the side rooms in the women's gallery contained ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them merely to stand up to the bench fixed against the wall. They were dressed only in blanket gowns, the feet being naked."

and female wings, for so are the extreme portions of the building termed, betray that the mad there will shatter and destroy. Those massy stone cells in the basement story, appropriated to the furious, send forth still, in the dead of night, howlings that may well freeze the blood. The long galleries on the second floor contain the hopeless and melancholy, whose faces, looking as if turned to stone, chill the beholder into awe.

It was about three in the afternoon, at the date of our narrative, when a young woman presented herself at the gates of the asylum. The grounds then were not so extensive as they are at present, nor was the lodge, which we now see, built. The woman appeared well known to the porter, and he silently admitted her. She was dressed in mourning, and her eyes expressed a deep, but quiet sorrow—the woman was come to see her husband. In a few minutes another person followed—a man. His worn and haggard look betrayed a grief very different from the sorrow of the woman. His soul was the prey of remorse, and he visited the place to inquire respecting a young girl whom he had loved, but forsaken; his conduct towards her had destroyed her intellect.

A pause ensued, during which the porter sat on his bench in the sun. He had long ago ceased to be affected by the anguish of the visitors, or the scenes of woe and fear which took place within the walls. So there he sat, admiring a flower with which he had garnished the button-hole of his coat, knocking his heels together, or humming a low song.

The porter arose with his keys, for another applicant for admission stood at the iron gate. The old man smiled now as he espied a young face between the bars, fresh as the freshest flowers he could boast in his gay asylum-garden, yet pale and sorrowful, too, as they appear when drooping in the moonlight, all steeped with the tears of night.

“So, miss, you are come again, are you? Ah! I fear I let you in too often.”

“The matron will not be angry, nor any person here, I am sure,” said Hester. “I have a written order for admission.”

“Oh! I don’t doubt your order,” said the porter. “Come in, my dear young lady; it does one’s heart good to see you; the image you are of my own poor child, who, if she were living now, would be just your age. Heaven restore your poor mother, my dear; they say——”

“What?” asked Hester, eagerly.

“That she’s better.”

“Heaven bless you!” cried Hester, taking the old man’s hand between her two little ones. The girl’s heart was full, and she hurried towards the asylum.

CHAPTER XII.

HESTER AT BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

How small looked the slender figure of Hester as she mounted the stone steps, and paused for an instant beneath the lofty portico! She entered the hall where the two fine statues of “Raving and Melancholy Madness”—the work of Cibber for the old hospital—looked down upon the visitor. But Hester was familiar with the place, so she commenced at once ascending the stairs to the second floor, where patients whose insanity is of a harmless nature are confined.

Meantime, we will glance down one of the galleries, some of which are of great length, opening on each side into rooms and dormitories. We are induced to follow the woman in black, who had arrived at the hospital a short time before Hester. She paused before a cell, the occupant of which was affected at times with fits of madness of a furious description, and therefore he was lodged on the basement floor. The woman now, with her dark veil thrown back from her face, sat tranquilly on the outside of the bars, looking at her husband. The man within was walking to and fro, and did not appear to notice her. His garments were composed of a coarse stuff, like sackings, so that the material being very strong he was unable to rend them. His beard was long, for he would allow no one to shave him. Beheld in certain positions, his face was handsome, and had a highly intellectual cast. In a corner of the cell lay a bundle of green rushes, for he was continually calling for rushes, and when the keepers refused to supply him he became furious. Stooping now, he gathered up a few in his long fingers, and began busily weaving them into a circlet. In a few minutes his task was completed, and the maniac, placing his rush crown proudly on his head, strode up to the front of the bars.

"Yes, I will wear it," he cried, exultingly. "If the world will not crown me with the bays of Parnassus, I will crown myself. Petrarch was crowned by the senate in the eternal city of Rome; and for what?—inditing a few love-songs—childish, idle rhymes—ha! ha! ha!—songs one might write in a few minutes at the breakfast-table. Oh! monstrous absurdity! and I who have toiled for years on works of philosophy, written dramas, romances, and poems longer than the *"Paradise Lost,"* have gained no crown, no applause, am not even known to exist."

Rage began to gather in his flashing eyes, and he struck the floor with his foot.

"But here is my crown! I say I will crown myself. Ha! you are the company, are you," he added, looking at his wife, "come to witness this coronation, this apotheosis? Well, what do you see? Where is the king? where are the ministers of state? I am to be the Petrarch of England." He suddenly turned around, tearing the rush circlet from his brow. "Away! this is not fitting: I am mocked; the world will not admit my claims; the critics jeer at me; people will not look into my books to judge for themselves. They are hoodwinked, led like mere children, and told to admire a few poor idle drivellers—authors without genius, education, or brains; and I must write, toil, and die, unknown, without a monument, without an epitaph, without a tear on my grave!"

He clenched his hand, and, raising it in the air, shook it at some imaginary object, and then the unhappy man rushed around his cell, howling incessantly as he went.

"I must die unknown, without a monument, without an epitaph, without a tear on my grave!"

"Walter!" said the wife, mildly, lifting her finger, and looking fixedly at him—"Walter!"

"Who calls?" cried the man, stopping in his swift circles; "I know that voice: what do you want?"

"You are mistaken, dear Walter; your works *are* read; you have a name; you have renown in the world."

"A name! renown! No, no, these are not for me: and yet I pant for them—I die to gain them."

"I speak the truth; you are renowned," said the persevering wife, "only you will not believe it."

"Now, you make my heart leap within me," exclaimed the poor maniac, a smile breaking over his worn and pallid face.

"Why, look, Walter! in confirmation of my words, I bring this book; it is your 'Treatise on the Fixed Stars.'"

"Oh, my 'Treatise on the Fixed Stars!' Nobody looks at it, because it is not written by Herschel."

"But they do look at it. And here is another—your long Oriental poem, 'The Pilgrim of India.'"

"Ay, ay; the same answer will do for that—it was not written by Pope or Byron."

"Both books, Walter, have sold rapidly of late, so that they have now reached a second edition."

The words "second edition," which had never before sounded in the neglected author's ears, in connexion with his own works, had a magical effect upon him. He sprang to the bars, his face radiant with smiles, and his limbs trembling with joy.

"A second edition!" he cried breathlessly. "Is it true? Are they, then, at length beginning to discover that an obscure man may possess a little talent? My works sell—sell?—reach a second edition? I cannot believe it."

The wife, who had practised a harmless deception, by causing the words "second edition" to be stamped on the title-page of the books named, presented them through the grate. The insane author looking at them, and espying the welcome words, fell into a fit of rapture and ecstatic happiness, which even conveyed a pleasure to the wife's desolate heart.

Neglected author! farewell, poor broken reed! the immortal intellect thus crushed by injustice, and darkened by despair. The intoxication of sudden renown is said sometimes to turn the brain; the opposite extreme drove thee mad. What now may bind up thy wounds? what bring back the glorious visions of poetry, and the warm gushings of love? The enchanter's wand is shivered—the fountain is dried for ever.

But we must follow Hester to the second story, where the quiet and harmless patients are lodged, and where insanity takes a gentle form which deprives it of its terror. The rooms opening into the galleries are of a more cheerful description; no straw, no clanking chain, no scourge, are found here as in ancient days; but neat pallets, chairs, and tables are seen, with books, draft-boards, skeleton-maps, and other things calculated to engage and soothe the minds of the various inmates.

As we pass along, we see the young man who had followed the woman in black into the asylum. His heart is relieved of a part of its load, and his late haggard features are softened and tranquil. The girl he had loved, but deserted from mercenary views, is daily improving; she has raved less of his cruelty; her thoughts have more coherence, and her affections seem wandering back to their former channel; she now leans on his arm, and her sleepless eyes, that lately burned with fire, are filled with tears. Low, soft, endearing words are breathing from her lips, which assume again their fresh coral hue. How plaintively fall those tender accents!

"My heart was broken, but it may yet heal if you never forsake me again. You were a heaven to my miserable lost soul, and still I am yours, only yours, in time and eternity. My brain wanders—I am mad—I am lifted above the earth—but still my madness is love for you. Then say you will not fly from me; let me live here, here in your bosom, my home, my palace, my defence, my all. And if you will not take me as a wife, let me be your servant—a faithful dog following your footsteps—a bird—anything rather than be sent away. Do not, oh, do not cast me from you!"

Then the fair arms were thrown around him, and passionate entreaties were poured forth, with the wild apostrophes of the still unsettled spirit. Woman! beautiful thou art in thy lovely and loving nature, even in madness. The intellect may be a wreck, the high aims of life forgotten, and religion blotted out from the frenzied soul, but what shall quench the enduring spark of the affections?

Hester crept towards the door of the small room in which her mother was confined. The people of the asylum well knew her, and therefore she had been allowed to pass unquestioned. The door in a few minutes was opened by the nurse.

Mrs. Somerset, we have elsewhere observed, had always been in her deportment tranquil and reserved, while her beauty was of that description which may be termed the dignified. She appeared now to be in a state of apathy, leaning back in an easy chair, with her feet on a stool. Her cheek was colourless; her hand, which dropped over the chair-arm, was cold as ice; and her eyes listlessly wandered from object to object. She rarely whispered to herself, as the insane are accustomed to do; nor were any gestures made by her, except that occasionally she would raise her right hand, and wave it imperiously, as if repulsing some object; at the same time, her face would assume a severe, even fierce, expression, and she would mutter, "Fiend, fiend! thine is not love!" These were the only intelligible words she had spoken for a month, but they had been repeated every day.

Such was Mrs. Somerset, still stately in her bearing, and handsome in her person, though the fine threads of the brain had become entangled, and the mind paralysed by suffering, the work of him who sought revenge, and had gained it—Roland Hartley.

Hester approached without speaking, and seated herself close by the chair of her mother. She glanced at her by stealth, and asked questions in whispers of the nurse. A slight but favourable change seemed to have taken place in the invalid; her manner was less abstracted, and there was more intelligence in the expression of the face. For a very long period the mother had not returned any direct or reasonable reply to the daughter's inquiries, and she seemed to have lost all recollection of events, persons, and things, being dead to the living world.

"Mother!" Hester ventured to say, taking the hand of ice, and kissing it.

That word, associated in woman's heart with so many sweet and holy feelings, evidently affected Mrs. Somerset, for she raised her head, and, gazing around, faintly exclaimed,

"Mother! What does that mean? Who calls?"

The gentle appeal was repeated.

"I know that voice. Girl, who are you? What do you want?"

This gleam of reviving sense filled Hester's heart with hope and pleasure.

"I am your daughter—your child, Hester."

"Hester!" said the poor woman, placing her hand on her forehead, and beating rapidly with her fingers, like one who strives to rouse dormant memory. "I think I have heard that name before. Yes, Brookland Hall—Hartley—no, Hugh, Hugh."

"Hugh," repeated Hester, desirous of leading her on to talk of Mr. Somerset. "Father is quite well."

"Who is well? I wish I was, for I never sleep. Ten thousand figures are dancing before my eyes, and a fire is always burning here—here, in my brain."

"You sleep at night, dear mother?"

"I never close my eyes. I have not slept for two years. Oh, no!—I shall never sleep again." She lifted both her hands, and repeated: "Never sleep again, until my bed is the grave."

There was a pause; Hester leant forward, and covered her face; she then heard her mother move a few steps from her chair, and, turning, saw her gesticulating in the manner already mentioned. Alas! a lucid interval was not yet come. The unhappy woman waved her hand, slowly moving backwards as she spoke:

"Hypocrite! I defy thee! Monster! work out thy revenge! All the fiends below have entered into thy soul—but I defy thee!"

Her hands, as if suddenly arrested, remained above her head; her teeth were set; her black eyes were dilated, and darted fire; her high brow contracting, seemed to speak indignation; her look was beautifully terrific—the look of the Pythia, when, on the Delphian tripod, she delivered her oracles in passionate inspiration and poetic madness.

The daughter approached the mother, as the latter stood in that fixed attitude; and the young, fragile girl hung upon her arm, and looked piteously into her face.

"Be calm, mother—you remember me now."

The stately lady looked down upon her child with a meaningless stare. The large eyes were fixed upon her, yet Hester did not turn away in fear. Gradually the eyes resigned their ferocious expression, and the pallid face of the maniac stooped nearer. The lips moved, but the low murmurs did not shape themselves into articulate words. A softened expression stole over the countenance, and the arms falling slowly enfolded the form of Hester. The light of old affection was gleaming through the mists of forgetfulness; the heart was struggling with the brain. Close, more closely, the parent strained her child to her breast;—in spite of rebel Reason, omnipotent Nature claimed her sway; and Mrs. Somerset found in Hester something she had known and lost, though unconscious where—something which she loved, yet knew not why.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE TROBADOURS.*

As the vast fabric of the empire of the Cæsars crumbled to pieces before the inroads of successive invaders, the two principles of civilisation and barbarism were brought face to face, and, while the latter gained the physical victory, the moral superiority of the former was soon felt far beyond the limits of Roman provinces. In the general fusion of races, which immediately followed, the degree of social refinement depended upon the proportion of the Roman element of civilisation, and was, therefore, greater as it approached nearer the seat of the Roman power: it was marked by the general adoption of the language of the conquered, derived immediately from Rome. The Neo-Latin dialects, thus formed, prevailed throughout Italy, the Spanish peninsula, and Gaul. Beyond these limits, towards the west and north, where the various Teutonic dialects held undisputed sway, society presented a harsher and less refined tone, but in the sequel, perhaps, a more healthy one. Singularly enough, this harsher spirit got possession of the Church, which, during the middle ages, exhibited almost universally a feeling hostile to civilisation.

It was amid the beautiful scenery, and beneath the mild climate of the Roman provinces of Narbona, opening upon the Mediterranean sea to the south, between the Alps and the Pyrenees, and known in subsequent ages by the general appellation of Provence, that the remains of Roman refinement seem to have held their ground longest, amid the general wreck that surrounded them. It was there that the language preserved with least change the forms of its Roman prototype; there, still, are found many of the noblest monuments of Roman art; and there was long cherished that unyielding hostility to the barbarised form of Romish Christianity, which caused it to be regarded by the medieval Church as a mere nest of pestilential heresy. There, too, existed a literature strongly distinguished from that of the cloister in an age when the coarse asceticism of the monastery appeared everywhere to have chilled the hearts of those who professed to hold the genial humanising faith of the Saviour.

In the decline of the Roman power, the greater portion of this district was occupied by the Visigoths; of all the Teutonic tribes the most apt for civilisation, and the one which most readily adopted the Roman manners. The fourth in succession of their chiefs, the first Theodoric, lent his arm successfully to shield Rome from the invasion of Attila, and left his body among the hundreds of thousands who fell in the terrible battle of Châlons. On his son, of the same name, history has conferred the title of Theodoric the Great. The Burgundians, who followed the Visigoths into these parts, also embraced with alacrity the civilisation which offered itself to them. The Franks came in last, one of the least cultivated of the German tribes, and gradually, during the sixth century, effected the conquest of the Burgundians and Goths; and the period which followed was anything but favourable to the progress of social im-

* *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale.* Par C. Fauriel. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1846.

provement. For some time, Provence remained an integral portion of the empire of the Carlovings; but as that empire was also weakened and broken, this part of Gaul obtained its independence, under a number of feudal chiefs, who were in character essentially medieval, but still preserving in their domestic manners much of that politeness and refinement which must be ascribed to Roman, and perhaps, also, in some measure, to Saracenic influence.

The leisure of the feudal lord and his knights must have hung heavy upon their hands, for feudal life was, above all others, unceasingly monotonous. The chief pastime of their unconverted forefathers had been hard drinking, during which they told boastful tales of their own valour, or listened to the exploits of those mythic heroes, whose history had been handed down from generation to generation. When we become more intimately acquainted with the social life of the castle, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we find that the chess-board, the dance, and a number of games, mostly of a childish character, helped to give a little variety to such amusements. The ardent spirited inhabitants of the south required more exciting diversions; and a peculiar form had been given to these by the traditional refinement of manners before mentioned. From a few expressions which lie scattered through the pages of monkish writers, we learn that, even in their worst times, the natives of Provence loved the dance and the song, and that they were distinguished by a tone of gallantry which contrasts strongly with the habitual ferocity of barbaric life, but which was regarded with no indulgent eye by the monkish writers alluded to. Under the counts of Provence, this taste for gallantry was matured into a system which might vie with the polite affectation of the age of Louis XIV. By one general assent, love became with the Provençal knight his entire occupation, when not engaged in the field—love, carried on according to prescribed forms and rules, was the game with which every one was expected to be acquainted, and in its language, poetry, he was expected to converse. It was this circumstance which gave its distinguishing character to the literature of Provence. The poetry of the trobadours is chiefly of a lyric form, and may be divided into two classes—songs of strife and songs of love, of which the latter is by much the most extensive. That love and poetry were inseparable, was a fundamental doctrine: “No man can be a good poet if he be not in love,” says the trobadour Elias Cairels:

Nulhs hom non pot ben chantar
Sens amar.

And we shall find repeatedly, if we look through their lives, that the trobadours dated the rise of their poetic talent from the time of their first amorous adventures. “Giraud le Roux,” says his ancient biographer, “was a courteous and good composer of songs; he fell in love with the countess, daughter of his feudal lord, and the love he cherished for her taught him poetry.”

There was a curious difference between the two great families of the Teutonic and Neo-Latin languages in the appellation given to the poet. In the former, it was derived from a verb, which signified *to create*, in the latter, from one signifying *to find*; and thus, with the Saxons and Germans, poetry was a creation, while with the Provençals and French it was an invention, and the poets were called (according to the dialect)

trobadors, or *trouvères*, persons who invent. These *trobadors*, or *trouvères*, were in general wild, restless, extravagant fellows, like too many of their descendants in later times, and this character became still more strongly impressed by the mode of life which their profession entailed upon them. A poet now profits by the sale of his book; but a *trobador* of the olden time had no other means of publishing his compositions to the world but by wandering from court to court, and reciting them himself. A numerous class of society throughout Europe lived in this manner, repeating from house to house their own works, or those of others, which they had committed to memory, and they were everywhere honoured and rewarded by their hearers. This was the practice in Provence, as well as in other countries; but there, from the peculiar state of society we have just described, there appeared another and totally different class of poets—a knightly race, who composed, not for gain, but with the object of insulting their enemies, or, more frequently, with that of paying their court to their ladies. These are the *trobadors* of whom we would more especially speak on the present occasion, for it is to them chiefly we owe the love-songs and the biting and satirical *sirventes*, the class of literature more peculiarly that of the *trobadors*.

Literature, among this class of *trobadors*, had a totally different value from that which it possessed in the hands of the wandering minstrel. The latter was ever regarded as belonging to a servile caste, and, though rewarded and patronised, he was not allowed a position of familiarity with his worldly superiors. For him, literary talent procured food and clothing, but with the poor or inferior knightly *trobador* it stood in the place of riches, and even of rank, and he associated freely with all that was great and noble. Giraud le Roux, already mentioned as having fallen in love with the daughter of his feudal lord, the Count of Toulouse, was the son of a poor knight. The adventures of the lady were, however, in this instance, much more remarkable than those of her lover. In 1147 she accompanied her father to Syria, where she was taken prisoner by the Saracens, and became an inmate of the seraglio of Noureddeen, Prince of Aleppo, who eventually made her his wife; and after the death of her husband, she governed for some time the little kingdom of Aleppo as guardian of her infant son. After the departure of his lord and his mistress for the crusades, Giraud le Roux appears to have given up the life of a courtier, and to have thrown himself upon the world in the character of a wandering jongleur.

Bernard de Ventadour, one of the most eminent of the Provençal poets of the twelfth century, was the son of a menial servant in the castle from which he took his name. The court of the Viscount of Ventadour was at that time celebrated for its literary splendour; and his lord, Ebles III., gave every encouragement to a youth who attracted attention equally by the beauty of his person and by his poetic talents. Bernard fixed his love not on the daughter but on the wife of his feudal lord, the Viscountess of Ventadour, and he was secretly received on that equivocal footing legalised in the love code of Provençal gallantry. For this lady he composed a great number of lyric pieces, all remarkable for a gracefulness of style superior to that of most of his contemporaries. Bernard made no secret of his consciousness of this circumstance:—"It is no wonder," he says, in one of these songs, "if I sing better than any other *trobador*, since I have a heart more inclined to love, and more

pliant to its laws. Body and soul, talent and knowledge, force and power, I have put all in love; I have reserved none for any other thing." The familiarity between the lady of Ventadour and the poet at length aroused the jealousy of the viscount, who banished Bernard from his court, and confined his wife in her chamber, where she was cut off from communication with the world. Bernard quitted the Limousin, and repaired, about the year 1160, to the court of Normandy, where literature was encouraged by the duchess, Eleanor of Guienne, who four years afterwards ascended the throne of England, with her husband, Henry II. With this lady, whose son, Richard Cœur de Lion, derived from her his love of poetry, and who was at this time in the prime of her beauty, Bernard formed the same kind of *liaison* which he had been compelled to break with the Viscountess of Ventadour, but which appears, as far as we know, to have been, in this instance, without interruption. For Eleanor, as Duchess of Normandy, and Queen of England, Bernard composed some of his best songs. Two stanzas from one of them will show the sort of familiar services which it was the duty of the favoured lover to perform—he is admitted to her bedroom, and assists in undressing her:

"My lady has so much craftiness and address, that she makes me always believe that she is going to love me. She deceives me agreeably; she leads me into error by her sweet semblances. Lady, leave your craft and deceit. In whatever manner your vassal suffers, the hurt will fall upon you.

"Oh! she will do ill, my lady, unless she makes me go where she undresses herself; and unless, having permitted me to kneel beside her bed, she deigns to present me her foot, that I may untie her well-fitting shoes!"*

A few years later, Bernard de Ventadour left the court of Eleanor to revisit his native land,—to sing new songs and make new conquests,—and he took up his abode during the remainder of his life, at the court of Raymond, Count of Toulouse.

The gallantry of the trobadours led them, not unfrequently, into more daring adventures in the service of their ladies. Pierre de Maënzac, a poor knight of Auvergne, in the latter half of the twelfth century was to the wife of Bernard de Tiercy what the trobadour last mentioned had been to the Viscountess of Ventadour, and had composed many songs in her praise. Perhaps Bernard was a cruel husband; and for this, or some other reason, the lady of Tiercy allowed herself to be carried off from the castle of her lord by Pierre de Maënzac. It was a great prey for a poor knight, who had neither castle to shelter nor retainers to defend her; but fortunately he was beloved and protected by the Dauphin of Auvergne, and into one of his castles he carried his mistress. The lord of Tiercy soon discovered the place of their retreat, and demanded the restoration of his wife. But the dauphin, who (as we learn from the biographical fragments relating to the trobadours preserved in old Provençal manuscripts) was "one of the wisest and most courteous knights in the world, the most liberal, the most skilful in arms, and most knowing in love and in war," refused to give up either the ravisher or the lady. The

* We give our extracts in literal prose translations, because they are so given in French, in the book we are reviewing, and M. Fauriel never gives the originals.

result was an open war, the more serious because the Bishop of Clermont took part with the husband, and joined his forces with those of Tiercy in the invasion of Auvergne; but the dauphin defended himself well, and in the end Pierre de Maënzac was allowed to keep his prize.

Acts of violence like this were not uncommon at the period of which we are speaking, and several stories might be told remarkably characteristic of the state of society amongst these feudal chiefs. Raymbaud de Vaqueiras, a distinguished trobadour of the twelfth century, was the friend of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, one of whose vassals, and his especial friend, Boson d'Anquilar, was passionately enamoured of a young damsel named Isaldina Adhemar, but her parents refused their consent to the union, and, to put her out of his reach, placed her under the protection of Albert, Marquis of Malaspina, in whose castle she was shut up. Boson, heart-broken at the loss of his mistress, took to his bed, refusing every consolation that could be offered, and there seemed little hopes of his recovery. In this emergency, Boniface collected a few of his friends, and, accompanied by the trobadour Raymbaud, who tells the story, penetrated into the castle of Malaspina by night, and carried away the lady by force. Raymbaud relates another adventure in which he was engaged with the Marquis of Montferrat, when they carried away a lady by open daylight, as she was going to be married against her will.

In accordance with the Provençal love code to which we have just alluded, when the knight had selected his mistress, he could not be received into her favour at once, but was obliged to pass through a regular novitiate, and advance by several steps or degrees. A trobadour of the thirteenth century has limited these degrees to four; during the first of which the suitor was to pay his court in silence, without venturing to give utterance to his wishes; in the second, which was to commence with the moment when the lady gave him sufficient encouragement to allow him to speak, he was to go no further than respectfully *praying* for her good will; the third step was that in which he had prevailed so far as to be *listened to*, and was rewarded now and then with gloves, or a scarf; the last degree was that of *lover*, which the lady at length condescended to grant by the first kiss with which he had been favoured, and from this time the knight became irrevocably attached to her service. The admission to this last degree was an imposing ceremony. Kneeling before his lady, with his two hands joined between her two hands, the knight devoted himself entirely to her, swore to serve her faithfully even to death, and to guard her with all his power from hurt or from outrage. The lady, on her part, declared that she accepted his homage, pledged to him the tenderest affections of her heart, and, in sign of the union which was thenceforth established between them, she generally presented him with a ring, and with a kiss raised him from his kneeling posture. To render this ceremony still more solemn, a priest was not unfrequently introduced, who blessed the union of the lady with her suitor, and the latter was now understood to possess all her love and affections, her body alone being the property of her husband. Matrimony was thus reduced to its lowest degree of moral importance, even supposing, with M. Fauriel (which, however, is rendered very improbable by the general tone of contemporary history), that the attachment between the lady and her love were, in many cases, of a Platonic character. It was a doctrine of this school of gallantry, that love could not possibly exist in the married state,

and that if a lady subsequently married a knight who had been her lover, the love between them ceased from the moment of solemnising the nuptials. We ought, perhaps, not to be surprised at the existence of such loose notions of marriage, when we consider that in those feudal times it was seldom anything more than an interested or political union. Among the innumerable love questions which were debated in the courts of gallantry, we find one which peculiarly illustrates the doctrine just mentioned. A knight made love to a lady who was already provided with a lover, and she therefore could not listen to his suit; but, unwilling to leave him entirely without hope, she promised to take him for her knight, in case she should lose the one who already enjoyed her love. Shortly after this promise, the lady married her first lover, on which the second knight claimed the fulfilment of her promise. The lady, in surprise, said that she owed him nothing, since, so far from having lost her first lover, she had taken him for her husband. But the knight persisted, and a lady of high rank and celebrity was called upon to sit in judgment, who condemned the married woman to fulfil her promise, on the ground that she had veritably lost her first lover in making him her husband. The knight, in all such cases, was bound to keep secret the name of his lady, who was only spoken of either by some poetic name, or by some allusive phrase, known to themselves, so that when she was celebrated in the troubadour's songs, none but herself knew who was referred to.

Such was the artificial character given to social life in the land of the troubadours during the twelfth century, under the influence of which almost every knight who laid claim to a courtly education, became a poet, and the number of their love-songs, still preserved, is very considerable. The period at which this state of society arose is uncertain; but it cannot be distinctly traced further back than the twelfth century. The courts of love, which were the highest refinement of these principles of gallantry, and in which questions like that just stated were pleaded and judged, existed in the middle of that century. They probably originated in the games and amusements of the castle, in which such questions had been put and answered in sport; and it is, perhaps, to one of these games only that the Count of Poitiers, the earliest known troubadour (who wrote about 1100), refers, when he says to his lady in one of his songs, "And if you propose to me a game of love, I am not so foolish but that I know how to choose the best [question ?] rather than the bad one."

E si m'partetz un juec d'amor,
No suy tan fatz
Non sapcha triar le melhor
Entr'els malvatz.

In fact, we might easily adduce evidence of the existence of such games in countries where the courts of love, in their more perfect form, were never established. Early in the thirteenth century the poetry of the troubadours began to decline. The state of society which we have been describing, combined with the independent position which the feudal chiefs of these districts had held towards the court of Rome, had produced freedom of inquiry in religious matters, and old traditions of a less corrupt form of Christianity were gaining ground, and became what the Church of Rome looked upon as a dangerous heresy. In the sanguinary war raised by the Church under pretence of a *crusade* against the sect of the Albigensis, the fair countries where the troubadour had sung were devastated with rapine and

slaughter in their most savage forms ; and before the middle of the thirteenth century, the last sparks of poetry in Provence were extinguished by the blind bigotry of Romanism. The poets who followed were only trobadours in name—the talent which had distinguished their predecessors was fled for ever, or, in a few instances, had taken refuge in other lands. The courts of love were continued in name, but their practical application had ceased, and they gradually degenerated into poetical or rather rhyming clubs, such as were formed at a somewhat later period in Italy and Spain. The gallantry of the earlier age was continued in an equally immoral, but in a coarser form. Provence no longer offered, in its social manners, the same model of polite refinement ; but it is a difficult thing to extinguish civilisation entirely, and the spirit of refinement which had been checked in the land of the trobadours, scattered, in its departure thence, a sprinkling in almost every country in Europe. In Italy, before the end of the century, it produced the immortal Dante. In France, almost at the same time, the mystical principles of the gallantry of the trobadours were embodied in the celebrated “*Romance of the Rose*.” And in England, not quite a century later, the same spirit, derived through Italy and France, burst forth in the poetry of Chaucer.

A Latin writer, probably of the beginning of the fourteenth century, who is known only as Master Andrew the chaplain, published a collection of questions propounded in the courts of love, with the judgments given in each case, and he generally adds the names of the ladies who judged them, who all belong to the twelfth century. An example or two will best show the peculiar character of these questions, which often become too trivial to bear repeating. A young lady, possessing already a lover, is married to another man ; has she the right, after her marriage, of discontinuing her attachment to the lover and refusing him her accustomed favours ? The Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne was called to judge this case, and decided it against the lady. A lover had no other means of corresponding with his lady but by a secretary ; the latter took advantage of his position, and obtained the lady’s favours ; the question to be decided was, whether the secretary should be the lady’s lover or the man he had betrayed. This case was brought before the Countess of Champagne, who gave judgment that, as the secretary had shown his unworthiness in betraying his trust, and the lady had degraded herself by listening to a secretary, they should be allowed to continue their love to each other, but that they should for ever be cut off from communion with other lovers, and that no knight should ever make love to the lady, and no lady ever listen to the secretary. It will be quite enough to mention one other question, and as the ladies were always chosen as the worthiest judges in courts of love, we willingly leave to our fair friends its decision. Twenty wandering knights were riding together in “horrible” weather, far from any place of hospitality ; two barons, who were riding by in great haste to visit their ladies, heard these knights lamenting to one another that they were without shelter, and knew not where to find one ; one of the barons returned to succour the wandering and friendless knights, but the other turned a deaf ear to the knights, and continued on his way to his mistress : which of the two barons behaved best ?

In general, poetry, as the language of homage in love, was the province of the suitor ; but love sometimes made poets of the ladies also, and ten or twelve poetesses flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century,

some of them persons of high rank, such as the Countess of Provence, the Countess of Dié, Clara d'Anduse, &c. Their compositions are marked by an imagery less laboured and striking, and by a tenderness of feeling more naïve, than those of the masculine trobadours. Clara d'Anduse (who, it must not be forgotten, was, like the others, a married lady) addresses a lover, whom some of her acquaintance had urged her to discard, in the following terms (we translate two couplets only) :

"Those who blame me and forbid me to love you, only render my heart more inclined to you, and greater the soft desire I have of you. There is not a man, let him be ever so much my enemy, whom I do not love if I hear him speak well of you ; and he who speaks ill of you can neither say nor do anything more to please me.

"Ah ! fair *ami*, fear not that my heart shall ever deceive you, or that I will ever have another lover, were there a hundred ladies who urged me to it. Love, which holds me your captive, ordains that I preserve you in my heart in secret ; I keep it for you, and if I could steal away also my body, he who now holds it should never have it again."

The songs of the trobadours strike us at once by a remarkable facility in the management of rhymes, and by their perfect and harmonious versification, at a period when the poetry of other parts of Europe was extremely rude. But the great mass of poetry thus devoted to the one subject of love, naturally produced a constant repetition of the same ideas, and led to a continual straining after novelty, in order to diversify the mode of expressing them. It would, indeed, be no easy task at any time to vary the praise of the same object a hundred different times. The love poetry of the trobadours becomes thus wearisome by its sameness when collected together. Yet here and there we find the tenderest sentiments expressed, delicately and poetically, presenting a singular contrast to the rough and turbulent character of the twelfth century, as it is represented in history.

"When I see the green grass and the leaf bud forth," says the trobadour Bernard to the Viscountess of Ventadour, "and the flowers open in the fields, when the nightingale raises its voice high and clear, and bestirs itself to sing, I am happy of the nightingale and of the flowers, I am happy of myself and more happy of my lady ; I am on all parts enveloped, laden with joy ; but joy of love passes all others. . . .

"If I had the power to enchant the world, I would transform my enemies into children, in order that none of them might be able to imagine anything to the hurt of my lady or of myself. I would then contemplate at my leisure her beauty, her ruddy colour, and her beautiful eyes. I would kiss her on all points of her mouth, and so ardently that the mark would appear a month afterwards."

In another song, the same poet says to his lady : "The sweet song of the birds in the grove soothes me and brings back my heart ; and since the birds have their reason for singing, well may I also sing ; I who have greater joy than they, I whose days are all days of singing and joy, I who dream of nothing else. . . .

"At night, when I make myself ready for my bed, I know well that I shall not sleep : I lose my sleep, I lose it in thinking of you, O my lady ! There where a man has his treasure, he will have his heart ; thus do I myself ; thus have I placed in you all my care and all my thoughts."

Arnaud de Marveil, another trobadour of the latter half of the twelfth century, was one of the poets of the olden time, whose compositions were

especially admired by Petrarch. Arnaud, although, like others of the more distinguished of his profession, born of parents in a low walk of life, was the accepted lover of the Countess of Beziers, of whom he says, in one of his pieces—

“When my lady speaks to me and looks on me, the brightness of her eyes and the sweetness of her breath penetrate together into my heart; and there rises to my lips a deliciousness such as I feel cannot come from my nature; it can only spring from love, which has fixed its dwelling in my heart.”

In another poem, when he appears to have offended the countess by an indiscretion, he says—

“Fair lady, well did you kill me the day when you gave me a kiss, which has left in my heart an eternal trouble. But greater was my folly when I boasted of the kiss; and I deserved to be torn to pieces by horses. O sweet object! mercy for the culpable! Restore me to joy and to hope; for I shall be a creature of nothing in the world, until the day when I shall again be allowed to serve you.”

Arnaud de Marveil long enjoyed the love of the beautiful countess, until King Alfonso, of Aragon, saw and became enamoured of her; and he, jealous of the troubadour, prevailed upon her to break off her connexion with him. It is said of Arnaud, that he was one of the small number of troubadours known to have confined his love to one object. His contemporary, Hugues Brunet, loved a lady of Aurillac, who at first encouraged his suit, and then, for some reason or other, refused to listen to him. Hugues composed some pathetic pieces, in which he sung his grief, and then retired to a monastery and died. In one of his songs, composed when his love was not hopeless, he says—

“Let my lady remember me in her heart: for the rest I will wait, provided only that looks and sighs may kiss each other, in order that the amorous desire may not be repulsed.”

Folquet de Marseilles was one of the most celebrated of the troubadours, and, although his father was only a merchant of the city from which he took his name, was distinguished by the friendship of the lion-hearted King Richard. He was also high in favour with Alfonso II., King of Aragon, Alfonso VII., King of Castile, and Raymond V., Count of Toulouse; but he lived almost entirely at the court of Barral de Baux, Lord of Marseilles. Barral's lady was Azalaïs de Roche-Martine, and to her Folquet, although himself married, offered his love, and she was the object of nearly all his poetry that has come down to us. But, for reasons which are differently explained, he lost the good graces of the lady, and was forbidden to sing of her any more. In the midst of his chagrin, Azalaïs died, and shortly afterwards her husband followed her to the grave. King Richard, Alfonso of Aragon, and the Count of Toulouse were also dead; and Folquet, disgusted with the world, retired to the monastery of Toronet, of which he was made abbot in the year 1200. The poetry of Folquet de Marseilles is distinguished by a greater degree of mannerism than appeared in that of his predecessors. His pieces are all in the same 'style, with little variety of sentiment or expression, consisting in general of affected and tiresome apostrophes to love. In fact, the poetry of the troubadours was already on the decline. A single stanza of Folquet de Marseilles will be enough:

“Mercy! love, mercy! do not make me die so often, since you can

kill me with a single blow. You make me to live and to die at the same time, and thus double my martyrdom. Nevertheless, although half dead, I remain faithful to your service, and I find it still a thousand times preferable to the recompences which I should find in another."

We must not be surprised if the troubadours themselves at times became weary of making love in this formal and affected manner, and if they sometimes sought relaxation among country maidens. This was what they called, very expressively, *joie de chambre en pâturage*. Adventures of this kind became the subject of pieces of a pastoral character, in which a knight riding into the country meets with a pretty shepherdess, descends from his horse, and seats himself by her and makes love, sometimes successfully, while at others his advances are resolutely opposed, and sometimes the damsel is obliged to call a party of shepherds to her assistance. In these pieces, perhaps from a sentiment of *bienséance*, in deference to the more polite and refined love code of the day, the shepherdesses are often painted somewhat in the style of those who figure in the dull, prudish novels of the age which followed the publication of "Astrée." Sometimes, however, the loves of the knights and the shepherdesses are described in very plain and unequivocal language.

As we have seen troubadours quit their profession and retire to the cloister, so we find others who left the cloister to devote themselves to love and poetry. Among the most remarkable of these was a singular personage, known only in history by the epithet of the Monk of Montaudon. His father was a gentleman of the neighbourhood of Aurillac, in Auvergne, who placed him while young in the famous monastery of that town. Very soon after he took the habit, he was made, perhaps by family interest, prior of the dependent monastery of Montaudon. In this position he gave free scope to his natural inclination for composing poetry and living joyously, and the extreme gaiety and vigour of his pieces, which were mostly satires on the manners and events of the day, made him a welcome guest at the tables of the barons and knights of the surrounding country. As his fame increased, he was loaded with gifts, and, careless himself of money, he gave all he gained to his monastery, which from a poor house soon became rich by his means; and, in return, the abbot of Aurillac granted him, at his own request, a dispensation to lead in future the kind of life which should be prescribed to him by the King of Aragon. This monarch, who was a great lover of the troubadours, and was probably well acquainted with the character and inclinations of the monk, ordered him to live in the world, to make good cheer, to compose verses, to sing, and to love the ladies; and the king's commands were obeyed to the letter. Most of the Monk of Montaudon's poetry is satirical, and often grotesque. In one of these, which, as M. Fauriel observes, possesses something Aristophanic in its character, the monk describes himself as present in the court of Paradise, where different creatures are pleading against each other before the Creator. Among the rest, the vaults and walls of houses come to make their complaint against the ladies, who used so much paint for their faces, that none was left to paint them. The pleading is carried on with obstinacy, and the satire is of a coarse cast, but the ladies in the end gain their object. It appears that painting was a general practice among the ladies at this period.

The troubadours entered upon the crusades against the Saracens with no

great zeal, and those who left their country to join in these distant expeditions rejoiced more at their return than at their departure. Some of the more eager of the crusaders complained bitterly of the facility with which the barons and knights of the *midi* found excuses for remaining at home. One had a young wife; another had children to attend to and protect; a third was sick, or imagined he was. Some made the supineness of their superiors an excuse for their own; others thought that the service of their ladies was more important than that claimed by the Church. Even the turbulent war-loving Bertrand de Born, in a song addressed to Conrad de Montferrat (then actively engaged in Syria resisting Saladin), says, "I should have been there with you, if the delays of counts, dukes, princes, and kings, had not obliged me to renounce my project. And since that I have seen my beautiful lady, and *I have lost all inclination to go!*" This general disinclination to take part in the war in the East arose from no prejudice in favour of peace and tranquillity, for the troubadours loved war passionately, and were constantly engaged in those petty hostilities between baron and baron which characterised the period of feudal history. Many of their war-songs furnish strange pictures of a turbulent and licentious age. Bernard Arnaud, of Mantua, a troubadour knight of the latter half of the twelfth century, attached to the service of the court of Toulouse, says, in one of his pieces:

"Spring never arrives so beautiful for me as when it comes accompanied with uproar and war, with trouble and alarm, with great inroads and great plundering. Many a one who previously had done nothing but give counsel and sleep, then rushes forward courageously, his arm raised to strike.

"I love to see the herdsmen and shepherds wandering about the fields, in such trouble that not one of them knows where to seek refuge. I love to see the rich barons obliged to squander that of which they have been niggard and sparing. He then is eager to give who never had a thought of giving before; and many a one then honours the poor man who used to despise him. War forces every bad lord to become good to his people."

Another troubadour of the same age, named Blacasset, in a song urging two lords to decide a quarrel by force of arms, in which he does not conceal his intention of joining, exclaims—

"War pleases me; I love to see it begin! It is by war that brave men raise themselves; war helps them to pass their nights; war brings them gifts of handsome steeds; it forces the miser to become liberal; it obliges people to give and to take. War is a good dispenser of justice; it pleases me, without end and without truce. . . .

"Oh! when shall I see, in fair field, our adversaries and ourselves drawn out in close lines, so that at the first fine shock there may be many overthrown on both sides? There many servants shall be cut to pieces, many horses killed, many knights wounded. If nobody ever returns from it, I care not: I shall feel no sorrow; I had rather die than live without honour."

"If," says Bertrand de Born, with the prospect before him of a war between Richard Cœur-de-Lion and the King of France—"if the two kings are brave and valiant, we shall soon see the fields strewed with

fragments of helms and shields, of swords and saddles, of breast-pieces cloven down to the girdle. We shall see steeds wandering about loose, with lances hanging to their flanks and breasts; we shall hear laughing and weeping: the cry of distress and the cry of joy; great will be the losses, immense will be the gain.

"Trumpets and drums, standards, banners, and ensigns, horses white and black; in the midst of these we shall live! Oh! the good time there will be then! Then we shall plunder the usurers; we shall then see on the roads neither baggage-horse safe, nor burgher who does not tremble, nor merchant coming from France; then he will be rich who has the courage to take."

Bertrand de Born was perhaps, without exception, the most turbulent baron of his day. From his castle in Périgueux, he was perpetually at war with the various feudal lords whose territories surrounded his own, and he was as constantly occupied in setting his neighbours by the ears among themselves. In his youth, his brother had attempted to deprive him of his estates, and Bertrand was only saved by the protection given to him by Henry II. of England. He showed his gratitude afterwards by allowing no opportunity to escape of stirring up war between that monarch and his undutiful sons, sometimes allying himself with one party, and sometimes with the other. He seems to have been distinguished chiefly by a wild unbridled love of war and confusion. Yet the old biographers of the trobadours say that Bertrand "was a good knight, a good warrior, a good trobadour, a good lover of the ladies, well instructed and skilful in speaking, and he knew well how to govern himself in good and bad fortune." The enemy of everybody has everybody for his foe; and it does not appear that Bertrand de Born was often left in peace, even had he desired it. In one of his *sirventes*, or satirical pieces, he says—

"I am obliged every day to be at war, to stir me, to defend myself, to put myself out of breath. On every side they burn and ravage my lands, they root up my trees, they disforest my woods, they mix my grain with my straw; and I have not an enemy, either coward or brave, who does not come forward to attack me."

In another, he expresses his contempt for all his neighbours who were inclined to be peaceful:

"I make another *sirvente* against our degenerate barons; for you will never hear me praise them. I have broken more than a thousand spurs upon them, without being able to make one of them run or trot. They let themselves be despoiled without complaining! Oh! may God curse them, our barons! And what do they intend to do then? There is not one of them, but you might shear and shave him like a monk, or shoe him on four feet without shackles for his legs!"

As old age approached, Bertrand de Born, like so many others, was seized with repentance for the numerous crimes of his turbulent life, and he became a monk, and ended his days in a monastery.

The last war-cries of the trobadours were raised loudly and fiercely against the French invaders of their liberties. In these, as in all the remains of their warlike poetry, it is difficult to give extracts, because they are so full of local and temporary historical allusions, that it would require a page to explain each passage. The French influence was always disagreeable to the Provençals, and their poetry

has preserved many a bitter testimony of their hatred for the government of Charles of Anjou. Boniface de Castellane was a small feudal lord and trobadour, who resisted the Count of Anjou to the last, both as a warrior and as a poet, and his sirventes were well calculated, by their vigour and violence, to spread abroad the spirit of opposition. When Boniface shut himself up in his own castle, he issued the following poetic manifesto :

“ Although the season be not gay, I will compose a sirvente in biting words, against the recreants and the perverse. The French leave neither breech nor coin to these poor and sorrowful Provençals, to the cowardly and vile race.

“ From some they take their lands, and that without even showing them the favour to leave them their money. Others, knights and servants, they send them prisoners to the Tower of Blaie, as they would vile bandits : and if they die there, all the better for the French, who seize upon their goods.

“ The cowards and traitors have deserted me with their false servants. I give myself no sorrow about it : I shall be none the weaker on that account. I will hold good in my fortress with my brave men, and I care little if the count comes against me with his numerous forces.

“ Whoever kills, shall die, says the Gospel ; the day will come, then, when the count shall suffer for that which he inflicts upon others.

“ Let his gaolers come and make war upon me, and I will send them back in sorrow and mortification. I will stain my sword with their blood, and upon them I will make of my lance a short staff.”

The Count of Anjou, in his resentment, laid siege to Boniface's castle, took it, and immediately hanged the trobadour.

Such was the literature of the trobadours, or poets of the south of what is now called France ; a literature totally distinct in its character from that of any other country at the same period of history. We have described it according to its two divisions of love-songs and war or political songs, of which any of the minor classes of poetry peculiar to this literature are but varieties. It must be understood, however, that contemporary with these there existed a large class of poetical compositions which were common to Provence with other countries of the West. The minstrel was a person who wandered over many lands, and, at the period when minstrelsy was most honoured, he had often learnt, in the course of his travels, several languages. We trace the Christian minstrel sometimes wandering among the Arabs, as at times we find the Arab minstrel among the Christians of the West. They were a class of persons received everywhere gladly, because they not only furnished amusement wherever they came, but they imparted knowledge, and they were the great carriers of news from one country to another. It was by their intermediation that the West received so many of the stories and traditions of the East. The languages of France, of Provence, and of the superior classes of society in England, as well as those of Italy and the Christian portions of the Spanish peninsula, were, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, only so many dialects of one tongue ; and the minstrel easily changed the dialect of the poetry he had to recite into that of his hearers. It is thus that we still sometimes find in early

manuscripts, the same piece written in one manuscript in the dialect of France or in Anglo-Norman, and in another manuscript in Provençal, leaving it in some instances doubtful to which of the languages or dialects it originally belonged, while in other cases this is only known by some accidental circumstance. We thus find a considerable variety of literary productions in the Provençal language, which do not strictly belong to it; and there were also, doubtless, writers in the south of France who employed their talents in the same styles of composition as those for which their brethren in the north were distinguished.

The poetry which we have been describing seems to have belonged so essentially to a peculiar state of society, that we find comparatively few traces or even imitations of it in the literature of France or England. It was most successfully imitated by the minnesingers of Germany, whither somewhat of the spirit of Provençal society was carried early in the thirteenth century. It was not, as we have already observed, till a later period, after it had ceased to resound in the country which gave it birth, that this poetry exerted its great influence on the literature of Europe, and that rather indirectly than directly.

The final decline of the poetry of Provence is easily accounted for. The war against the Albigeois had destroyed the condition of society which chiefly supported it. The inquisition was brought in in place of the courts of love; and the Papal authority, now become paramount, had many reasons for discouraging those troubadours, who were then placed, towards the Church, much in the same position which the Welsh bards are traditionally represented as holding towards Edward I., in his invasions of Wales. A still more effective cause of this decadence may be seen in the proscription of the language which followed the establishment of the French domination, when French became the only dialect fashionable among the higher classes of society in the south, and Provençal was degraded to be the mere conversational dialect of the vulgar. From this moment, the poetry listened to most favourably in the baronial-hall was that brought by the minstrels of the north.

We have, as yet, hardly mentioned the "*Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*" of the late M. Fauriel, which has chiefly given rise to the foregoing observations (at the head of which we have placed its title), our object being rather to give an accurate notion of what that poetry really was, than to offer a long critical review of the book. We have taken it merely as a heap of materials—good and bad—ready to our hand. The name of Fauriel has been long known in the literature of France, and endeared to his personal acquaintance (among whom we rejoiced to reckon ourselves) by his great amenity of temper and other amiable qualities. He was a man of considerable taste, and of extensive, but not very profound, reading; but deficient in critical judgment, and apt to form hasty conclusions from very inconclusive evidence. His reputation as a literary man was first made by a collection of the popular songs of modern Greece, published in 1824. Himself an *homme du midi*, he subsequently devoted his energies to the investigation and illustration of the history and literature of the south of France, and published, in 1836, a "*Histoire de la Gaule Méridionale*," in four octavo volumes. In 1831 he had been chosen to fill the newly-established professorship of foreign literature, at the Sorbonne; and it was in that capacity that he delivered

a series of lectures on the literature of Provence. These lectures, collected together since his death, by one of his friends to whom he has left his papers, form the book before us ; and, after perusing it carefully, we are inclined to think that it would have been better for the author's literary memory had they still remained unpublished. Our personal recollections of the man would lead us to pass in silence over the errors of his book ; but they are of too grave a character to be allowed to be spread abroad under so honourable a name, and to be rendered more mischievous by the injudicious admiration of some critics, who praise such a work without understanding its merits. It is a book, too, which contains much valuable matter—more, probably, than any existing work on the same subject, and written in the same popular style—although ill-arranged and ill-digested.

Professing to give a history of the poetry of Provence, M. Fauriel has included in his work not only that which was peculiarly the poetry of the trobadours, but also that which we have just described as imported from northern France. To this, we have, of course, no objection, had the different circumstances connected with the history of each class been carefully and accurately stated ; but the strong prejudices of the author have led him to form the paradoxical opinion that the whole body of this literature was purely Provençal, and that Provence was the birthplace and nursery of the literature of almost all other countries. The long metrical romances of the middle ages, as well as the shorter popular stories known in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by the title of *Fabliaux*, and, indeed, every other class of medieval poetry, were, according to the system of M. Fauriel, of Provençal origin. In his zeal to establish this favourite position, the lecturer of the Sorbonne neglects or confounds dates and facts, takes his own suppositions and misconceptions as evidence, repeats old erroneous statements which have been disproved and exploded over and over again in our modern increased knowledge of medieval antiquities, and consequently produces a treatise which is disfigured by a multitude, not only of indefinite and confused statements, but of downright blunders. We need only mention, to show our readers how little trust can be placed in the accuracy of M. Fauriel's "*Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*," that, to support some strange theory relating to the origin of the German national romances, he heedlessly confounds the ancient Edda with the younger Edda, and makes his own error the foundation of his subsequent arguments.

Among the poems recited by the minstrels, and thus carried from one land to another, were the lengthy metrical romances so much in vogue during the middle ages, which were founded sometimes on the imaginary annals of King Arthur and his knights ; at others, on the traditionary histories of the wars and feuds of the earlier Frankish races of kings ; and at others, on mythic stories, taken from ancient fable, and a variety of kindred subjects. These romances are very numerous, and many of them are very long ; the greater proportion, at least, were, no doubt, composed in France, and they are found in manuscripts, written in Anglo-Norman and in various French dialects, according to the district in which they happened to be committed to writing, either from other copies, or from the mouth of the minstrel. The number and character of the variations found in different copies of the same romance, show that they must have been frequently taken down from oral recitation.

Some half-dozen of these romances are found written in the Provençal tongue; and M. Fauriel immediately arrives at the conclusion that not only these, but all other romances of the same stamp, were invented by the trobadours, and that this class of compositions also was imitated and copied from them by the poets of the north. Even the cycle of King Arthur and his Round Table is not excepted. Not only is this extraordinary theory utterly unsupported by any evidence better than the various suppositions of the author, but it happens to be a notorious fact, that all these Provençal romances but two are found repeatedly in manuscripts written in French of an earlier date than the single copies written in Provençal, and that they there occur in the same words, making allowance for the difference of dialects, and for the usual various readings of manuscripts. The two romances which are exceptions to this belong to the same class of fictions, and are composed in much the same style, so that there is very little room for doubt that all the Provençal romances are mere copies from the French romances. The allusions to so many of these compositions found in the genuine poetry of the trobadours is easily explained, by the rapidity with which we know that the taste for the French romances was spread over neighbouring countries by the wandering minstrels. They were translated into German, almost, if not quite, at as early a period as into Provençal.

M. Fauriel perpetrates a still greater absurdity in the attempt to prove that even the national romances of Germany originated in his favourite Provence. With this object, he actually gives a place in his book to a long analysis and to a dissertation on the history of the celebrated romance of the "Niebelungen," which he follows previous writers in supposing (with probability enough) to have been compiled from older popular ballads, but he seems to imagine that these popular ballads came from the south of France, without, however, stating any kind of admissible evidence for such a supposition. No less than three or four long chapters are also devoted to the curious early Latin poem of Waltharius, or, as it is here entitled, "Walther of Aquitaine," a romance closely connected with the German cycle of the "Niebelungen." This M. Fauriel pronounces to be an undoubted production of a Provençal writer of the tenth century, and he pretends to discover in the idioms of his language proofs that his mother-tongue was no other than Provençal. But when he comes to state his reasons for this appropriation, we find him falling into the same confusion of blundering citations and erroneous interpretations which occur so frequently in other parts of the book. "There is now," he says, "no need of further conjecture on the subject. Two new manuscripts of the poem in question recently discovered, one in Belgium in the municipal library of Brussels, the other in the royal library at Paris, have made known with certainty the author of this composition. The manuscript of Brussels points out as the author a monk of the abbey of Fleury, or Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire; and this indication is confirmed and developed by the manuscript in the royal library. In this last, the text of the poem is preceded by a dedication of twenty-two dull and half-barbarous Leonine verses. The author of this poem speaks of himself as the author of the poem, and describes himself by the name of Gerald. Without expressly calling himself a monk, he says enough to lead us to conclude that he was one. Gerald dedicates his work to a brother of his, whom he names Archambauld (Erkambaldus), and to

whom he gives the title of bishop. Thus it remains clearly and fully established that the poem of Walther of Aquitaine was composed on the banks of the Loire, on the confines of the Frankish Gaul and the Aquitaine of the middle ages, and that it was composed by a monk named Gerald, of whom everything announces that the maternal idiom was a *romane* (Neo-Latin) idiom, and rather that of the south than that of the north." It would hardly be believed, if the facts were not before the eyes of everybody who chooses to look at them, that the dedication here made so much of, which is found in the two manuscripts of Brussels and Paris, states no more than simply that the author was a monk named Gerald, or Gerard, and that he dedicated his book to a bishop named Erkambald, without the slightest allusion to assist in fixing the country to which either of these personages belonged. M. Fauriel, in calling the monk the brother of the bishop, has mistranslated the Latin of the original :

Sis felix, sanctus per tempora plura sacerdos ;
Sit tibi mente tua Geraldus carus *adelphus*.

The word *adelphus*, in the Latin of the age to which this poem belongs, was used simply to designate a monk (*frater*); and is thus a distinct statement of the author's sacred profession, which M. Fauriel supposed was only to be presumed by indirect implication. M. Fauriel had concealed from his readers, or he had overlooked (which is equally unpardonable), the fact that the statement that Gerald or Gerard was connected with the abbey of Fleury, instead of being (as he says) found in the Brussels manuscript, was the mere hasty and improbable conjecture of some one who at a much later period wrote in the fly-leaf of the Parisian manuscript, that perhaps this Gerard was St. Gerard, monk of Fleury. There are good reasons, on the contrary, for supposing that the author of the Latin poem of "Waltharius" was a monk of St. Gall, and there is scarcely room for doubting a moment that it was written by a German, and founded upon German traditions. Thus, between the "Niebelungen" and "Waltharius," M. Fauriel has composed nearly one-half of his first volume of materials altogether foreign to his subject.

In his anxiety thus to enlarge the field and influence of Provençal literature, M. Fauriel has striven to reconcile dates by giving to that literature a much earlier existence than is warranted by any historical facts. It is quite clear, from what remains, that the poetry of the trobadours was only rising into existence at the beginning of the twelfth century, when there was a contemporary poetry equally extensive existing in France, and another in Germany; that the period at which that poetry flourished was the latter half of the twelfth century; and that it was already declining at the beginning of the thirteenth. It is equally clear that during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the poetry of northern France was carried to Provence by the French minstrels, and taken from thence by the minstrels of the south. We have heard it whispered that an English translation of M. Fauriel's book is or was in preparation, under the impression that it was a capital work; the subject is sufficiently interesting to be treated in a better manner, and if translated, we sincerely hope that it may fall into the hands of somebody who understands it sufficiently well to be able to correct the errors by numerous notes. At the same time, it is our decided opinion that the character and number of those errors render the book unworthy to be translated at all.

OSCAR AND GIANNETTA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A SONNETTEN KRANTZ, BY LOUISE VON PLOENNIES.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

I.

I LAY beside the lake—departing day
 Flooded the horizon round with deepest gold—
 Above my head, as Autumn's red leaves fold,
 Waved a rich cloud of crimson—gone astray—
 And then methought I stood on the bright stair
 Of an old temple, which its form unrolled
 In wond'rous state, and that the vext lake growled,
 That at its fane I bound me not in prayer.—
 Then raised its tinkling voice, as silver clear,
 From the o'erhanging rock, the chapel's bell,
 And in full clang echoed the organ's swell;
 Love-strain divine, the Ave charmed my ear,
 And sunk into my soul—as May-bloom snow
 On springs, ice-freed, that just begin to flow.

II.

The Eternal Seed of Christ is like a grain
 Of wheat, which, ages long from moon or star
 Hid beneath Egypt's glowing clime—afar—
 In a king's withered hand has buried lain.
 Dead seemed the grain, till to the realms of rest
 Was forced the Elect, to bring the weak one forth
 To day, and sow it in the willing earth,
 That took, and nursed it on its fondling breast.
 Heaven's beams now shine, and give it being new,
 The clouds of Heaven drop on it gentle dew;
 Shoot after shoot burst gladly from their night—
 Thus on the stalk ripens the corn of Faith,
 And, cradled by the winds that freshly breathe,
 Waves in a living sea of golden light.

III.

It was, as if in murmurs sad and low
 Fair Leman yearned to fold me to her breast,
 And lull me in her circling arms to rest:
 Here rocks the boat that waits for me—and lo!
 Beyond frowns Chillon—its grey walls how drear!
 As tho' their black and gloomy shadows steep
 The water down to its unfathomed deep,
 And there no ray could dawn again to cheer.
 Had the lake worn itself so deep a bed,
 After the requiem of its plaintive flow,
 That it might delve a grave to bury woe?
 Alas! what tears on tears have here been shed!
 What sigh has breathed full many a heavy heart,
 To ease whose sorrows we would take our part.

IV.

How rich in glorious memories, intertwined,
Art thou, my own dear Lemman's lovely strand ;
Here, where with Byron, Shelley knit the band
Of Friendship—noble mind to noble mind.
Well of that islet, too, did Shelley sing,
When on the turf-enamelled shore he lay
Off the blue lake, that charmed his woes away,
As his full soul upsoared on poet wing.
And there, where day's last glories intervene,
Hovering round Meillerie like a golden cloud,
Swept Rousseau's genius o'er the hallowed flood :
Banned from the world—a yawning gulf between—
Ah! that St. Preux and Julie here were stranded!
That on no Isle of Peace they ever landed !

V.

How sinks the sun in parting glories golden !
How rests creation—longing, warm, and bright !
Heaves the flood, as above a pair, enfolden
In love, float visions drest in Heaven's own light !
Here, in the setting ray, of little breath,
Spent the poor remnant of their life, upwhirled,
The countless tribes of the ephemeral world,
About a sunbeam struggling after Death—
But man, his thoughts for ever on the wing,
Would with his Being's fondest yearnings rest,
And lean upon another's fondling breast ;
Waiting, in love, with obstinate questioning,
Till of the doubts that deep within him lie,
A God one day may solve the mystery.

VI.

O bliss ! that in thy breath of love for me
Waves in full ear, the young heart's harvest-treasure,
That Hope's green promise-blossoms without measure
Love's incense-offering I can vow to thee.
That thy soft eyes, of bright and liquid joyance,
As beads upon the vine, the tears shine through—
That free from all the thorns of low annoyance,
Rose upon rosebud cradling rock the bough.
O let the vintage rich and richer swell !
Till in the Autumnal cup of glowing wine,
Stream forth the fountains of life's golden well !
O, let the roses fair and fairer blow !
And in late years, upon thy grave and mine,
With ever-during perfume May-like glow.

RUSSIA AND THE DANUBE.

THE trade between the two Principalities and the remainder of Turkey has been hitherto conducted exactly as between foreign states. This is injurious to both parties, as well as to the commercial interests of Great Britain, while it is profitable to Russia alone, who exercises her political influence for the purpose of disuniting the Moldo-Wallachians from the Ottoman Empire in circumstances and feelings, if not in fact. It would be superfluous here to enter into a lengthened and detailed demonstration of her views with regard to the Principalities, as they are hardly denied even by her best friends, and they are sufficiently proved by a long series of historical facts, one of the most striking of which has recently been recorded by M. Thiers, in his work "*Le Consulat et l'Empire*," where he states "that the Emperor Alexander of Russia offered his consent to the invasion of Spain by Napoleon Bonaparte, on the express condition that no opposition would be made to his own designs on the Danubian Principalities." That her unvarying policy has ever been to raise a barrier between the two banks of the Danube cannot for a moment be doubted by any one who has turned his attention to the subject; and one of the means employed is the obstruction of the commercial relations of their respective inhabitants. Russia exercises protection over the two Principalities, whether legitimately or not has already been seen; and that protection is nominally extended to their trade, through the medium of her influence over the boyards, although virtually its effects are eminently prejudicial to their best interests. Thus the produce of the right bank pays duty on entering the Principalities; merchandise, having already paid full duties in Turkey, is again taxed on the left bank of the Danube, although it is still within the empire, and grain purchased in Bulgaria cannot be brought to the opposite provinces of the same empire, even for the purpose of immediate exportation. This prohibition forms a great impediment to the exportation of wheat and Indian corn from the Danube. The opposition made to its abolition displays a complete ignorance of the principles of trade and of the results produced by similar measures elsewhere; and the Moldo-Wallachians, who suppose that they derive any benefit from it, and that the opening of their ports would be hurtful to the Principalities, are either blinded by a traditional respect for the inspirations of Russia, or biassed by aversion to the Ottoman Porte, inasmuch as the latter Power is certainly a loser by the oppression of trade in Bulgaria. It is self-evident, that every port in which there exists a large quantity of grain for exportation, from wherever it be derived, must always draw to itself both merchants and capital; that a great number of vessels will frequent it; that freights will be lower in consequence, and rates of exchange higher; and that a greater facility of obtaining money will be secured. These are positive advantages which must necessarily accrue to the growers. The latter argue, that wheat being cheaper in Bulgaria than in the Principalities, their own could not stand against the competition; but the price is fixed by the demand; and do they imagine that they prevent the Bulgarian grain from reaching the English market? or do they believe that so small a quantity, in compa-

rison with the supply sent from other countries to Great Britain, would materially affect the current prices? These may possibly be somewhat lower at the shipping port when a greater quantity is for sale, but consumption always increases as prices fall; and the difference in the latter would be more than compensated, especially in a country where the qualities of grain differ, for the landed proprietor would be amply repaid for the loss on his best wheat by the sale of his inferior produce, which would then be more easily disposed of than it is now.

Prices might fall, it is true, but it is hardly probable that even that result would be involved, as the prices in the place of production always depend on those of the place of consumption; if they do not fall, then, not only is consumption increased, as generally happens where the supply augments, but also production, for good prices invariably enhance production. By keeping out Bulgarian grain, the Principalities only prevent its being sold so advantageously as it might be, but whose is the profit? The consumers, to be sure, and not that of the Danubian trade. Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria are all losers by this prohibition, and the Ottoman Porte also suffers; the gainers are the merchants who buy the Bulgarian produce to ship it on the Black Sea at an unnecessary expense, and Russia, who furthers her political views by promoting disunion among the provinces of Turkey. Russia is well aware that the abolition of this prohibition would encourage cultivation in Bulgaria; and there, as well as in the Principalities, and in every other part of Turkey, she will always endeavour to impede the material progress of the country; by facilitating the exportation and sale of grain grown on the Bulgarian side of the Danube, she would enhance the prosperity of that vast tract of agricultural territory; and this would be inconsistent with her proverbial policy. Besides this, she would also cause immediate injury by so doing to her own Black-Sea trade, and it cannot be wondered at that such should be her conduct; it is more astonishing that she should find any one to agree with her on this point within the Turkish Empire, which is so seriously harmed by it. The opponents of the abolition contend that the consequent increase of cultivation in Bulgaria, and a greater facility of exporting its produce, would materially lower the prices in the consuming markets; but, however correct in principle this argument may be, when it is considered how small this augmentation can be in proportion to the whole corn trade of Europe and America, certainly not one per mille on the quantity exported from all countries, it cannot be estimated that this would cause any sensible difference. The Ottoman Porte is equally interested in the Moldo-Wallachian and in the Bulgarian trade. Why is the one allowed to injure the other without benefiting itself? The opposition raised in the Principalities to their equalisation must fall, one would think, before the force of reason; the case is as simple as an easy syllogism, and it will at last be understood and rightly appreciated, in spite of the attempts to distort it which are made by the Russian party; and the growers will surely be convinced in time, that the amount of their returns would be increased by the change, as the matter thus stands, in logical form:

From the price at the place of consumption, which regulates their income, must be deducted all charges of transport, freight, insurance, merchants' commission or gain, cost of obtaining money, &c., and the

remainder is the price paid to the cultivators; every measure which lowers these charges is profitable to them; and the charges are always lower where trade is carried on more extensively, and where larger depôts exist. More vessels frequent the ports, and freights are consequently cheaper; capital is attracted, and money is, therefore, obtained on more favourable terms; an advantageous system of bills of exchange takes the place of the expensive process of bringing coin to make purchases, which still exists to a certain degree at Galatz and Ibraila, and value is represented without loss; while merchants doing a large business can work for a smaller commission, and are remunerated by less profit, than those doing a small business.

The free commercial intercourse between the two banks of the Lower Danube, as well as the clearing of the Sulina, would therefore be profitable to both, and also highly beneficial to the empire of which both form parts, while all those states which are interested in Danubian trade would derive great advantage from these desirable changes. The present state of matters is thus injurious to many, but it is favourable to one, and that one no friend to any of them; for, by throwing obstacles in the way of the commerce of the Danube, an impulse is given to Russian produce, and to the traffic of the Black Sea, whilst the ambitious political views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, with regard to the Turkish Empire, find an efficient means of furtherance in those two obstructions to the welfare and connexion of a part of its population.

There is a third weapon in the hands of Russia, which is no less powerful in effecting the disunion of the Turkish provinces, the oppression of their trade, and the hindrance of ours in this part of Europe; and it is equally illegitimate and unwarrantable. The sanitary *cordon* established by her along the left bank of the Danube is founded on the stipulations of the Treaty of Adrianople. It is employed as a barrier intruded between the Principalities and the remainder of Turkey, and as a political police, to keep the former under the control of Russia. As such, there can be but one opinion on its injustice. In a commercial point of view, it is productive of the most injurious effects to the three Ottoman provinces through which the Lower Danube flows, and it is burdensome in the extreme to the trade of England and other countries which have established mercantile relations with them. It should therefore be energetically combated by them; and as it is a weak point in the Russian policy with regard to Turkey, there is every probability of its being combated successfully. As a measure adopted for the protection of public health, which is the only ground on which its defence can be attempted, it will be found incapable of standing for a moment against a straightforward attack.

Allowing that the Russianised administrations of Moldo-Wallachia have the right to put a quarantine on all communication with the remainder of the Ottoman Empire, and, consequently, on all British vessels arriving in the Danube, as they must pass by Constantinople, that right can only extend as far as may be required to guarantee the two provinces from the contagion of the plague, and it can never equitably be construed as stretching one iota further. Now there is a strict quarantine instituted at Constantinople, not by the Turkish government alone, but also with the co-operation of the representatives of several European powers, who

send delegates to the Board of Health as members of that sanitary commission. It is, therefore, absurd that a clean bill of health emanating from them should not entitle its bearer to free pratique on his arrival in the Danube. In fact, the very government which arrogates the power of thus obstructing the commerce of other nations, protests against its own acts by sanctioning the issue of such certificates on the part of a public body of which it nominates one of the members; and it further falls into an open contradiction of itself by receiving ships at Odessa, which come from Constantinople, on better terms than are allowed to them at Ibraila and Galatz; for at the Russian port they perform only four days' quarantine, while at those of the Danube they must submit to fourteen. If Russia admits the right of British ships to receive a clean bill of health at Constantinople, how can she deny them free pratique in the Danube? And if Great Britain participates in the act of granting such documents, how does she suffer that they should not be respected? Every government having a member on the Sanitary Commission at Constantinople has an incontestable right to claim free pratique in the Danube. We have that right, and yet our ships are subjected to quarantine.

Whether the plague be contagious or not, and whether quarantine establishments can keep it out of a country or not, are questions, the decision of which is not required to prove the case in point, as the plague does not exist in any part of Turkey at present, and the untenable nature of the Russian policy in maintaining her system of quarantine in the Danube can be sufficiently demonstrated without them. It may, therefore, be assumed that quarantine is useful in preventing the plague from extending, although experience in the Principalities tends to show the contrary, for it cannot be said that the Danubian *cordon* has ever preserved them from that disease during the twenty years it has been in force; in order to argue that it has done so, it would be necessary, first, to establish that the advance of the plague has actually been stopped in the lazarettos; and secondly, that the epidemics, which have been called typhus or malignant fevers, occasionally prevailing in different Moldo-Wallachian towns, were not the plague; and neither of these two facts can be satisfactorily proved. It cannot, however, be alleged that the belief in contagion and in the efficacy of quarantine prompts the conduct of Russia in this respect, for she shows less fear at Odessa, and she is free to establish twenty *cordons* if she likes on the Pruth, which is her own frontier. But she wishes to attain other objects within her neighbour's frontier; and she probably considers herself very skilful in using so plausible a pretext, and very fortunate in having been allowed to use it hitherto with impunity and, indeed, without opposition.

The direction of the quarantine establishment is intrusted to a board at Bucharest, and another at Yassy; and these two bodies are superintended by an inspector-general, who is nominally appointed by the two princes and the consul-general of Russia, but who is virtually a Russian functionary. The officers of the department were formerly Moldo-Wallachians, but, in the gradual and stealthy progress of the cabinet of St. Petersburg towards the usurpation of paramount authority in the Principalities, Russian agents have lately been placed at all the quarantine stations of Wallachia and Moldavia, holding the entire and effective control over them without responsibility, as they only give

verbal orders, and sign no papers. The regulations of the establishment have been brought by them, from a system of comparative facility and accommodation, to the practice of the utmost rigour; as much so, in fact, as it could be if the plague were actually on board every ship that arrives. And yet the plague has not been heard of for many years in any part of Turkey. And even Austria has abolished her quarantine on the Danube as being incompatible with the state of public health on the right bank, and injurious to trade.

In the organic law of both the Principalities, certain regulations are laid down for the quarantine establishment. These are framed on the Russian sanitary system, and not according to that which is universally adopted by the other governments of Europe. The difference between the two systems consists chiefly in the following particulars:—By the Russian system a vessel never gets *pratique* at all, unless it be specially applied for by the captain, who must thus volunteer to undergo all the vexatious manœuvres imposed on him. The sails, running rigging, &c., must be put into the hold and fumigated with all the clothes of the crew, during four-and-twenty hours, with the hatches shut down. Every person on board is obliged to remain on deck for a whole day and night, whatever may be the state of the weather. The hatches are then opened, the master and crew have to strip in presence of a medical officer and the quarantine agents on deck, and go below naked to put on the clothes which had been smoked in the hold, and those left on deck by them are taken to the lazaretto by health-officers to be smoked. It is to be remarked that there are sometimes females on board English merchant ships. The term of quarantine then commences. In other countries the quarantine of vessels commences from the time when their susceptible goods are landed, and after a fixed number of days they must take *pratique* without any of these barbarous formalities.

The expense, loss of time, inconvenience, and annoyance occasioned by the Russian system may easily be conceived. The captain of an English brig that lately performed quarantine at Galatz declared that this elaborate process cost him no less than 260 piastres, and it was undergone when no apprehension of plague could possibly be entertained. Another captain of an English vessel paid, a few months ago, at Galatz, 135 piastres for the quarantine tax on nine persons composing his crew, two and a half piastres for the ticket given him, 435 piastres for the pay of the guard who remained on board during the term of observation, 150 piastres for the pay of two guards charged with watching his ship during the time of expurgation, and ninety piastres for the hire of a carriage to bring the inspector to visit the vessel daily: in all, 820 piastres. This ship was kept sixty-five days in quarantine, merely because she had a cargo on board, and, consequently, could not go through the process of smoking her sails, running rigging, &c., in her hold. The manufactured goods which she carried, and which were classed as susceptible of conveying contagion, were enclosed in tarpaulin covers, with certificates from the Russian consul at the shipping port; she was furnished with a clean bill of health from Constantinople, and she was thirty days under the observation of the local authorities before her quarantine commenced, as she went from Galatz to Ibraila, and thence to Ziglina, where a guard was first placed on board. She was in a most hazardous position during

her quarantine, as the sudden breaking up of the ice on the Danube might have endangered the lives of her crew, as well as the property of the shippers, which was worth 8000*l*. A survey of her condition was made officially by two British masters, who reported that her safety imperatively required the landing of her cargo before the ice should break up, which was daily expected to take place. Every possible remonstrance was made by the competent authorities, and yet the Russian quarantine department of this Turkish province refused to give her *pratique*, or even to let the cargo be landed, until the stated term had expired.

A vessel arriving at Galatz—even should she come direct from England, without having opened hatches at Constantinople—if she be laden, and, still more, sailing perhaps in ballast, is obliged to remain on the opposite side of the Danube for twenty-four hours, and the crew is examined by the medical officer of the quarantine establishment, who is required to ascertain that they have not brought the plague from Constantinople, or from London, which is equally probable at present. Although this system of examination has been continued for twenty years, no one instance is, of course, on record in which the presence of the disease has been detected. The ship is then allowed to come to the Moldavian shore, and to commence its quarantine. A wall has been built along the river, at a distance of a few yards from the water's edge; and on this strip of ground masters of vessels and their crews are allowed to land. There is no house or shelter of any kind on it, into which they may retire from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. No proper means are prepared for the communication of the captain with his consul or merchant; but he must stand in the crowd, on one side of a railing, to bawl out his private business to another crowd, which is beyond another railing, at five or six yards' distance. The few cells, which are called *parlatorj*, or places for such conversations, are dark, and in every way unfit for the purpose; and they have, moreover, been taken possession of by the guards as sleeping-rooms. If the captain writes to his consul or merchant, his note is put into the smoking-box, and thence it reaches its destination, or not, according as it may suit the convenience and fidelity of the quarantine agents, who, fearing complaints, and hoping to gain favour by reporting anything of interest, act as spies even on commercial correspondence. Then comes the expense of portage, for carrying grain from the spouts in the wall to the ships, which averages 6*l*. per vessel; whereas, were the quarantine abolished, the carts might come near the ships, and the porters, who now shoot the grain into the quarantine spouts, might shoot it into their holds, as elsewhere. Masters must also receive provisions and other necessaries for their ships through a *spenditore*, or ship-chandler, who first fixes his own price, without control, and then charges ten per cent. commission on everything he supplies; thus it is calculated that, on an average, each vessel loses 5*l*. through this practice during its stay. And, besides all this, the fees on taking *pratique* cost about 5*l*., after a delay of fourteen days, with injury to the materials and stores of the vessel, and the damage to which its cargo is exposed if it be laden.

In cases of sickness, no medical assistance can be obtained on board the ship; and however ill a sailor may be, he must come on shore to the office of the captain of the port to be seen by the medical officer, or die

on board without help, if he be unable to move. Should it appear necessary to separate him from the other sailors, he is taken to the lazaretto, without any of the precautions which his state may require, and, when there, he is obliged to strip naked, and get other clothes from the town. He is then kept four days in quarantine, during which time the quarantine surgeon may look at him, but must not feel his pulse; and at the expiration of these four days he is moved into town, whatever may be the state of his health or of the weather, having paid about 2*l.* for his short stay in the lazaretto. This is an evil which cannot be too speedily remedied, as it has doubtless already caused the death of many British seamen, from the difficulty of obtaining medical assistance for those who have died on board their ships, from the want of attention and quietness suffered by those who have been brought on shore to die, and from the aggravation of illness, occasioned by the fatigue and exposure of removal to a considerable distance, having sacrificed the lives of those who might have recovered if they had not been taken to the lazaretto. The Protestant cemetery of Galatz is abundantly eloquent on this subject.

When freights are low from the Danube to the United Kingdom, and when many British vessels are at Galatz or Ibraila, without charters for a return cargo, their captains are not free to seek the best terms, and to obtain the highest rates, in the hope of rendering the loss to their owners as light as possible; and they find themselves confined, as it were, in a prison, and perfectly helpless to protect the interests of their ships. When in quarantine, they are entirely at the mercy of a few ship-brokers, who do not even speak their language, and they are generally forced to accept such terms as are offered. They are also at a great disadvantage in the settlement of their accounts for freight, &c., as the merchants generally send them in only when the ships are ready for sea. They are thus subjected to heavy losses from the low rate of exchange allowed them, and they have no remedy, except by delaying the sailing of their vessels for several days, in order to get pratique, and learn the real state of the money-market. In these, as in all the other particulars of the system, there is no alleviation to be expected until the stringent and even oppressive practice of Russian quarantine be altogether abolished as unjust to all parties concerned, and ruinous to trade in general.

Among other evils, the custom of forcing ship-masters in quarantine to transact their business surrounded by a mob of doubtful characters has occasioned the robbery of vessels on their way down the Danube, when money has been publicly put on board them, as it is not always practicable to effect a transfer by bills of exchange.

But some of the official charges are hardly less piratical in their nature. The consular certificate is an instance of this. All goods called susceptible, which come from Great Britain, must have the bales, cases, or casks containing them covered with tarpaulins, and must be sealed by the Russian consul at the port where the packages are shipped, while that functionary gives a certificate. The seals and certificates of the consuls of no other countries are received or respected. The cost of this process is about 16*s.* for each package. The Danubian quarantine thus entails on British trade an additional expense, besides all other costs in performing quarantine, of 7200*l.* on 9000 bales of manufactures and twist imported annually from England; 4000*l.* on 5000 barrels and casks of sugar, and

other articles brought yearly into Galatz and Ibraila from Great Britain ; and 1800*l.* on British vessels for additional portorage, attendance, &c. : making a total of 18,000*l.* sterling per annum. Added to this are the trouble to merchants, inconvenience to ship-masters, injury done to many articles by having water thrown over them, damage to such packages as may have the tarpaulins torn or the seals broken ; and, above all, delay, as time is money in trade. We may state these items in our financial tables as a small involuntary tribute to the political ambition of Russia.

As an example of the loss sustained by delay in consequence of the Danubian quarantine may be mentioned that of discharging. At Ibraila there are so few discharging berths, that vessels must wait to unload until their turn comes. A few months ago twelve ships were waiting to deliver, seven of them being British ; and they were thus losing their time, although they are charged quayage. It may be said that the buildings of the establishment might be enlarged ; but if trade increases as it has hitherto done, that would be almost tantamount to converting the town into a vast lazaretto, for it is but a small place, while the uselessness of the quarantine points out a better remedy than that of erecting such a monument of foreign usurpation in a country belonging to a friendly Power. That Turkey is no party to the oppression of British trade in the Danube, through the rigour of the quarantine regulations, is sufficiently attested by the firman bearing date the 2nd of August, 1848, in which the Prince of Moldavia was ordered to discontinue their application to our ships ; but that disposition in our favour was overruled, and they still exist.

Political economists tell us that the consumer pays all expenses, and we believe them ; but it is no less true that, were the quarantine expenses saved, our merchandise would be imported cheaper, and the provinces would consume a larger quantity of British produce. It must also be borne in mind that all goods coming to the Principalities from Germany, either down the Danube or by land, are admitted free of this onerous quarantine tax, which on ordinary merchandise amounts to 2 per cent., and the trade of Germany has consequently so great an advantage over that of Great Britain, that German produce is preferred to English, when the cost to the consumers on the Danube, exclusive of quarantine charges, would otherwise be equal. Were the obstacles opposed by the sanitary *cordon* removed, there can be no doubt that the sale of British manufactures would be considerably extended by purchases made by traders from the small towns and villages of Bulgaria, as well as of Wallachia and Moldavia, where assortments do not exist, and this without diminishing the quantity sent direct into the former province.

Steam navigation has brought those rich countries nearer to us, and it has opened to them a career of internal improvement, which will multiply their wants and make them eager purchasers of our goods. We, on our part, seek new markets for our manufactures, and we must do it actively, for we have the formidable competition of the other states of Europe to struggle against ; we should be vigilant where surplus corn is produced, in order that we may make a profitable exchange, tending to supply our own wants ; and the Danubian trade combines those qualities and features which imperatively demand the attention of England. The value of our exports to France, Belgium, and Holland, which have a population of

42,000,000, and have manufacturers of their own, is 7,000,000*l.* sterling per annum, while that of our Danubian exports is little more than 700,000*l.*, including those to Bulgaria; in the west of Europe, 6,000,000 of the population imports 1,000,000*l.* worth of our goods; the population of the three Danubian provinces is upwards of 8,000,000, and by re-establishing the proportion we would add nearly 700,000*l.* to the annual value of our exports, almost doubling the amount of our trade on the Danube. Is it not then worth our while to endeavour to extend and facilitate our commercial relations with those countries?

At a time when the belief in the contagious nature of the plague is rapidly giving way before inquiry and experience, and when Turkey is entirely free from it, surely Russia will not be allowed to follow up her designs by using quarantine as an instrument, and using it, too, with such palpable detriment to others. Can Turkey and those who wish her well suffer the free mercantile intercourse between three of her provinces to be impeded by custom-house regulations, framed to favour the Russian desire of seeing two of them detached from the Ottoman Empire, when all the energies of enlightened statesmen are directed towards the development of trade, as being the only true foundation of national prosperity? And in the very year when Great Britain has determined to overcome the gigantic difficulties of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, will she quietly look on when Russia is closing a canal formed by nature, and thus crushing the trade of a not unimportant part of Europe? Will she not assert her rights at Sulina? If these three subjects are rightly treated, a salutary check will be imposed on the crafty advances of a rival, the most opportune and beneficial support will be given to the just cause of a friend, and the immediate interests of our own trade will receive a profitable impulse. There will then only remain the obnoxious presence of the Russian Army of Occupation to combat in the Danubian Principalities, and the preponderant influence which is exercised by the Russian agents over the councils of their administration. But the latter will soon fall if the visible signs of power are removed, and the Moldo-Wallachians will throw off the ascendancy of Russia, which is not cemented by common interests, immediately when they perceive that the Czar is not omnipotent. Give them another support, and they will cling to it.

When England is fully informed of these facts, which have hitherto, perhaps, remained comparatively unnoticed, it is to be hoped that she will take them into serious consideration.

THE THREE DRAGONS.

A HUNGARIAN TALE.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

OF all the wonderful heroes that ever lived, or that, without living at all, were ever talked about, never was one to equal the "Iron Laci," celebrated in the popular stories of Hungary. For, mark well, beloved reader, whom I propose to feed on a rich banquet of absurdity, that the marvels I am about to relate are no mere off-spinnings of a modern brain, but are in substance derived from the real proper traditions of the Magyar race, and are, as such, respected by the *savants* of Germany.

Our hero, Laci, begins in a mystery. There is no sufficient reason extant why he should have such a metallic appellation as the "Iron Laci." He seems to have been made of good flesh and blood at first, though he *did* get a little modified as he went on; and there is no fable, to my knowledge, which informs us that he was dipped into the molten sea of an iron-foundry as Achilles was into the Styx, or plated with iron as the great Siegfried was cased in horn, by a wholesome anointing with dragon's fat. But wherever he got his name, this much is certain, that he was the youngest son of a king (of some country or other), whose family numbered three sons and three daughters, and that, in his early years, he was one of the most uncouth, lawless, ill-conditioned, youths that ever frightened the *mater familias* out of her wits, or drove the *pater familias* into a towering passion.

It was no accident when he ran against an irritable old woman with a basket of eggs under her arm, and converted it into a basket of smash—the event was the result of a lubberly love of mischief. It was no accident when the old lady, by way of retaliation, cursed him by prophesying that "his next wish should be fulfilled," for, paradoxical as the curse sounded, she knew very well what she was about, and meant to deal a good hard blow of misfortune. Laci, to be sure, did not trouble himself much about the imprecation; on the contrary, the old woman and her words slipped clean out of his memory, and he amused himself with playing at ball with his sisters, just as if nothing had happened.

Finely dressed ladies were those three sisters. They would have set the fashion in the kingdom, had it not been for the simple fact that their costume was so very *recherché* as to defy imitation, however remote. When I say that, according to the historian from whom we derive our information, the first had a dress like the sun; the second, one like the moon; and the third, one like the stars, I feel that all further expression to prove they were something out of the common way would be superfluous.

Now, these same well-dressed young ladies had often suffered no little annoyance from their younger brother's turn for practical humour, and they deemed it a pleasant retaliation to hit him with the ball as often and as smartly as they could. A blow in the ribs was not unendurable, and the same may be said of one which he received between the shoulder-blades; but when the ball came with full force upon the nose of our hero, the sensation was so intensely disagreeable, that, in an agony of pain and

wrath, he shouted, "I wish the earth swallowed you all *up*"—with a remarkable emphasis on the "*up*."

Then was it manifest that the old woman of the smashed eggs had spoken with words of power, for down went the three princesses underground, and the astonished Laci rubbed his eyes instead of his nose when he found himself alone with the unlucky ball. A pretty bungling story he told his father, when the latter asked him what had become of his three sisters; and when at last the truth oozed out, the result was a general mourning, and a prohibition against the eating of eggs within ten miles of the royal residence.

The eldest son, feeling a practical anxiety about his sisters, and finding the court-life wearisome, wandered forth in search of the lost three,—so also did the second; but as they did not come back again, they only increased the general sorrow. The mourning was deepened, and the prohibition against eggs was extended to a radius of twenty miles.

In the mean while, Laci, who had become a good deal steadier since the unfortunate game at ball, had grown to man's estate, and had come to the very rational conclusion that, as he had caused all the mischief, he ought to contribute his mite towards repairing it. He therefore requested the king his father to allow him to look after his lost brothers and sisters; and the monarch, not knowing how soon the old disposition might break out anew, was but too happy to grant his request. So off set our hero, not very particular as to which way he took—(indeed, what could direct his choice as to north, south, east, or west, when the ladies had simply gone downwards?)—and he had travelled a day or so, when he came to an old woman, who was with difficulty trying to place a bundle of wood upon her back. The unfortunate result of the egg-smashing had taught him that it is as well occasionally to be civil to old ladies, and accordingly he placed the bundle on the aged shoulders, in the politest and most kindly manner possible.

The old woman—whom, though my historian does not tell me so, I strongly suspect to have been the egg-bearer—proved not only grateful, but exceedingly well-informed. She knew the object of his journey just as well as he knew it himself; and she also had some notion as to how that object might be attained—a point with respect to which he was profoundly ignorant. Stamping on the ground, she caused an iron-bound chest to rise, and directing our hero to enter it, told him that it would bear him to the spot where his eldest sister was to be found.

Laci entered the chest, which immediately sank with him below the surface of the earth, and carried him on, with an easy sort of motion, till at last it came to a stand-still. He got out, and found himself at the foot of a bridge, composed of shears with the points upwards, which as they constantly opened and shut made a clattering noise, exceedingly terrible and jarring to the ear. There was, to be sure, a silver castle on the other side of the stream, which was crossed by this formidable bridge, and that was probably the residence of the sun-clad sister; but who could approach it by means of a road that promised to snip off arms and legs by way of toll?

"Don't be frightened, my dear boy; I'll carry you safe enough," said a squeaking voice; and Laci turning round, perceived that the chest was accosting him through the lips of a merry little iron face that formed one of its chief ornaments. "Don't be frightened," said the chest; "I'll

carry you safe enough to the castle." It then added, in a less cheerful tone, "But how you will get back again, I can't say."

This was not a moment to weigh remote contingencies, so Laci had soon re-entered his chest, and in a few minutes was over the water, at the foot of the castle-stairs. Here he took leave of the chest, with that politeness which had been taught him by the misfortune of his youth, and ascended the steps with no other vehicle than his own legs.

"Wherefore hast thou come hither, beloved brother?" said the sister of the sunny raiment; for lo! there she was, at the top of the stairs.

"To fetch you, beloved sister," was the answer.

"Sooner said than done," observed the lady, "for I am in the power of a dragon with six heads."

"The more heads he has, the more I can cut off," retorted Laci, heroically; and he stalked with his sister into the armory, to find proper implements to receive the dragon, who, very fortunately, happened to be from home.

While looking over the swords and spears he came to a sort of jug, on which was engraved the following lucid distich:

Whoever will empty this flagon,
Will find himself strong as the dragon.

These splendid lines were no sooner read, than the contents of the jug were down the throat of Laci, who would, doubtless, have reflected on the stupidity of the dragon in leaving in such an accessible place so valuable a liquid, had he not been prevented by a tremendous crash, which made the silver castle ring to its very foundations.

"It's only the dragon," said the princess; "when he comes within ten miles of the castle he is in the habit of flinging his club against the door, which it opens immediately."

"Answering the double purpose of a knocker and a key," said Laci; and at that moment the dragon stood before him, with all the six heads looking wonderously fierce.

"What do you want here?" said the heads, in a sestet.

"To fight with you," was the reply.

"First," quoth the dragon, "I must see whether you are worthy to combat so august a monster as I happen to be;" and he made a sign to the princess, who forthwith brought him a stone loaf and a wooden knife.

"There!" exclaimed he, triumphantly, when he had cut a slice off the loaf with the blunt implement, as featly as if he had been cutting butter with a razor.

"There!" retorted Laci, likewise triumphantly, when with the same implement he had divided the loaf into two equal parts.

The six heads bowed courteously, and the dragon, admitting that he had found a worthy opponent, they both walked down the steps into the court-yard. Here the combat began. Laci caught the dragon, and dashed him so hard upon the ground, that though they were fighting upon solid iron, he sank up to his knees as though it had been so much mud. A fling of retaliation—for the dragon did not remain long fixed—immersed Laci up to his hips in the hard metal; but the next throw covered the dragon up to his neck, so that it was no difficulty for Laci to shave off the heads by a single operation. He then, with all the promptness of genius, extricated the body from its stubborn enclosure, and, taking off

the skin, spread it over the shears which composed the bridge. These might now clatter as they pleased; they could not penetrate the scaly tegument; and Laci and his sister crossed the bridge with no other inconvenience than the fidgety sensation of a constant movement beneath their feet.

On the other side they found the old woman, who took charge of the princess, promising to convey her home to her father, and gave Laci directions to visit a certain smith, her brother, who would assist him in his further labours.

The smith was a hard-featured sort of man—a consequence, no doubt, of the singular peculiarity that he was made of steel—and as like affects like, the smithy, wherein he dwelt and worked, was made of steel also.

“So!” said the smith to our hero, “you are called ‘Iron Laci,’ are you? I can’t see why, but that is no business of mine. If you *are* made of iron, it is of no use in the combat you will have to undergo, and it is now my office to temper you into steel.”

By a process more invigorating than pleasant Laci was tempered accordingly; and proceeding on his new journey, he came in sight of a golden castle. Greatly, however, was he annoyed to find that the castle constantly receded as he approached it; and, investigating the cause of this phenomenon, he perceived that the edifice was possessed of a number of ducks’ feet, with which it might have waddled on for ever, had he not, by a sudden spring, caught one of the feet with one hand, while with the other he forced open the door and leaped into the castle.

The sight of a dragon with nine heads did not greatly alarm him, for when one has seen and killed a monster with six heads, a head more or less makes no material difference. The dragon’s mode of fighting was peculiar.

“You,” said he to Laci, “shall be a wheel of iron, and I will be one of paper, and we will roll against each other from opposite mountains.”

Laci agreed to the plan, with the alteration that he himself should become the paper-wheel, and that the dragon should have the harder material. This arrangement being carried into effect, the two wheels rolled slowly up opposite slopes, and then, rolling down again with tremendous speed, came together with such a shock, that one of the nails dropped out of the iron one. The dragon was evidently not gratified by this result, and, changing the plan of combat, he proposed that he and his adversary should become two flames—himself blue, and Laci red. This plan was also adopted, save that Laci was blue, and the dragon red; and while a strange contest of flashing and blazing was carried on between the rival flames, a great ugly cormorant flew over them, flapping its unwieldy wings.

“Cormorant! cormorant!” shouted the dragon; “just let the least drop of water fall into the blue flame, and I’ll give you a head for your reward.”

“Drop it into the red flame, and you shall have nine heads,” shouted Laci.

The cormorant yielded to the highest bidder. Down fell a drop of water into the red flame, which went out with a hiss, and left the corpse of the dragon in its place. Laci, resuming his proper shape, honourably paid the cormorant according to contract, and, having taken his moon-clad sister, who had been imprisoned in the duck-legged castle, to the smith, he set out in quest of the other members of his family.

The first thing that struck his heroic eyes was a blazing haystack, with an unfortunate snake peeping through the flames.

"Look, gentle passer-by! Behold, illustrious passenger! Mark, acute observer! Here's a pretty predicament. How would you like to be cased up after this fashion? Help! help, I say, and I will be grateful to the most unreasonable extent."

No great exertion was required to accomplish the act of beneficence. Laci simply grasped the snake just under the chin, and slipped it out of the blazing hay.

"Thank ye," said the snake; "you will doubtless be pleased to hear that the reptile you have delivered is no other than the snake-king's daughter. To show my gratitude, I will at once conduct you to my father's house, with the direction that, if he offers you a reward for saving the life of his lovely child, you will ask for the worst horse, the most rusty sword, and a—shirt that has had the least possible familiarity with the laundress."

When Laci had arrived at the snake-king's palace, having been introduced by the half-toasted princess, he bore the advice in mind; so, when the jolly old monarch offered him gold and jewels to whatever extent he might name, he stuck closely to the three apparently worthless articles.

"Ah, but ye're a knowing boy," said the snake-king, giving Laci a nudge in the ribs. "You've not been flirting with my daughter for nothing. Here are the three articles; and I may as well inform you that the horse is a magic horse; that the sword, provided it be not whetted, will vanquish every enemy; and that the shirt, provided it be not made more familiar with the laundress than it is at present, will resist every blow, however stoutly dealt. Thus equipped, you may proceed to the castle of the twelve-headed dragon, and rescue your third sister."

"Castle of the twelve-headed dragon!" said Laci.

"Yes," replied the snake-king. "Go up the high road, then take the first turning to your right, then to your left, and then inquire."

Acting on these circumstantial directions, Laci came to the dragon's castle; and there he found his star-clad sister sitting by a roaring fire, with a face as long as his arm.

"Why so sad, daughter of my father?" said he. "It can't be the cold that makes you pull such a dismal countenance."

"Not at all, dearest brother," she replied; "but my office is the most disagreeable that can be imagined. Look ye now. Your two brothers are hanging up in the chimney to dry, and it is my business to keep heaping wood on the fire till the drying process is complete."

"I have a sword," murmured Laci, haughtily, "that will soon put an end to all that sort of thing."

"Sword, indeed," said the princess, with something between a sigh and a sneer; "swords will be of very little use in our case. The witch who is the twelve-headed dragon's wife has taken a solemn oath, that if any one fights with her husband, we are lost for ever. We must be liberated by the way of purchase."

A roll of wheels was now heard, and the dragon and his wife, who had come home in their state carriage, made their appearance.

"Halloah, Laci!—heyday, Laci!—what do ye do here, Laci?" said the dragon.

"You know my name, it seems," returned our hero. "But—to

answer your question—I am here upon business. I want to buy my sister, and take my two brothers as make-weights.”

“Hm—m—m!” said the dragon, with commercial hesitation. “Well, I don’t know. You have about you a certain shirt; and—and—a certain sword. If you will give me those, I don’t mind parting with the worthless live stock to which you allude.”

“Done!” shouted Laci; and in a moment the shirt and the sword were in the hands of the dragon.

“Now,” cried the monster, “a pretty bargain you have made. Why you were called ‘Iron Laci’ nobody knows; but if you had been named ‘Wooden Laci,’ the reason might have been easily perceived. The magic sword being in my power, you are minced meat as soon as I choose to make use of it.”

“That never struck me!” exclaimed Laci, with a face of blank astonishment. “Still, as you are victorious, be also magnanimous, and allow me to take leave of my faithful steed.”

The dragon assented to this reasonable request; and Laci visiting the magic horse in the stable, where he had been placed, asked him his opinion as to the state of affairs.

“My opinion,” said the sagacious quadruped, “is, that you and the dragon are the greatest fools I ever knew. You are a blockhead for giving him whatever he asked, without reflecting on the nature of the transaction; and he is no better, inasmuch as, when he asked for the shirt and the sword, he neglected to ask for me. This stupidity on his part is so much luck for you. Only ask that your corpse may be bound on my back, and you will find all right.”

Laci acted on the horse’s advice when he returned to the dragon, and the monster granted his request at once, though, to secure himself from all chance of a resuscitation, he cut up our hero into a thousand little pieces. These, wrapped up in a shabby handkerchief, were bound to the horse’s back, and off went he with his minced master, as if he were wafted along by a whirlwind. Anger for the fate of Laci had given new speed to the feet of the faithful animal; and the snake-king was not incorrect in his reasoning, when he augured, from a violent sound of hoofs which approached his residence, that something had gone wrong with his daughter’s protégé. Acting on a homœopathic principle, he kindled a great fire at the castle-gate for the horse’s reception, and his method had the desired result, for the creature no sooner arrived than he swallowed the flames, which had a cooling effect, and uttered the short but pithy exclamation—

“I came here all the faster,
Because they minced my master.”

Short-sighted dragon, to think that the vitality of our hero could be extinguished by such a vulgar process as mincing, when he had such a patroness as the snake-king’s daughter! The monarch instantly sent out all his snakes to collect herbs of the most healing power; and with a decoction of these he washed the fragments of our hero, who not only came together again like the dismembered Turk in a fantoccini, but was ten times handsomer than he had ever been in his life. The horse, to be sure, had so shaken the bundle that the right shoulder had fallen out, and was not to be found; but the snake-king was too good a classic not to

have read the story of Ceres and Pelops, and, therefore, a shoulder of silver and gold was readily manufactured to supply the deficiency.

With characteristic perseverance and courage Laci, as soon as he was restored, returned to the dragon's castle; and, that he might be the less easily discovered, he changed himself into a horse. History is silent as to the means by which he effected this transformation; and therefore my readers, if they assume that they were furnished by the marvellous decoction of herbs, will at any rate have a theory which, if it cannot be proved, cannot be contradicted. That the horse was, after all, but a bungling sort of horse—not too like the real thing—may be readily inferred; for the dragon's wife no sooner set eyes upon him than she guessed he concealed some sort of devildom, without exactly knowing in what that consisted.

Now began a smart contest of magical ingenuity. The dragon's wife, to dispose of the suspicious-looking animal, feigned an ardent longing to eat his liver; and her too-compliant husband ordered him to be slaughtered accordingly. But Laci had contrived to tell his star-clad sister to take up the piece of earth on which his blood should fall, and bury it in the dragon's garden. This was done; and when the horse was killed, and the liver was eaten, the dragon's wife was not a little surprised to find the garden decorated with a large tree that bore golden apples. Retaining her suspicions, and sticking to her point, she insisted that her dinner should be cooked with the wood of this tree. It was, therefore, cut down, but not before it had directed the princess to throw a couple of splinters into the dragon's pond; and on the following day the most conspicuous object in the pond was a remarkably handsome gold fish. Catching a fish—especially such a shrewd fish as our Laci—is not such a matter of course as killing a horse, or hewing down a tree; and though the dragon and his wife made several attempts, they were but a series of failures. At last the dragon, who was an expert swimmer, resolved to attack the enemy in his own country; and laying down the magic sword, and putting off the magic shirt, he leaped into the pond. However, no sooner was he in the water than Laci was out, and had secured the precious articles. The witch, seeing the turn that affairs had taken, went off on a broomstick; but the dragon, recollecting Laci's expedient, requested that, when he was dead, he might be tied to a horse's back. Laci, after striking off the twelve heads, complied with the request; but the dragon's horse, when once it had departed, was never heard of more.

The star-clad sister and the two brothers were now taken to the snake-king's court by their gallant deliverer, the young gentlemen being not so much dried as to be beyond the healing power of the sage monarch. That they returned home, where they found their sisters, my readers will have anticipated as a matter of course,—but they will probably not be aware that Laci married the snake-king's daughter; with which pleasing fact I conclude this famous history.

THE GREAT FORESTS OF ANTIQUITY AND OF PRESENT TIMES.

THE very idea of a forest is replete with poetry and romance. A forest at once captivates attention by the majesty of its aspect, the imposing character of its mass, and the various tints with which it colours the landscape. After mountains and plains, forests constitute the most remarkable features in the great picture of nature. Together they form the most striking points in the physiognomy of a country. They are so many great lines to which are attached a crowd of merely secondary details. Vegetation, that admirable garb in which Nature loves to clothe herself, has no more magnificent products. Some forests assume a character of sublimity by their vastness. Others, as the Hercynian and Caledonian forests, are famous in history. The ancients worshipped forests, and imagined a great part of their gods to reside in them. Temples were frequently built in their remotest recesses, where the gloom and silence naturally inspired sentiments of devotion, and turned men's thoughts within themselves. For the like reason, the Druids made forests the place of their residence, performed their sacrifices, instructed their youth, and gave laws therein. There were not only forest divinities and sacred trees, but forests have from all times been peopled with satyrs, fauns, elves, kobolds, trollds, nymphs, and fairies, and been made the scenes of enchantments and of the evocation of spirits. Tombs were erected in their darkest recesses, and monks and hermits sought there for seclusion from the distractions of the world. Nor are the wild men, or the wild beasts and birds that actually inhabited them, or were supposed to inhabit them, without interest. A forest life is the type of savage life. Its influence upon man is established by all experience: wild men of the woods do not exist solely in ballads or legends. The backwoodsman of America is often but a few steps removed from the Red Indian.

Geology teaches us, that, in ante-historical times, England and France were in part covered by a vast arborescent vegetation, which partook more or less of a tropical character. At a period still less distant, magnificent, but now extinct forests, lined both sides of the Channel. These forests have left their vestiges in the submarine forests discovered at Saint Brieux, Roselier in Finisterre, &c. In Great Britain, submarine forests have been found on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the Bristol Channel, at Mount's Bay, Cornwall, on the Firths of Forth and Tay, and in several other places.

In actual times, the most extensive forests are met with in tropical or intertropical countries. Such climates are most favourable to vegetation of all descriptions, and it is there that it attains most quickly an extreme development. More stunted in its growth in temperate climates, so also it becomes more vigorous, and its timber more useful. Everywhere vegetation reflects in its physiognomy the character of the soil, and the temperature and climate of the country. Thus, in Europe, we have the zone of cork oaks, and oaks with soft acorns; then the zone of chestnut-trees; next that of the beech; then that of pines and firs; finally succeeded by that of the birch. The same thing results from gradual elevation. Thus, if we take the Apennines for an example, we have first a zone of evergreen and cork oaks; above this a zone of hardier oaks

(*Quercus robur*, *Q. cerris*) and chestnuts; then a zone of beech, followed by another of the *Pinus sylvestris*; beyond which, shrubby plants, as *Vaccinium myrtillus*, *Arbutus uva ursi*, and *Juniperus nana*, are alone met with.

In India, the seat of ancient life, both human, animal, and vegetable, the forests have resisted the progress of civilisation, and still constitute one of the most characteristic features of the country. There the teak, or Indian oak, constitutes by itself forests of prodigious extent. But the generality of forests are composed of a more varied vegetation, and one of a more tropical character—a character to which the fan palm and oily palms contribute in no small degree. The tall trunks of these indigenous trees give support to innumerable climbing plants and bind-weeds—the *lianes* of the French writers; while progress below is effectively obstructed by spiny and prickly shrubs, mimosas, cassias, and an infinitely various vegetation. The latter, without the forest-trees, constitute the celebrated jungle of the East—a word from the Sanscrit, “jangal,” a forest,—the resort of the jungle gau, buffaloes, tigers, elephants, and rhinoceroses. Upon the delta of the Ganges, the sundari (*Heritiera minor*) covers whole tracts, hence denominated *Sunderbunds*, just as the delta of the Euphrates and Tigris is covered by a particular species of bog-rush (*Mariscus elongatus*, “Res. in Assyria,” &c., p. 134), or the banks of the rivers by forests of date-trees, followed by an almost interminable jungle of tamarix.

Still more remarkable are the forests of mangrove—a tree that positively advances into the ocean, and throws out its roots over spots covered by high water. Not less so are the forests of cocoa-nut-trees in Ceylon, Malabar, &c.; and the forests of sandal-wood in Seringapatam. One of the most extensive forests in the world is met with at the foot of the Himmaleh, and is called the Saul forest, from the dominant and consequently characteristic tree, the *Shorea robusta*. This forest covers an area of 1500 miles; and, besides the usual wild animals, is frequented by a curious hare, described by Mr. Hodgson (“Journ. of Asiatic Society of Bengal,” vol. xvi.) by the name of *Lepus hispidus*. On the Himmaleh, three kinds of rhododendron form so many differently elevated zones. But the forests of this great mountain-chain present an infinite variety of vegetable forms, which have been well described by the botanists Wallich, Gerard, Royle, Hooker, &c. The forest and high dense grass-jungle of Assam, and which is said to exceed in extent that of any other country of the same area, has been well described in the “Sketch of Assam, by an Officer.” The forests of cabbage-palm give their name to Pula-Penang.

The Molucca Islands are remarkable for their singular marine forests, the abode of crocodiles and dangerous serpents. The Philippine Islands and other coral groups of the Pacific have also their “Virgin Forests.” Of the forests of Australia we have spoken elsewhere in the *New Monthly*. The trees belong mostly to the same family of plants; the leaves, instead of spreading out as elsewhere, rise upwards or vertically, and their verdure is deficient in brilliancy. In New Zealand the forests are more imposing, the trees are taller and more expansive, and the forests themselves are more extensive.

The American forests, especially varied and beautiful, have also had the great advantage of being depicted by the gifted De Humboldt; and hence they and their unrivalled scenery are more familiar to the educated reader

than any other forests of the four quarters of the globe. It is calculated that of 571,000 square leagues occupied by South America, one-fourth is covered by mountains, of which a large portion are clothed with forest-trees and shrubs, which descend at times into the plains, and interrupt, by their long continuous strips, the relief of that vast continent. The virgin forests (*Matto virgem*) of Brazil have been particularly described by Von Martius and St. Hilaire. In the eastern provinces there is a great forest-district, known as the *Matto gerald*, or general forest. In the interior, the forests alternate with *Catingas*, a name derived from two Indian words, *caa tinga*, white wood; but in reality, jungle, with occasional trees, among which the *Chorisia ventricosa*, so called from attaining a greater circumference above the base, is the most remarkable for size. In the west there are two great forest-districts—the *Matto da Corda*, formed in part of catingas; and the *Matto grosso*, which is itself again divided into different zones. Upon the uplands there are districts of mere brushwood without trees, called *Carascos*,—and what are designated as *Carasquenos* make the transition between these and the catingas. The progress of colonisation and civilisation has as yet done little towards clearing the land in this country of virgin forests. Rio de Janeiro is itself still encompassed by a vast girdle of forest nearly fifty leagues in width. De Humboldt has recorded, that the beautiful and well-known sketch, by M. de Clarac, of a virgin forest on the borders of the Rio Bonito, reminded him alike of the forest-scenery of Brazil, Venezuela, New Granada, and Guyana.

On the western coasts of South America forests are rare. The island of Chiloe is most wooded, and the character of its forests have been well depicted by Darwin. In Patagonia the mountains are still covered with forest-trees, among which the famous *Betula antarctica* takes pre-eminence for size. Further south, and at the Straits of Magellan, nothing remains but a shrubbery of *Fagus betuloides*.

In the north of South America we have three distinct zones; the littoral, with its forests of mangroves and cactuses, and its *tierras cultivadas*; the savannahs, called the *Zona de los pastos*; and beyond, the *Zona de los bosques*; a continuation of the great forests of Brazil, which are said to occupy an area of 120,000 square leagues. Guyana, with its magnificent virgin-forests and its marvels of vegetation, among which stand pre-eminent the *Victoria regia*, has been well described by Sir Robert Schomburg. For an equally characteristic description of the vegetation of Peru, we must refer to the pages of Tschudi.

In Mexico, a country of such remarkably contrasted configuration, vegetation naturally varies with the altitude. In the *tierras calientes* we have peculiar forms of palms; in the temperate regions (*tierras templadas*) we have chiefly oaks; but in the vicinity of Tampico, one kind of tree alone (the *Ficus Indica*) constitutes whole forests. In this country the gigantic alamo and the peibo are the symbols of vegetative luxuriance. According to Stephens, in his account of Yucatan, these trees are rapidly extending their empire over the ruins of Teocallis, Uxmal, Copal, and Palenque, and are transforming the cities of the Toltecs and Aztecs into forests. Nor ought we here to omit noticing the forests of mahogany in Honduras, or those of logwood in the district of Campeachy, both so important in a commercial point of view.

Pine-forests extend all along the coasts of Western North America,

and impart to California and the Oregon, alike, an imposing, yet monotonous and sombre character. Some of these pines are the kings of their tribe, and attain an elevation of upwards of one hundred feet, their cones alone being fifteen inches in length. In the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries we find the forest cypresses and cedars, which attain there so luxuriant a growth that a single tree is said to have afforded shelter to Cortez and his entire army, at that time, we should suppose, very much reduced in numbers. M. Maury,* to whose admirable work we are indebted for many interesting details, has, apparently, mistaken the rafts of these cypresses, constructed by the indefatigable lumberers, for the snags accidentally springing up from cypresses imbedded in the river mud. When many of these sunken trees are gathered together, they form vast sub-fluviatile forests, of which the most remarkable, called the "Great Dismal," has been described by Sir Charles Lyell.

On the Alleghany's, or Apalachian Mountains, we find zones of rhododendrons and kalmias succeeded by forests of oak, and these, again, by pine-trees. In Florida and Louisiana we have, as on the Mississippi, cedar swamps, and forests of magnolias, catalpas, and tulip-trees; in Carolina, pine-forests, or pine barrens, as they are locally termed, in which the trees rival in growth those of the western coast. To the northward we have forests of oak, birch, sycamore, mulberry, maple, &c., &c.; but there is a deficiency of evergreens. When the leaves of the deciduous trees have fallen, the *Equisetum hyemale* is the most striking feature of the forest. In New England, excepting patches of oak, chestnut, and plane-trees, and, on the borders of the great lakes, larch-trees, there is already a predominance of fir and pine-forests, more especially of spruce-fir; and, in Canada, these, with a few poplars and birch-trees, constitute almost the whole of the forest vegetation.

America is the country of forests *par excellence*, and most travellers have exhausted themselves in endeavouring to impart an idea of their extreme magnificence, and of the general marvellous character of their vegetation. There is in these countries, upon which the indefatigable backwoodsman, and the still more energetic lumberer, have failed almost to make an impression, a constant destruction and reproduction going on, and, strange to say, with a succession of different forms of vegetation—phenomena which have naturally been made the subject of scientific observation and of careful study.

Africa is by no means so wanting in forests as is generally imagined. The mangrove forms real forests at the mouths of most of the great rivers. In Senegambia, travellers make mention of extensive forests of gum-trees. The ananas form dwarf forests around Sierra Leone. Around the Cape of Good Hope we have forests of holly, laurel, bay, olives, and still more of acacias. Extensive growths of euphorbias, mesembryanthema, aloes, and strelitzias, impart, by their strange and fantastic forms, a peculiar stamp upon the vegetation of other districts. The luxuriant forests of the interior of Southern Africa, and of the mountainous range

* Histoire des Grandes Forêts de la Gaule et de l'Ancienne France, précédée de recherches sur l'Histoire des Forêts de l'Angleterre, de l'Allemagne et de l'Italie, et de Considérations sur le Caractère des Forêts des diverses parties du Globe. Par L. F. Alfred Maury.

to the westward, so lately opened to the enterprise of scientific travellers, have not yet been accurately described. Madagascar boasts of four great forests, called Alamazaotra, Ifohara, Bemarame, and Betsimihisatra. It is from these forests that the poisonous almond of the *Tanghinia veneniflua* is obtained.

The forests of the Atlas are chiefly composed of oak (*Quercus ballota*), Aleppo pines, sumacs, thuyas, and pistachio nut-trees. The ash shows itself in the forest of Mazafran, and the cedar of Lebanon in the mountains of Riga. There are many pine-forests in Kabilia, which, M. Carette ("Etudes sur la Kabilie") informs us, are each distinguished by the predominance of different species. In the forest of Akfadu, it is the oak *zan*; in the Tamjut, another oak; in the Kendiru, the walnut-tree; in the Jurjura, the ash. According to Richardson ("Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara"), the thal (*Acacia gummifera*) gives birth to extensive woody districts on the arid and rocky soil of the Desert. The forest of Manrat, and the other wooded districts of Abyssinia, have been only lately made known to us by the labours of Dr. Beke and of Sir C. Harris. Werne has depicted the forests of the Upper Nile, and the petrified remains near Cairo would attest to the existence of forests in the valley of the Lower Nile in ancient times; but these have now entirely disappeared, leaving only a few groves of palm and date-trees.

The Old Testament speaks often of the forests of Judea, under the denomination of *iarim*, which may, however, mean no more than woodland. Some of these, as the forest of Ephraim, and that of Hareth, to which David withdrew to avoid the fury of Saul, have disappeared. Traces still remain of the forest of oaks on the mountains of Bashan; and the forest of cedars on Mount Lebanon (1 Kings vii. 2, &c.) is, it is well known, now represented by a clump of trees, which is made one of the shows of the Holy Land. Syria, Al Jezireh, and Irak Arabia, have few forests. "On ne retrouve plus les forêts que dans les montagnes de la Chaldée, où des chênes forment des massifs importants de 1500 à 2500 piéds Anglais au dessus du niveau de la mer," says M. Maury, quoting Mr. Francis Ainsworth's "Visit to the Chaldeans."

This is scarcely critically correct, for the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon still furnish abundant timber, and the forest growth keeps increasing to the northwards, through the Ansairy districts, to the well-wooded Casius, and it attains a maximum development in the forests of Rhosus and Amanus, renowned in all antiquity. The Kurdistan Mountains present five distinct zones of vegetation—a lower limit, of vine, pistachio, oleander, and lilacs; a second, of oaks; a third, of jasmine, and honeysuckle; a fourth, of astragalus, pæony, fennel, and rhubarb; a fifth, of gentians and alpine plants. The great forests which furnish the gall-nuts of commerce fill up the valley of Amadiyeh and other secluded districts of the Gordyæan Mountains.

The Taurus is also throughout well wooded; and the pine-forests of the Chamlu Bel, or Fir Mountains, the ancient Paryadres, are deserving of notice. So also is the celebrated Aghatsh Dengiz, or "Sea of Trees," in Bithynia, as well as the woods of Paphlagonia and Pontus. The Olympus is still clad with magnificent forests, reminding one of Ida; and the woods of Thymbra and of Claros, both with temples celebrated in antiquity, are still extant. Lycia is well wooded, as we see in the descriptions given by Messrs. Spratt and Forbes; and it would appear

that these woods are prolonged, by the mountainous and hilly districts of Karamania, as far as to the Cilician Taurus. Persia also boasts its forest-clad mountains of Kurdistan, Ghilan, and Mazanderan; and wood becomes still more abundant as we approach the Caucasus.

Greece was already deprived of its forests in the time of the Romans. The rapid progress of agriculture had reduced to mere groves the woods of Erymanthus and of Nemæa, to which the well-known traditions of heroic times are attached. Tempe was, at the commencement of our era, only a shady valley; and Dodone saw its renowned oaks fade away with the celebrity of its oracle. Some of the islands of the Archipelago, as Imbros and Lemnos, are still well wooded. Turkey in Europe offer, in the present day, many fine oak-forests, chiefly composed of seven species, to which, in Albania, Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, three others are to be added. Servia and Bosnia have particularly extensive forests.

Russia also still presents in many parts that wooded state which belonged to the greater part of the globe before the progress of industry and civilisation laid it open to purposes of agriculture. The so-called "Black Forest," composed chiefly of oak, is said to cover an area of 4000 versts. The Crimea has lost many of its more important forests, but it is still well wooded in parts. The forest physiognomy of Russia naturally varies very much. In Archangel, the pines predominate; in Kostroma and Toula, lime-trees. The Russian language is extremely rich in forest expressions. Thus, a wood of pines is called *pichtovnik*; a wood of birch, *bereznik*. When France presented, in olden times, a state analogous to that of Russia, the language of natural history was equally rich; but *chesnaie*, *aulnaie*, *vernaie*, *boulaie*, *popelinière*, *fresnaie*, and other words descriptive of particular kinds of forest, have all now fallen into desuetude, or become obsolete.

Lithuania still forms a vast frontier forest between Russia and Poland. The deepest recesses of the Bialowitza alone conceal the wild ox, or urus, now nearly extinct.* Poland contains, in the present day, few forests;

* The auroch, or urus, was formerly met with in all the forests of Europe. It was abundant in Bohemia and Carinthia in the thirteenth century. In the time of Clovis, it was already so scarce in Gaul, that the kings reserved the hunting of it, in their own domains, solely to themselves. To make amends, however, bears, wolves, lynxes, foxes, badgers, stags, and wild boars, abounded in the recesses of the forests. Many of these have now disappeared from their haunts, or are but rarely met with. A constant change has been going on in this respect on the surface of the globe. The fossil bones of giant stags (*Cervus eurycerus* or *hibernicus*, *C. damas giganteus*, and *C. primigenius*) and of a primordial ox (*Bos primigenius*) found in the peat bogs of Ireland and France, and in caves, where they were dragged by wild animals, attest the former existence in these countries of quadrupeds of very great size. At that time feline animals, also of gigantic size, hunted the forests like the lions and tigers of the jungles of India and the American forests of our own days. Such were the *Felis spelæa*, which appears to have resembled the lion in its form, and the *Felis antiqua*, which resembled more the tiger. An enormous bear (*Ursus spelæus*) abounded alike in England, Belgium, and Germany. The formidable hyæna of the same epoch (*Hyæna spelæa*) is said still to exist in the caves of Africa, as the moa, supposed to be extinct, has been lately recovered in New Zealand. The urus, we have seen, also exists in the forests of Lithuania. The existence of the great Irish elk—*Cervus* (*Megaceros*) *hibernicus*—has also been traced down to historical times. Bears are still met with in some of the mountain districts of Europe, as in the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees, and in a few valleys of the same region, as that of Ossau, called

that of Wodwosco is, indeed, alone deserving of the name. Hungary and Transylvania are still rich in forest lands. The most extensive are those of Gardinovacz, Kovill, and Katy. Croatia is the most woody of all the military frontier. Styria also contains a few pine-forests; and the forest of Wienerwald still adorns the Kahlen range of hills. In Bohemia, the forests are remarkably productive. Norway and Sweden are also renowned for forest regions. Few remains exist, however, of the once magnificent and oft celebrated forests of Italy and Sicily; and Spain is, in the present day, one-half less wooded than France, but one-half more so than England.

In England, as in France, the Norman kings and barons exerted themselves to their utmost to give all possible extent to the forests. John of Salisbury, who wrote in the twelfth century, raises his voice loudly against this feudal abuse. The New Forest, only threatened with annihilation in our own times, has been a constant field of iniquity—

A dreary desert and gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey.

It would seem as if Heaven had also made this forest a place of punishment for wicked princes, for not only did William Rufus meet his death there, but also Richard, brother of Henry I., and Henry, nephew of Robert, and eldest son of the Conqueror, remained there one whole day suspended, like Absalom, by the hair of his head.

England was, however, always well wooded. Cæsar speaks of it generally as *horrida sylvis*. It is said that 50,000 men perished in clearing away the woods of Scotland by the orders of Severus. The ancient *Sylva Caledonica* is supposed to have occupied an area of twenty miles. Geoffroy of Monmouth, who makes it the seat of Merlin's adventures, calls it *Nemus*, or *Sylva Calidonis*, and notices its noble oaks:

Et patulas Caledonis præfero quercus.

The troubadours sang of it as the "Bos de Colidon:"

De si al bos de Colidon
S' en alèrent fuint saison.

Roman de Brut., v. 9423-24, t. 11, p. 47,
ed. Le Roux de Lincy.

This vast forest is now gone. Coill-more, or Great Wood, is the only fragment that remains, but relics of the olden forest are still frequently dug out of the great peat bog of Moss Flanders.

Domesday Book notices five forests in England at the time of the Conquest. These were the New Forest, Windsor Forest, Gravelinges in Wiltshire, Winburne in Dorsetshire, and Whichwood, or Huchewode, in Oxfordshire. Fragments of the two first alone remain in the present day. Mrs. Bray states that the forest of Wistman, in Dartmoor, much

in olden times *Ursini saltus*. The lynx—rare in the Pyrenees—is still met with in the Alps, and is said to abound in the Hartz. The shepherd of the Landes still tends his flock with a gun, to keep off the wolves, which also frequent many of the larger forests of France. Our own forests still boast of the badger, the wild-cat, and the marten. Stags and deer also abound. The forests of Mar, of Corrichibah, and Glenartney, are especially well provided with these noble denizens of the woods. The wood of Dirimore is said to contain deer of a peculiar description; and, under the careful superintendence of the present duke, the forest of Athol, which in 1776 scarcely contained one hundred stags, is said now to possess five or six thousand.

favoured by the Druids, has almost disappeared. Traces of the forest of Rockingham, which shaded the castle of William the Conqueror, still remain. So, also, of the Gloucester forest, to which was attached a fairy legend that has been handed down to posterity by Gervais of Tilbury. There are also traces extant of the Cheshire forests, more especially that of Delamere, in the midst of which, tradition says, Ædelfleda laid the foundations of Eaderburg, "the happy town," vestiges of which were called, in subsequent times, the "Chamber in the Forest." The forest of Pirheal, or Wirall, afterwards called that of Maclesfield, may be said to exist only in the traditions of the house of Hooton, who derive their origin from Alain the Forester. The forest of Galtres, which extended up to the gates of York, is now only to be traced some miles to the north of that city. The upland of Harrowgate was formerly connected with a magnificent forest, and in the North Riding the name of Swaledale Forest recalls the existence of scenes of sylvan grandeur where there is now scarcely a tree. The name of Robin Hood, or "Robin of the Wood," as Mr. Thomas Wright has it (*"Popular Cycle of the Robin Hood Ballads"*), is connected with several forests and a number of old oak-trees, but among these Sherwood (*Limpida sylva*), with which was also associated Needwood, was the most celebrated. The forests of Dunsinane and Birnam, alluded to by Shakspeare, have entirely disappeared. A few groves of oaks and the woods of Tilgate and Hastings are all that remain of the once extensive woodlands of the Weald, or Wald, called by the Bretons Coit-andred, or the Great Wood. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the woods of Tunbridge were partitioned off into fifty-three parks.

Ireland, according to Sir Robert Kane for a long time called the Woody Island, had still, in the days of Giraldus Cambrensis, forests of thirty miles in length. Arthur Young says he did not examine a hundred acres of soil that did not show traces of having once been forest land. In addition to the other general causes always in activity in reducing the magnitude of forests and encroaching upon their solitude, the destruction of the woodlands of Ireland was also in part brought about by the wish to destroy the places of refuge of the Whiteboys, as occurred in Scotland in regard to the Covenanters, and in England to the outlaws. John of Lancaster employed 24,000 workmen to cut down the forests of the border. Robert Bruce also destroyed many of the Scottish forests on his expedition to Inverary against Cumin, and the Danes burnt down many of the forests of the north. An order of General Monk, bearing date 1654, has been found, which prescribed the destruction of the wood of Aberfoyle, because the Royalists had taken refuge therein.

The disappearance of forests is a fact attaching intimately to the progress of civilisation. Nature presents herself, in her primitive condition, with a wild or savage aspect, bristling with rocks and forests; and it will be seen that the latter have invariably diminished in extent with the progress of civilisation. Hence Great Britain is, at the present day, the country least provided with forest timber of almost any country in the world.

The man of the woods, the inhabitant of forests, has become the type of the savage. In German, the word *wild*, savage, belongs to the same radical as *wald*, forest; the French word *sauvage*, in Italian *selvaggio*, is derived from the Latin *sylva*. The middle ages represented such a man as a hairy, hideous being, the guardian of mysterious abodes and enchanted castles, which popular imagination

placed in the midst of shady solitudes. This may be seen upon several monuments of the time which have been described by M. A. de Longperier ("Sur les Figures velues du Moyen Age," *Revue Archéologique*, t. 11, p. 507). Forests have, in fact, been from all times and in all countries the place of refuge for the proscribed, for *brigands*, and *banditti*. It was in the forests, now almost all dismantled, of England, that the *outlaws* secreted themselves; and it was in the wooded mountain chains of Germany that bands of robbers lay in ambush when peace had deprived them of a more legitimate way of levying tribute. Robin Hood and Witi-kind (*Witu Chind*, child of the wood) have been indebted for their names to this kind of life. In Corsica, the highwayman still takes refuge in the *mâquis* of the country.

Forest life drives civilised man back into a state of barbarity. What example to that effect can be more striking than that related by M. Castren? In the forests of Touba in Siberia, the priest, the Russian, the German, the Tatar, are obliged alike to cast off their native costume, and to adopt the coarse garments of the Kirghiz of the forest. The squatters and backwoodsmen of America are not long in retrograding into a condition almost as wild as that of the Indian tribes.

It is in the jungle of India that the Hindoo takes refuge from foreign domination. The inhabitants of the districts which neighbour Orissa are said to fly into the woods at the mere sight of a stranger. The Bhils, the Tondas, and Coles, wrecks of the primitive population of India, have taken refuge in the forests of India; as have also some of the low Hindoo castes, to avoid persecution and contempt. In Ceylon, the forests of Bintenne and of Veddarratta have served as a place of refuge for the Veddahs, descendants of the Yakkas, aborigines of the island, persecuted by foreign conquerors. They are said to preserve their customs and olden superstitions in the recesses of these forests. In Madagascar, the forests are exclusively peopled by the Jiyelahi; a caste of robbers who dwell in caverns secreted by the trees. In America, the descendants of the Muscogis, or Creeks, persecuted on all sides by European colonists, have taken refuge in the marshy forests or *everglades* of Florida, and hence been designated as *Seminoles*.

The deteriorating effect of forest life upon the physical as well as on the moral man is very marked. The Hindoo of the jungles is a poor sickly creature, of spare habits, slow movements, and mistrustful character. This is particularly seen in the Sudras of the Sunderbunds. The force of vegetation absorbs the elements of human vitality, and leaves a predominance of malarious and mephitic exhalations. The indications of the influence of these are to be seen in the Pignadas, or pine-forests of the Landes; and we have seen the same thing, only in a far more painful and apparent degree, in the marshy parts of the Aghatsh Dengiz and the mountain forests of Kurdistan. Some of the Malays and Dyaks, dwelling in their swampy, dismal forests, teeming with a hot moisture and gases exhaled by a decaying vegetation, are very little removed from the other men of the woods—the orang-utan—whose name and country they alike rejoice in. These great monkeys are, indeed, looked upon by some of the tribes as real men of the woods—men condemned by Providence to privation of speech and degradation of form in expiation of crime. Others assert that they are idle fellows, who have fled to the woods and refuse to speak, so that they may not be obliged to work. There is in these popular superstitions a kind of expressed sense of the deteriorating effects of forest life on the human species.

But, while forest life is so degrading, the forest itself, by its lugubrious and sombre aspect, and particular trees, by their bearing and durability, have been from all times an object of fear or veneration among primitive people, and they play a part in the worships of all the nations of antiquity. Many who did not worship a tree as such, still looked

upon it as the abode of spirits or divinities. Frequent reference is made in the Old Testament to idolatrous worship in groves and under green trees. The tree of life, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which, according to Cruden, are to be regarded as sacramental pledges, are, according to M. Maury, only forms of the Israelitish superstitions in regard to trees, and which are confirmed by Rabbinical traditions. Abraham built an altar to the Lord in the grove (or plain, in the ordinary translation) of Mamre. Mamre is, however, described elsewhere (Gen. xxiii. 17, 19; xxxv. 27) as a grove in the neighbourhood of Hebron; and the oaks of Mamre are also spoken of in the authorised version of the Scriptures. Worship was still paid to the genii and spirits of the same grove as late as in the fourteenth century. Asa, King of Judah, removed Maachah, his mother, from being queen, because she had made an idol in a grove. Ahab, King of Israel, and Manasseh, King of Judea, are alike rebuked in Scripture for rearing up altars in groves; an act, as well as that of planting groves, frequently referred to in Holy Writ as displeasing to God.

The Arabs of Yemen used, before the introduction of Islamism, to worship an enormous date-tree. Chardin and Sir William Ouseley have given many curious details of the worship of trees in Persia; a practice dating from the most remote antiquity. These trees are generally planes or cypresses. They are called *Dirakht i fazel*, or "excellent trees," and the Persians cover them with nails, bits of cloth, rags, and other offerings, just as we see the Irish decorate a tree or bush in the same remote rocky solitudes even in the present day. A cypress near Persepolis was for a long time an object of pilgrimage, and near Naktchuan, in Armenia, there is an aged elm which is held high in esteem. Throughout Western Asia, where shade is so inviting and so much sought for, a great plane-tree is always an object of profound regard. Such a tree generally adorns the fountains or the neighbourhood of the mosques and kiosks. The perishing wayfarer is buried under some lone tree, and shading the cemetery with cypresses is a well-known practice of the Mussulmans. Sheikhs, or holy men, are also buried in groves, which thence assume a sanctified character. Sacred trees are also called Pir in Persia, as are holy mountains. Authors are not agreed as to the meaning of the word; it is made to signify, no doubt metaphorically, at once a saint, an old man, or a head or leader.

The Zendavesta attests to the worship by the Persians of old of the spirits of water and trees. The forest of Mazanderan is still supposed to be frequented by the Divs. Pine-trees and firs are more particularly designated as Div-dar; as the Arabs call some trees, *shejeret el jin*, the tree of jins, and others *shejeret Allah*, or holy trees. The Persians also look upon certain trees, as the olive and the date, as *mubarek*, or holy; but that is probably only in the sense of protection, on account of the great value of the produce, just as the New Zealander *tabous* his bread-tree, to protect it from plunder, by adding sacrilege to the more simple crime of theft.

Dendrolatry, or tree-worship, is common throughout India. Almost every village has its banyan, which is at once an asylum and a sanctuary. This tree—the *Ficus Indica*—it is well known attains a prodigious age. The *Ficus religiosa* is most venerated in Ceylon, where it attains huge dimensions. The first, called *Vata*, is considered to be the male; the

second, *Akvatha*, the female; and unions between the two are made the subject of religious ceremonies.

The worship of trees and the sanctity of woods and groves dates from the earliest epochs of Greek civilisation. The oaks of Dodone, the ancient centre of Pelasgic civilisation, were dedicated to Zeus, or Jove, and the most celebrated oracles, those of Claros, Thymbra, and Olympus, were placed within or close to a holy grove, called by the Greeks *αλος*, and *lucus* by the Romans. The divinities that dwelt in these groves were, among the Greeks, Dryads, and Hamadryads, the Napeæ, with Artemis or Diana for a queen; Pan, with his fauns and satyrs, as subsequently introduced into the Roman dendrolatry. Silvanus, although, according to the received Roman mythology, the son of an Italian shepherd, was, according to the poets, of Pelasgic origin:

Silvano fama est veteres sacrâsse Pelasgos
Arvorum pecorisque deo lucumque diemque.

Æneid.

Pales, the goddess of sheepfolds and of pastures rather than groves, was nevertheless supposed to reside in the recesses of forests.

The worship of forests, groves, and trees, was equally met with among all the Germanic populations. *Lucos ac nemora consecrant*, says Tacitus. The Heilige-forst and the Haines were accepted by the whole Teutonic race. Tacitus also speaks of the forest of the Semnons, and of the *Castum nemus* sacred to Hertha. The oaks of Hercynia participated in the veneration given to that tree in all Druidical countries:

Ut procul Hercynia per vasta silentia silvæ
Venari luto liceat, lucosque vetusta
Religione truces et robora numinis instar.

The Franks, the Lombards, the Prussians, the Slavonians, the Saxons, and the Angles, all present this great feature in common with the Germans. The oak at Upsal was as sacred to Thor as in the south it was to Zeus or to Jupiter. The sacred forests of the Scandinavians, called Lund, pl. Lunder (whence it is supposed by some that London derives its name), were, however, generally presided over by Odin.* Throughout Europe, the superstitions connected with trees resisted longer than any others the dissemination of Christianity, and required to be combated with the strong arm of the law before they could be extirpated. Even in our own country we still see a trace of the feeling of olden time in the practices which obtain at Christmas, although it has been attempted to unite these practices to Christianity, by giving to them a typical and emblematic character.

The Celtic, Germanic, and Scandinavian nations not only consecrated their forests to their gods, but, like the Pelasgian races, they believed in, or imagined the existence of, divinities or spirits who dwelt in the recesses of forests, or acted as guardians of the spot. The German peasants, according to Grimm, had their wildenleuten, waldleuten, holzleuten, and moosleuten, whom they represented as pigmies. In Scandinavia these waldgeist received the name of trolld, or troll. The forests had also their elfs, their kobolds, their nymphs, and their fairies. The annalists and chroniclers of the middle ages spoke of the same imaginary

* Thus the Black Forest owed its name of Odenwald to its being sacred to Odin.

denizens of the forest, under the names of *fauni*, *homines sylvestres*, *sylvani*, *feminæ sylvatriæ*.

Popular imagination imparted two different forms to the spirits of the woods. When they represented them as the personification of the forces that animated the earth and presided over vegetation, it conceived them to be graceful, playful little creatures, of various aspect, who led in glades and groves an amusing, joyous life; such were the elfs, kobolds, trolchs, nymphs, and fairies. On the contrary, if these spirits presented themselves to their minds as the personification of the savage life of the forest, imagination represented them as wild, uncouth, hideous beings; such were the satyrs, the sylvans, and the waldleuten; real demons of the woods, who served as types for the wild men of the middle ages, for Volundr, the forest blacksmith, with the form of a satyr (*Veland le forgeron*; Paris, 1823), for the *nom foresti* of Pulci (*Morgante*, v. 38), and for those wild men of the woods, who no longer exist but on the sign-boards of inns, more particularly in Switzerland, Germany, and France.

The memory of these sacred forests, haunted by divinities that were transformed into demons after the introduction of Christianity, of forests frequented by Druids, Semnothæ, Eubages, and the priests of Thor and of Jupiter, treated in after-times as magicians and sorcerers, gave birth to those ideas of enchanted forests, which occupied so prominent a place in the marvels of knight-errantry, and which furnished the immortal Torquato Tasso with his sublime description of the forest over which Ismen spreads his enchantments to evoke the evil spirits.

It would appear that the ideas of magic and conjuration, which have attached themselves among the Celts to trees, the object of worship, gave birth to the magical alphabet and marvellous ruins which represented the different letters by their shoots and buds. These signs received each the name of the tree upon the wood of which they were inscribed or engraved, and the incised words were afterwards shaken up together so as to draw prophecies for the future from the manner in which they came out. At a later period, this assemblage of signs furnished the elements of the alphabet called Runic, and which preserved the name of Ogham Craobh—that is, the lettered tree.—(Davies's "Celtic Researches.")

The worship paid by the Gauls to the trees of forests, and to oaks in particular, is a fact known to every one: it constitutes the most characteristic feature of Druidism, which is said to derive its name from the same particularity. Lucan has given a magnificent description of one of these sacred forests, against which the Romans raised their axes with many apprehensions:

Sed fortes tremuere manus, motique verenda
Majestate loci, si robora sacra ferirent
In sua credebant redituras membra secures.

Latin inscriptions have been found which testify to the worship paid to trees by the Gallo-Romans. The apostles of Christianity experienced great trouble in eradicating this superstition, and they in general only succeeded by consecrating to the new creed the same trees which had been the object of popular veneration. In France, the elders of the forest were handed over to the patronage of the Virgin or the saints.

Such was the oak called Lapalud, near Angers, and which was covered with nails to the height of ten feet or upwards; such, also, was the renowned "Oak of the Virgin," in the Ban de Mailly, in the trunk of which a niche had been cut to receive a Madonna. Throughout Great Britain and Ireland almost every country churchyard has still its tree, now only respected for age, beauty, the solemnity of the locality, or the memories attached to it. The existence of such trees may, however, be traced to the same origin.

When St. Columba began to preach the Gospel in Ireland, he caused two monasteries to be founded in the midst of the sacred groves; one at the spot which for a long time preserved the name of Doire, but which, by corruption, became Derry; the other at Doire-magh, or Durrow, in

King's County. The word Doire (oak-forest) is met with in innumerable names of churches, as may be instanced in the cases of Doire-more, Kil-doire or Kildare, and Kil-derry.

The forest of Ardennes, the most extensive and most celebrated in all Gaul, was personified by a goddess whom the Romans assimilated to Diana. The vast extent of country embraced by this forest, whose synonyme is met with in this country, in the well-known forests of Dean and Arden, remained for a long time immured in the darkness of Paganism. Gregory of Tours tells us that the worship of Diana was still upheld at Trèves in the sixth century. It was in the century following that Saint Hubert and Saint Bérégise uprooted the Pagan creeds from this impenetrable forest, which for a long time afterwards was of almost boundless extent, stretching out on the one hand to the Meuse and the Rhine, and on the other only arrested in its extreme ramifications by the North Sea; for the forests, which extended from Boulogne to Ostend and the forest of Thérrouane, near St. Omer (*Tristiensis sylva et vastus saltus*), were considered as parts of the same hunting-ground in the time of Charlemagne. It is curious that M. Alfred Maury has neglected to notice the forest deity whose colossal effigy is still preserved at the Cathedral of St. Omer, under the name of the *Grand dieu de Thérrouane*.

Such was the profound impression made upon minds by the majesty and horror of the forest of Ardenne, that we see it associated during the whole course of the middle ages with the adventures related by the romancers, and it was made the scene of a thousand fictions. It was represented as the haunt of wild beasts unknown to our climates, as lions, tigers, and leopards:

Devers Ardene vit venir uns leuparz,

says the song of Roland. In the romaunt of Parthenopex of Blois, that knight and King Clovis are represented as hunting in the forest, to which

Cil qui erroient par mer
N'i ossoient pas ariver,
Por elefans, ne por lions,
Ne por guivres, ne por dragons,
Ne por autres mervelles grans
Dont la forest ert formians.

A description which, at the same time that it attests the ignorance of the romancer in matters of natural history, shows what strange fabulous traditions were attached to the dark forest of Ardenne. The peasants believed that they could hear the sound of the horn and the shouts of nocturnal huntsmen in its gloomy glades. Then suddenly they saw wild boars, deer, and stags fall dead, struck with an invisible sword. These credulous inhabitants of the forest identified the mysterious huntsman with Saint Hubert, apostle of the country, who still exercised his olden profession of a huntsman. A celebrated legend records his miraculous conversion in this forest.*

The ancient Celts selected the umbrageous sanctuaries of the forest as burial-places. Tumuli and various kinds of sepulchral mounds have been frequently met with in such places. A Druidical monument still

* Upon the subject of the Forest of Ardenne, M. Maury refers to the following works:—Cæsar "De Bell Gall.;" Strabo; Tacitus; Gregory Turon's "History of France;" the "Annales Forestières," several articles; "Die Wilde Jagd in den Ardennen in the Neiderlandische Sagen. The reader will remember that a similar well-known tradition attaches itself to the Hartz. Belpaire, "Sur les Changements de la Côte d'Anvers à Boulogne;" Bertrand, "Précis de l'Histoire, &c., de la Ville de Boulogne-sur-Mer;" Piganiol, De la Force, "Nouvelle Description de la France," &c., &c.

exists in a fine forest in Inverness-shire. The *Calvaire de la Motte*, in the forest of Duault in Brittany, is surrounded by a dolmen, which the natives look upon as the stone upon which St. Guénolé passed from England to Brittany. The district of Kirby Moor, Heathwaith, and Woodland, in North Lancashire, formerly covered with forests, presents the remains of a vast Celtic burial-ground. (Jopling, in vol. xxxi. of the "Archæologia.") The *Hunengraeber*, or ancient tombs of Germany, are met with in similar positions. Innumerable other instances might be given.

The Belgian peasantry still believe the remains of their once vast forests to be inhabited by mysterious beings, the *Woodmannen* or *Boschgoden*, who come at night to plays tricks upon them. The *Pfingsttanen*, or firs of Pentecost, are the inheritors of those holy trees which, according to the Germanic belief, had the gift of language. It was still more particularly in the forest that the fairies loved to dwell.

Raymondin met Melusine in the forest of Colombiers, in Poitou. It was in that of Léon, in Brittany, that Gugemer, when hunting, met the fairy who plays so important a part in the mysterious adventure that befel him. It was in another forest that Graelent saw the fairy who carried him away from his home at Avallon. The marvels of the forest of Brécheliande, where the enchanter Merlin resided, are well known. A little wood in Lorraine is called to this day *Haye des Fées*. A white lady, or fairy, used to show herself, according to the peasants, near the forests that surround *la roche du Diable*, and a menhir, called *Kunkel* (*la Quenouille*, or the distaff), attests the existence of Druidic worship in the same place. The celebrated *Roche aux Fées* was formerly in the midst of the forest of Teil, in Brittany, but is now an open ground. It was at the foot of trees that fairies loved to show themselves. Witness that fairy-tree where, in the time of Jeanne d'Arc, the superstitious inhabitants of Domremy had mass sung to drive away these mischievous creatures. These are only so many relics of the ancient worship paid by the Gauls to their forests.*

It is impossible to follow out M. Maury's details relative to the great and numerous Gaulic forests. Two thousand years ago the Jura was only a mountainous forest, towering over the Ardenne on the one hand, and the Hercynian forest on the other. Icy winds, called the Joran or Juran of the mountain, swept down from the frozen swamps above, and congealed the traveller who ventured into those dark defiles. Lakes now nearly dried up filled the hollows of the mountains. The forests of the Jura (*Saltus sequanus*) were only separated by the Rhine from the *Silva Marciana*, now the Schwarzwald or Black Forest, which the Emperor Julian traversed on his way to the sources of the Ister. The *Silva Hercynia*, or *Orcynia*, once comprised all the forests of Central Germany. Charlemagne hunted there the urus. The word *Hart*, or *Hartz*, identical with forest in the Teutonic, and several *walds* and *forsts*, words bearing the same signification in modern German, as in the Spesshart, the Alman-wald, Lussart-wald, &c., &c., lead us to the existing vestiges of the once magnificent Hercynian forest. The *Hartz*, although a pine-forest, is still one of the finest and most interesting woods in Germany. The stag, the wild boar, the lynx, the wild-cat, and the badger, frequent its recesses. It has been occasionally devastated by fire and hurricanes, and still more so by visitations of tree-eating or xylophagous insects—the *Hylurgus piniperda* of ento-

* "Histoire de Mélusine," par F. Nodot. "Le Lai de Gugemer," and "Le Lai de Graelent," in the "Poésies de Marie de France;" and the "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," by Laverdy and by J. Quicherat, &c.

mologists. An invasion of this kind has been known to destroy a million and a half of pine-trees. And if there can thus exist a temporary infliction of the kind upon a forest, how easy it is to seek for the spreading of an epidemic among animals or the human race in something analogous? The Hartz abounds in traditions, relics of Pagan worship, especially attaching to the Brocken.

The greater part of the royal forests of old were in France only dismemberments of the antique Ardenne. Different kings favoured different spots as hunting-places, distinguishing them as parks, and as garenna or warennas (warrens), words still retained, but in a different signification in this country; and enacting iniquitous laws for the preservation of timber and game, which the Normans carried over with them to England. Such practices, however, belong to the remotest antiquity. The Persian kings boasted of their large hunting-forests, and their satraps imitated the luxurious splendour of their masters, as we read in Xenophon of the forest of Balesis.

The *Chronique rimée de Philippe Mouskes* gives especially details of the foundation of the New Forest by William the Conqueror and William Rufus, to the exclusion of numerous chapels, and the destruction of whole villages :

Cil rois Guillaumes, par desroi
Les fist abatre et bos planter
Des kaillos fist son gart-muer
Et quant vint al cief de vii ans
Si fu li bos créus et grans
Ciess i mist et bisses et dains;
Pors, counins, livres et ferains.

Thus, according to the metrical chronicler, in the space of seven years the wood was already large and well grown, and the forest well filled with stags and deer, wild boar, rabbits, hares, and other wild beasts.

In the time of St. Louis, the forest of Montargis was the favourite royal hunting-ground. A fortress called Chastellier dominated the whole extent from a central situation. This forest was frequented by spirits as well as others, and in this case they particularly favoured the *Château du Chat*, not far from the *Pierre du Gros Vilain*, supposed to have been a Menhir or Druidical monument. Forests, of which the woods of Vincennes and of Boulogne are vestiges, formed a girdle round ancient Paris, or Lutetia, of many miles in width. The Castle of Eman, or Emans, captured by Stephen, King of England, from Roger the Stammerer, had attached to it a forest that fed five hundred swine. The forests of Fontainebleau, of Laye, of Montmorency, of Bondy, of Servais, of Retz, and of Compeigne, were all gradually diminished by the wants of the metropolis, which has now to be supplied by the woods of Burgundy and the Morvan. Lyons was once similarly surrounded by forests. The forests of Poitou boasted of certain remarkable stags, with small black heads, different from those of other provinces. A colony of peculiar people, who have employed themselves from time immemorial in the manufacture of wooden shoes, still exists in the heart of the forest of Bellesme—a fragment of the *Sylva Pertica*, or *Saltus Perticus*, one of the most extensive forests of ancient Gaul. The Knight Templars had an establishment in this forest, called afterwards *La Perche*, or *Le Bocage Percheron*. The forest of Mans, celebrated for an adventure by which

Charles VI. lost his reason, and which is also noticed in the romance of "Berte aux grans Piés," is now altogether extinct. The forests of the Vosges, with their great lakes and rocky culminating points, *Hautes Chaumes* (*Calvi montes*), rivalled the Ardenne in extent and magnificence. The granitic rocks and schistose plains of Brittany were once shaded by vast forests, of which only the vestiges remain. That called Brocélian, or Bréchelien, from Broich Liach, the Breton stone, is more particularly associated with the mythological and heroic traditions of Armorica. The celebrated troubadour Robert Wace, however, sought in vain for the fairies said to frequent this mysterious forest; and returning disappointed, he chants, "*Fol y allois, fol m'en revins.*" The Monument, or the Stone of Treasure, described by M. Rallier, formerly existed in the forest of Fougères. That of Teil also contained a Menhir, and embraced within its limits the *Roche aux Fées d'Essé*. The country of the unfortunate Waldenses was so called from its forests.

Helvetia and the Savoy were once, indeed, almost covered with forests, which clothed the valleys between the Jura and the Alps. Such were the canton of Vaud (*Pagus Waldensis*) and the *Waldstetten*, or *Etats forestiers*. The forest of Gouggisberg is renowned in Swiss song. On the Alps the forests attain a great elevation. The chalet of Handeck is embosomed in a forest of secular pines, at an elevation of 4400 feet.* Fortresses on the Rhine, once called Waldenburg, or forts of the forest, and others designated as gates of the forest, have now become so many towns or cities.

The monks did a great deal in former times towards clearing away forests. At first a few hermits led the way, as Ursinus at the source of the Doubs, where is now Sainte Ursanne, and Saint Gerald in the *Sauve Majeure* (*Sylva Major*) of the Landes. Holy pioneers of the forest, many of the monks passed their lives in clearing portions of land, and subjecting them to the purposes of agriculture. Pontius, Romanus, and Lupicinus founded hermitages on the heights of the Jura. Sigonius placed his cell on the heights of the Balm, or Baulmes. The valley of the Suze, called Nugeval or the Black Valley, was opened by the axe of Imier and his valet Albert. Marius, by similar labour, laid the foundations of Payerne. Saint Germain and his monks opened the valley of Montiers—Grand-val. Saint Gall and Saint Mang, his friend and disciple, traversed the woods of Zurich, penetrated to the borders of Lake Constance, ascended the mountains frequented only by wolves, bears, and wild boars, and opened the country to cultivation. A host of Swiss monasteries, as those of Roggenbourg near the Weissenhorn, of Einsiedlen in the Black Forest, and of Romainmoutier, have no other origin. The feudal barons, struck with the services rendered to agriculture by the monks, in many instances founded monasteries themselves. The holy forest, *Heiligeforst*, now called the forest of Haguenau, was in part cleared by the monks of the Abbey of Saint Walbourg.

Not only do vestiges of ancient forests attest the generally wooded character of Western Europe several centuries back, but it seems certain that a few trees still remain which belonged to those very times—patriarchs

* The splendid beech-forest of La Grande Chartreuse rises to an elevation of 1400 yards; beyond that it is succeeded by maples and pines. The beech also constitutes extensive forests in the low Pyrenees.

of the forest, eminently deserving respect. In most of the royal forests of France the inhabitants still point out what they call "Royal Oaks," with which historical recollections are associated, and whose dimensions and appearance attest a great antiquity. The celebrated botanist De Candolle has expressed his belief that there exist at the present day oaks that have stood from fifteen to sixteen centuries. The lime-tree of Trons, in the Grisons, already renowned in 1424, was fifty-one feet in circumference in 1798. Pennant estimated the age of a yew at Fountain's Abbey at 1214 years. Evelyn measured another yew at Crowthurst, in Surrey, which was supposed to be 1400 years old. But the yew of Fothergill was considered to number 2600 years, and that of Braburn, in Kent, 3000 years. The oak of Welbeklane was about 1400 years old in the time of Evelyn. The oak of Goff, which still exists near the old palace of Oliver Cromwell, four miles from Enfield, was planted in 1066, by Sir Theodore Godfrey, or Goffby, who came into England with William the Conqueror. The tree whence glanced the arrow which slew William Rufus, is, it is well known, still shown in the New Forest. It would be positive sacrilege to destroy these monuments of antiquity.*

Near Friburg is a lime-tree planted in 1476, to commemorate the battle of Morat. The renowned *Cupressos de la Reina Sultana*, which witnessed the love of a sultana for an Abercerrage, and the great Plane, of Buyuk Dereh, on the Bosphorus, are both threatened with destruction. The site of the Fountain of Daphne, near Antioch, and a hundred other of the lesser sites of antiquity, are still marked in the East by some aged tree of gigantic dimensions. Pausanias has enumerated the trees celebrated in Greece for antiquity: such was the Palm of Apollo at Delos, and the fig-tree of the Riminal at Rome, which tradition connected with the nursing of Romulus and Remus. The banyans of India, the boababs of Africa, and some other trees of intertropical countries, probably exceed all these in age, and have been traced back by the number of their concentric layers to an almost fabulous antiquity. No one can help experiencing feelings of regret at the disappearance of trees which were so long spared by our forefathers. Guillaume, the Breton, laments, in his "Philippide," the destruction of the elm of Gisors. In this country, the old trees of our rural churchyards have happily begun to excite the attention of the curious and the learned. Their history has been in many instances successfully inquired into, and this is one great step towards the preservation of these living memorials of past times.

* Such also are the oaks called *le Charlemagne*; those which bear the names of Clovis, of Henry IV., and of Sully; the oaks *de la reine Blanche, des Vendeurs, des Partisans, du Druide, et du Comte Thibaud*.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
AND
HUMORIST.

VOL. XCI.]

APRIL, 1851.

[NO. CCCLXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE; OR, WHAT BROUGHT EVERY-BODY TO LONDON IN 1851	395
MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF URBINO	425
TIME WILL SHOW. BY J. E. CARPENTER	435
GOLD	436
BORROW AND LAVENGRO	455
THE FATE OF CHARLES DE ST. LÉGER	462
MAJOR EDWARDES'S YEAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER	475
SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.—(CONCLUDED.)	480
"DANDY NAT'S" COURTSHIP. BY ALFRED COLE	494
RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY	498
NOTES OF THE OPERA	511
"THE KEANS"	515

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

. REJECTED ARTICLES CANNOT BE RETURNED.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

WHAT BROUGHT EVERYBODY TO LONDON IN 1851.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD'S FAIR; WHAT WAS LIKELY TO BE SEEN AT IT; AND WHO WERE LIKELY TO BE FOUND IN IT.

THE cause which had set in motion the few actors in the great drama of "The World's Fair," whom we have selected from the vast mass of visitors now crowding to our shores, was at the same time beginning to create a mighty stir amongst the multitudes who had hitherto only vaguely considered the question, but who now felt that the time was fast approaching when the handiwork of their several countries must be collected into one brilliant focus, to challenge admiration, awaken astonishment, and endure the test of comparison.

It was not only the ingenious artisans of Europe who sent the produce of their toil, nor the equally ingenious *chevaliers d'industrie* who came to trade upon their sole capital—their wits; but from the remotest regions, and the most opposite climes, the labour of a world was in progress towards one common destination, and the countless thousands who represented that labour were preparing speedily to follow.

The word had gone out to the uttermost ends of the earth, that in that small island of the West, whose influence is acknowledged wherever the speech of man is heard, a festival was at hand, the like of which had never been witnessed in any age or country, and compared with which the annual gatherings in Northern and Southern Europe, in Central India, and on the confines of distant Tartary, were to dwindle into utter insignificance. The great fair of Beaucaire, which assembles all the costly produce of the shores of the Mediterranean, and is the only example left of the manner of traffic of the middle ages; the enormous marts of Nijnei-Novgorod and Astrakhan, of Bokhara and Benares; all these combined would not, it was bruited, exhibit a tithe of the various productions of art, of luxury, of beauty, and of utility, that were to be gathered together beneath the crystal roof of the Great Palace of Industry in London in the summer of 1851.

Fitly to contend in this vast arena of commerce, the energies of every land were bent, and in every language "The Great Exhibition" became a familiar expression, the meaning of which was known to all.

A hasty glance at the allotted space will suffice to show who were the expected contributors, and what the general nature of the contributions.

First on the list were the kingdoms of Arabia and Persia, with their caravans freighted with rich tissues and the work of delicate looms, from Mushed and Tehran; with myrrh and frankincense from Hadramaut, "musk from Khoten," pearls from the Sea of Oman, and *attar gul* from the gardens of Shiraz. Then came "small-eyed China," sending her fragile porcelains, her painted screens, her snow-white and crimson silks, her gold and silver stuffs, her paper made of rice, her ivory fans so curiously carved, and her mother-of-pearl ornaments, so laboriously and exquisitely graven. Brazil and Mexico, which one wide sweep embraced, were ready with diamonds and rich ores, and many-tinted flowers, whose hues were borrowed from the ruby throats and emerald wings of the *colibri*. Turkey, reaching from the mouths of the Euphrates to the Gulf of Venice, from Trebisonde to Tunis, held out her jewelled weapons with their Damascus blades, her perfumed skins, gaudily dyed and stamped with rare devices, her splendid caparisons, her fragrant and richly ornamented pipes, her costly, variegated carpets. Greece, no longer able to astonish the world with the sculpture of Phidius and Praxiteles, or the marvels of Apelles's art, could vie with her former ruler in the beauty and elegance of her mountain costumes, and the elaborate workmanship which she bestowed on weapons, now little suited to her hands. Egypt, under the impulse of a newly-awakened industry, had drugs, and dyes, and perfumes,—soft cottons and cloths of finest texture, the plumes of the ostrich, and raiment of the camel's hair. Italy was prepared to display her manufactures from the fertile plains of Lombardy to the sunny cliffs of Sorrento: Genoa, rich in velvets and embroidery; Bologna, decked in the gayest silks and ribands; Rome, proud of her cameos, her mosaics, her false pearls, and her hats (a particular sort of the article occasionally giving some slight trouble); Venice, still famous for her glass, though its occult virtues are flown; Leghorn, renowned for its everlasting straw bonnets; Fabriano, with a paper reputation not yet torn to pieces; Ancona, whose waxen images tempt the "Decoratives" to St. Peter's, and whose tapers light them on the way; and Naples, inventive in lava and coral, devising out of those substances a thousand charms to avert the evil eye, and, saving gauds like these, content with *maccaroni* and *pizze*, and the *dolce far' niente*.

Spain and Portugal came next, suggestive of every produce that the earth hides in its bosom or spreads over its surface, though not of the means by which its wealth may be turned to account. Yet who could think of Spain without conjuring up the thousands of interesting objects with which the World's bazaar might be studded? Who would not expect from Andalusia specimens of the fans and mantillas which the women use with so much dexterity, and wear with so much grace; the splendid dresses of the *majos*; the guitars which are in every man's hand, and the castanets which are common to both sexes? From Valencia—that true paradise on earth—those curious silver-gilt combs which adorn the Valencian beauties; those silks and bombasines which form part of their attire; those beautiful azulejos, or coloured tiles, the art of making which was bequeathed, with so many other secrets, by the Moors? From Granada, and throughout the southern coast, the rich marbles and minerals susceptible of being wrought into every form of grace or pur-

pose of utility? From Murcia, the fatal *cuchillo* and the gaily-striped silken *manta*? From Cordova, the silver filagree-work that still keeps its old renown? From Toledo, those wondrous blades, welded out of a steel whose temper has no equal? From Barcelona, those goods which (if they do not really come from Manchester) may shame the Manchester manufacturers? In a word, who would not look from every province of Spain for some rich or rare production which might show that where Nature has been so bountiful man has not been altogether idle? Nor could the mineral and vegetable wealth for which Portugal is famed, and which, despite her poverty, she has the will to fabricate, pass unrepresented. Her marbles, her antique silks, heavy as armour, her cloths and carpets, even her curiously-manufactured snuffs, were ready for exportation.

Switzerland followed, with her muslins and gold watches, and her countless specimens of that ingenuity with which every summer tourist returns laden, when he delights the family-circle by producing from the depths of his knapsack, now a *châlet* entire, anon a milking-pail; then an egg-cup, a drinking-vessel, a salad-spoon, or the costume of every canton faithfully carved in cherry-tree and boxwood.

France—— But what does the skill of man create that is gorgeous in colour, graceful in form, rich in substance, delicate in texture, beautiful in pattern, ingenious in construction, or faultless in execution, that France might not send forth? To name her chief towns, is to name a competitor for every great prize in the struggle for art's supremacy. The bronzes, the *bijouterie*, the mirrors, and the *meubles* of Paris—the silks, the satins, and the velvets of Lyons—the flaxen threads and linens of Lille—the lace of Valenciennes—the carpets of Beauvais and Aubusson—the prints and muslins of Mulhausen—the watches of Besançon—the porcelain of Sèvres—the enamels of Limoges—the cottons of Amiens and Rouen—the gossamer scarfs of Barèges—the *point* of Alençon—the broad cloths of Elbœuf and Louviers—the soaps of Marseilles—the dyes and perfumes of Carcassonne, Montpellier, and Hyères,—to say nothing of the thousand creature-comforts which find no place in the Exhibition itself, though truffled turkeys, Chartres, Perigueux, and Strasbourg pies, Orleans quinces, Tours plums, and many a delicacy besides, are not prohibited in the refreshment-rooms; while the vintages of Burgundy, Champagne, the Rhone, and the Garonne, are not to be had any nearer than Monsieur Soyer's monster *restaurant*; all these things, whether to delight the eye or please the taste, might reach the Palace of Industry from all-producing France!

Belgium—in so many things the formidable rival of her southern neighbour—succeeded, decked like a bride in Mechlin and Brussels lace (that handiwork for which women barter their peace of mind), or richly arrayed, like a burgomaster's wife, in the ponderous silk of Antwerp; and beneath her feet the priceless carpets of Tournay, in whose soft fabric those feet were completely buried. She pointed to Ghent for her cotton manufactures, to Verviers for her cloths, and gazed with pride on Liège as the emporium of her cutlery and fire-arms, where the attributes of Sheffield and Birmingham are united. Holland, the elder sister of Flanders, moved onward with dignified, but measured pace, a thrifty housewife, proud of the family linen, which—like everything else—she keeps so scrupulously clean; proud of the rich spices, strong waters, and rare

cordials (sent her from abroad), which she jealously hides in her strong closet (the key hangs at her girdle); and prouder still of the gorgeous tulips in her garden, for which her sedate money-making husband has given, in hard guilders, more than a king's ransom. The stately *wrono* has a store of delft ware—it is old-fashioned now, but she is proud of that too; she has a wondrous collection of lacquered boxes and sharp packing needles from Japan; a vast hoard of Chinese money, which no spend-thrift son will squander; a tame stork, which, though she pets it, she is sorry at heart is not an ostrich, on account of its marketable feathers; a stupendous organ—a very forest of timber and metal—which she would send to the Exhibition, only it is not possible to ship it on board her broadest bottoms; a shop full of borax and camphor, and smalt, and vermilion, and *rouge* (which she wouldn't touch, not even with a hare's foot, for anything you could give her); and scents and perfumed oils, which she makes and distils herself; and diamonds, of which she is the best judge in Europe, knowing how to cut them better than anybody else. So proud of her stores is this old Dutch lady, that she can scarcely refrain from packing up her small round cheeses, her kegs of salt butter, and barrels of red herrings, that they may testify to her utility at the Fair of All Nations. She has handsome head-dresses and splendid earrings; but those are heirlooms which she mustn't part with, even for a day, and, moreover, she means to wear them when she comes to London for her season ticket.

Germany next presented herself, under three different aspects: the northern division bearing her own name—a vast conglomerate called the Zollverein—and Austria, resolute in keeping aloof, unless she could cast her net over everything else from the shores of the Baltic to the banks of the Po, and dictate one universal law to Germans and Italians, Slaves, Croats, Czecks, and Hungarians. Manifold are the productions of the Teuton and Slavonian races.

Berlin has wealth of trinkets of iron, fit metal for a people so warlike; Elberfeld dresses half the world in its dyed cottons; Cologne displays her *flacon* labelled with the (right) address of (the real) Jean Marie Farina; Solingen balances the foil and proves the well-tempered blade of the "Schläger," renowned in the "renownings" of Germany's bellicose students; Magdeburg modestly appeals to her various merchandise; Bremen takes upon herself the task of preparing the tobacco which all the rest of Germany smokes,—and Dresden paints the bowls of all the German pipes; Leipzig manufactures books which this year nobody will have time to read; Meissen give birth to the shepherds and shepherdesses who exist only on consoles and chimney-pieces; Frankfort has her own fair, but that attraction must cease for a time; Nuremberg still vaunts her toys, though the marvellous work of Kraft, of Adam Vischer, and of Wentzel Jamitzer belongs to a past age; Munich has sculpture and bronze, and stained glass, and glowing frescoes, and bright mosaics; and the simple Tyrolese rivals the Switzer's patient labour on the long winter nights, when all other occupation ceases. Surely the things we have spoken of, and, more, the things we have left unnamed, were to be gathered in Germany.

There are yet more names on the list. Scientific Denmark, with her accurate instruments for measuring time and space. Learned Sweden, a *hortus siccus* in her hand and a medallion of Linnæus on her

breast. Half-civilised Russia, with a Paris bonnet on her head, a bearskin on her shoulders, in the midst of which blazes a diamond star, and beneath which shines a brazen cuirass, a long cut-and-thrust sword by her side, seven-league boots well garnished with spurs on her lower limbs, in either clutch grasping a knout and a pair of curling-irons, and her whole person reflected in one of her own looking-glasses, before which she admiringly stands. She is rich in gold and platina and malachite, in furs, in tallow, and in hemp, and through one or other of these media is prepared to contribute to the world's industry.

Of foreign lands America comes the last. Follow the course of her rivers, examine her seaboard, track her footsteps across the prairies and rocky mountains,—follow her into the Far West, amidst falling forests and flying Indians,—cross her immense lakes, whirl with her through her swamps and savannahs, or pause amidst her rising and risen cities, and ask what variety of manufacture exists which the enterprise, and toil, and acuteness of the United States cannot supply, with little to fear from the result of universal competition.

To give the rest of the world its chance, the British colonies had their assigned space; every zone of the earth, and every temperature beneath the sun, received the command to exhaust their riches and lay them at the feet of Queen Victoria.

Such, as this outline imperfectly declares, were the means possessed by friend and subject to assist England in rendering her Crystal Palace the worthy shrine of the world's pilgrimage; and no sooner was the call made than it was promptly responded to. At every great port in the kingdom, on the quays of London, Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, and Southampton, the turmoil of landing and receiving packages soon became incessant, and even yet is scarcely ended. The custom-house officers no longer walked up and down with their hands in their blue waistcoat pockets, and the detective eyes of the searchers were turned towards more important objects than a preternatural bustle or a false-bottomed portmanteau. Travellers, returning on their own accounts, reached home with unvexed souls; Eliza's "Jouvin" gloves passed undiscovered; Mrs. Blossomley's third bonnet was not charged for,—and, luckier still, was uncrushed; and at the very bottom of Mr. Horrock's carpet-bag, the bottle of brandy, so carefully rolled up in a dressing-gown, remained unbroken.

The plot, moreover, began to thicken in the streets, and the streets themselves put on a gayer aspect. Shabby shop-fronts were removed, and bronze and plate-glass supplied the place of painted wood and dingy panes. The bootmakers made models of their customers' favourite legs, and paraded them in tops and buckskins, in gigantic wide-mouthed tubes that passed for hunting-gear, and in delicate silk and French polish "for evening parties;" and, but that the limbs appeared so calm and unruffled, one would have thought that surgical operations on a large scale had been performed in these bootmakers' establishments. The tailors, who were very particular in stating that *there* they spoke every language under the sun—"Français," "Deutsch," "Español," "Italiano," and "Cherokee"—got up the most bewildering dressing-gowns, the hairiest and most poodle-like paletots, the sportiest waistcoats, the tightest and most expansive ladies' habits, the most elaborate dress-coats, and the most impossible waistcoats. They took it into their heads that the

inhabitants of France and Germany were coming to London in the costumes which their ancestors wore when they fought with Cæsar and Agricola, and filled the columns of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* with advertisements, setting forth, in elegant French, the fact that “*des commis, réunissant le tact. et l'intelligence aux bonnes manières, sont constamment à la disposition des visiteurs ;*” or, in less palatable German, the similar assurance, addressed to the “*Publicum und Fremde,*” that “*zu jeder Zeit stehen tüchtige und verständige Assistenten bereit jede Auskunft über alle Geschäft betreffenden Gegengtände zu ertheilen,*” to receive and execute the orders they might be favoured with.

The cultivation of foreign languages extended also, greatly to the discomfort of the honest reader of plain English only, to the vendors of “*Morison's Pillen,*” and the “*Pillules Morison,*” which were designated the “*Universal-Kräuterarzneien,*” and “*Médecine Végétale Universelle ;*” while our friend Mechi's razors were styled “*Rasirmessern,*” and “*Navajas de Afeitar ;*” and the “*curiosos*” were told that they ought on no account to “*omitir el hacer una visita à la tienda de Mechi.*” It became hardly possible to take up a newspaper—and the infection is rapidly spreading—without making the discovery that you might have “*Comfort mit Oeconomie gepaart,*” in the shape of “*chops, steaks, and a bed,*” at a very fashionable establishment, “*nine doors from the Monument ;*” and that, instead of going to Paris to hunt up the defunct Rocher de Cancale in the Rue Bleu, you might enjoy a little one of the same name, quite as good, and a great deal nearer, by only stepping (with money in your pocket) into the first Bayswater omnibus you happened to meet with.

As a sign of the times, the Hôtel d'Italie, in Sherrard-street, painted its doors and window-sills sky-blue, and prepared for a most terrific gastronomic campaign; the Sablonière announced its “*table d'hôte* at six o'clock,” and inwardly resolved *not* to give a new coat of paint to anything; while the Provence Hotel, which had given shelter to our acquaintances Monsieur Coquelicot and Madame Lablonde, gave out the startling intimation that “*restauration à la carte*” was incessant in that establishment. Even the old-fashioned chop-houses in the Strand and Haymarket began to look about them; the “*Boars and Castles*” whetted their tusks and threw open their portals; the “*Belles Sauvages*” looked amiable; the “*Queen's Arms*” expanded hospitably; the “*Blue Posts*” declared themselves fixtures; “*Williams,*” who (perfidiously) came “*from Betsy's,*” intimated his resolve to supply luncheons and dinners on his own account (to confirmed bachelors only); and “*Mrs. Robertson,*” who had been residing for the last century with Dr. Johnson, in Fleet-street, abandoned the great lexicographer, and set up housekeeping for herself in Maiden-lane. Nor were the creature-comforts alone considered. The head was cared for, and the feet also: for the sake of the former, the St. George's Chess Club announced “*a grand chess tournament ;*” and for the behoof of the latter, a brigade of shoeblacks turned out from the ragged school in Field-lane, in scarlet jackets of the most astonishing brilliancy. The interpreters, “*as a body*” (wherever they may happen to exist), began, for the first time in their lives, to look up; and those who had “*Wohnungen,*” or lodgings, to let, not only looked up, but also very considerably ahead. They were right in doing so, for John Bull's preparations were not without a cause. It was no longer the Quadrant

and "Leicester-squarr" that exhibited signs of the friendly invasion, but in all directions foreigners surged up, affording convincing proof of their anxiety to see the latest wonder of the world, to applaud the design of Prince Albert, render homage to the genius of Paxton, and admire the unwearied industry and zeal of Messrs. Fox and Henderson.

Shoals of the "Brüderschaft" also appeared ; fervid Italians in bands, like brigands or opera-singers (plunder being the object of both these classes), hurried to London ; and Switzerland emptied her valleys to inundate Regent-street.

The *Saint Lawrence* frigate not only brought her overwhelming contribution of dry goods, but something drier still,—in the person of the president of "The Everlasting Gold Bluff Sand Company," who had taken a passage in her from New York, and came—like his compeers from Paris—to see whether "a pretty smart spekilation in dust" was likely to answer in Britain ; and firmly resolved that it shouldn't "cave in" if he could prevent it. Nor was his project by any means a solitary one ; for whether he came from the "diggins" on the Sacramento, was raised in pleasant Texas, or had served his time in "the Tombs" at New York, Brother Jonathan helped himself on with his shiniest coat, and fetched across the Atlantic, to see whether he couldn't "make a pile somehow" among the Britishers. Not a weekly steamer ran up the Mersey that did not bring a full cargo of "strangers" from every one of the unions waved over by the "star-spangled banner ;" not a packet showed its flag on the Southampton water that was not crowded with a living freight of dusky Spaniards and duskier Portuguese ; of swarthy Moors and swarthier Egyptians ; of cane-coloured East Indians and copper-coloured Tartars ; of mulattoes with complexions of a lively brown, and of Haytians (who had satisfied themselves about glory under Soulouque) with countenances—such as Solomon loved—of a lovely black. At Dover and Folkstone, and eke at the Tower Stairs, steamer after steamer arrived with the bearded civilisation of Europe. There was "your straw-coloured beard," representing Russia, Norway, Sweden, and the whole of the north of Germany ; "your orange-tawny beard," those who dwell on the Rhine and its tributaries ; and "your purple-in-grain beard," our excellent democratic neighbours the French, who speak their own language so well and every other tongue so badly. There was, in fact, an assortment of beards more than enough to satisfy the cravings of a dozen monopolists like Bottom the Weaver ; and these were to "wag all" in the Crystal Palace in the merry month of May.

En attendant the coming off of the opening day, we must now see what some of our particular friends had been busy about.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLISH DIET ; LOVE-MAKING IN THE STREET ; AND THE HOUSE OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

WHEN M. Adolphe Coquelicot returned home he resumed his interrupted correspondence. As the letter which he wrote to his daughter will probably present a livelier picture of his sensations on arriving in London than any description of ours, we take the liberty of translating it :

"Hôtel de Provence, Leicester-squarr.

"MY DEAR CLOTILDE.

"It will be a satisfaction to you and my brother Martin to know that I have arrived safely in this vast and original city within so short a space of my leaving you, and that already I have made some progress in our affairs. The distance from Paris to London, including the voyage across the sea (which I admit to be detestable), occupies little more time than it takes one to go from the Faubourg St. Denis to Montmorency, with this advantage, that you are less tired at the end of the journey than at the beginning—a thing that can by no means be said after travelling four or five leagues in a *coucou*. It is, in fact, the flight of a bird, and except that the looks of the people, their strange manners, and their odd language, are totally different from our own, you would hardly think it possible that so few hours could have brought about so great a change.

But as it is well known that a true Frenchman surmounts all difficulties without troubling himself about the manner in which they are to be overcome, I confidently expect that in a few days I shall be completely master of the position. The first thing to be done in England is to learn to speak English; without that, it is not easy for a foreigner to have much success. But the key to the language is soon found. It consists, in addition to a few ordinary phrases of civility, of one short word—'Yas!' For example: in saluting an acquaintance, you say, 'How you do—yas!' and immediately you are understood, and your own health is inquired after; and in their hospitality they ask, 'Will you some beer?' to which you answer, 'Yas!' and they give you all you require. This being the case, it is proper for the foreigner to say 'Yas' on all occasions, whether he is asking a question or replying to one; that little word smooths down every impediment. You know that I had already prepared myself for England by studying that valuable book, 'L'Anglais sans Maître en Vingt-cinq Leçons,' which I bought in the Rue Ventadour for three francs; and although I did not get through more than two of those lessons, the service which they have rendered me is immense,—and I particularly desire that you will occupy yourself with the volume, and engage your uncle to do the same; you can thus converse fluently with each other before you leave Paris, which will be a great advantage.

"The next thing, after the language, for a stranger to vanquish, is the diet. On landing at Dover, in a state of emptiness which is not to be described, on account of the associations which it awakens, every traveller was clamorous for breakfast; and had it not been for the violence of our hunger, it would scarcely have been possible to eat the huge pieces of cold 'biff' which were set before us. Only imagine, my dear Clotilde, that when seated behind one of these masses I underwent a total eclipse, and became invisible from the opposite side of the table. I gazed with astonishment at this gigantic *plat*, which I knew not how to attack. Presently a stout, elderly man, dressed in black, like one of the *huissiers* of the Assembly, but who was, I discovered, a waiter, approached me with a monster knife and fork, the blade of the former being at least a *mètre* in length; and in a short, jerking manner of speech observed, 'Round of biff, sar?' and before I knew what he meant, or was able to reply, with a dexterity that was truly marvellous, my plate was covered with 'biff' as with a carpet. I immediately began to eat some, and

found it truly delicious, and of a savour of which it is not possible to form an idea till it is tasted; and I was eagerly devouring it—anxious to replace what I had lost—when, in an unlucky moment, the same man in black cast his eye once more upon me. ‘Good God, sar!’ he exclaimed, in a tone of the most violent despair, ‘you eat “biff” without mustard!’ This I learnt afterwards to be one of the strongest prejudices of an Englishman;—to separate ‘biff’ and mustard is, in his opinion, a greater crime than the separation of Church and State. You are aware, Clotilde, that for the excellent mustard sold by your uncle Martin, and for which he received the medal of honour with his *brevet d’invention*, I have an infinite regard; and believing this to be the same, and that its delicate flavour would assist in restoring the tone of my stomach, I helped myself very plentifully, putting a large quantity on my ‘biff,’ which I hastily swallowed. *Nom de mille cornichons*,—how can I tell you what I instantly suffered! It was as if I had suddenly taken a fiery poison! It choked me in my throat, burnt off the roof of my mouth, seized me by the nose, as if my bitterest enemy were wrenching that organ from my face, and compelled my eyes to stream with scalding tears;—those eyes that have looked on the overthrow of dynasties without a twinkle. I darted from my seat, dragging away the tablecloth and upsetting an urn full of boiling water in my flight. I sputtered and strove to get rid of the nauseous mixture. I clenched my fists, and raged up and down the saloon, uttering the deepest maledictions against so barbarous a sauce; and but for the fear of sacrificing the good understanding between two great nations, and putting an end to the Great Exhibition, I firmly believe I should have cut off the head of the waiter with his own carving-knife. The old miscreant came rushing towards me. ‘Smell to your bread, sar!—smell to your bread, sar!’ he vociferated; but what he meant by those expressions I vainly endeavoured to guess. Seeing my inability to comprehend him, he seized some bread from the table and thrust it close to my nose. I gasped for breath, and, as I did so, the terrible pain abated, as if by magic. The waiter smiled, and though but an instant before I could have shed his blood like water, my feelings of resentment evaporated. I reflected that he was, in all probability, a respectable *père de famille* like myself; and after folding him in a close embrace, in token of reconciliation, I again took my place at the breakfast-table, where I finished a great deal more ‘biff,’ but touched no more mustard.

“I have often heard that the English have but one sauce to all their dishes, but I little thought I should so soon fall a victim to the diabolical contrivance.

“This, however, has been my only experiment upon English living, for, owing to the experience of a French lady, one of my fellow-travellers, who has visited London several times, I am established—as you will observe—in a French hotel. It happens, singularly enough, to stand at the corner of ‘Bear-street,’ which, literally translated, means the *Rue aux Ours*, though there are no more bears in it than in our own; so that I find myself almost at home, particularly when I am favoured with the society of Madame Lablonde, the lady of whom I have spoken. She is by profession a somnambulist, but has also a very extensive connexion with some large houses of business both in Paris and London.

“I have not yet learnt in what their *spécialité* consists; indeed, I

believe their dealings are in a general way, and that the *entreprise* has been set on foot to meet the exigencies of the Great Exhibition ; but I am informed by Madame Lablonde that their capital is enormous, and that they reckon upon immense profits. The name of the company is the 'Exploitation Aurifique de tous les Pays,' and their Paris establishment is in the Rue de Bondy, not far from the Rue de Lancry. One of their operations in London will be to form what is called here a 'Club,' as a *point de réunion* for foreigners of all nations. At present the general principle alone is laid down, which is to accommodate, or take in, as many as possible ; but the details will, very shortly, be set before the public. Madame Lablonde has promised me a list of the directors ; and in a country so full of speculators as England, it will not be long before a number of very imposing names—so she assures me—will be obtained. She has obligingly offered me several shares, *en commandite* ; but as I am one who like to look after my own affairs, I reserve my adhesion till I know something more of the prospects of the company. In case, however, that the speculation should prove a very fine one, I have not absolutely said 'No ;' and in the mean time (do not read to my brother Martin what relates to this matter) desire our cousin Dubrocq, the notary public, to make some inquiries on the subject. If the venture is in reality Californian, it would be a pity not to have something to do with it. Madame Lablonde is evidently a very clever person, but I am, as yet, ignorant of her antecedents. Of her good nature there can be no doubt, for she has very kindly undertaken this morning to show some part of London to another fellow-traveller of ours, Monsieur Blumentopf, a German, whose acquaintance I made *en route* ; and she is now absent for that purpose. It is true she has business to transact in the city with some directors, and M. Blumentopf, besides being a good-looking young man, will serve as a protector ; but to transact her affairs, she might as easily have gone *en voiture* ; so her kindness towards him remains the same.

"It is for this reason that I am sitting alone in my chamber, the window of which looks out upon a *grande place* called Leicester-squarr. It is about the size of the Place Vendôme ; but neither in the centre, as with us, nor anywhere else that I can see, is there anything for an Englishman to be proud of. The houses that surround the squarr are of all sizes and colours—some of a dirty brown, others of a dirty white ; but whether they are white or brown, all of them are equally dirty. On the outsides are numerous *affiches* : Burford's Panorama—Linwood's Exhibition—Wine Shades—The Greatest Wonder of the World, Hatching by Steam—Tremendous Sacrifice—Western Institution—Guinness's Stout—and a multitude of others, which are too far off for me to copy. Along the upper side of the squarr is continually passing a stream of people, who are tempted to buy a number of *objets* from merchants who station themselves close to the pavement offering their wares, as they do on the Boulevards in Paris. Some of them are selling almanacks—others silver medals—others combs, buttons, pocket-books, oranges, umbrellas. At one corner is a *dégraisseur*, surrounded by a crowd of ragged people ; he seizes a dirty boy by the collar, and begins to scrub his jacket with a piece of soft stone, or some substance like that, which he holds in his hand ; the boy has a face which gets redder and redder ; he tries to escape, and is ready to cry, but the pitiless *dégraisseur* continues

to scrub him; he then turns him round with an air of triumph, and says something I cannot hear, which makes the people laugh; he lets the boy go, who slinks into the crowd, and then he sells his merchandise amongst those who, it is plain, are very much in want of it. This scene is gay enough, and up one of the streets a little further off is *Polichinelle*, to make it gayer; but all the rest of the squarr is excessively *triste*—not a human being is seen to pass on the other sides. In the middle, however, there stands a miserable stone figure on horseback, like the Commandant de Seville, as he is represented at the *Ambigu*. The workmen are now busy in digging the foundations for a building, which is to hold a monster globe, for the people of all countries to visit and find themselves at home in.

“But I must leave off my description, for a visitor is announced to see me. * * * * *

“In closing my letter, for which I have very few minutes left, I must tell you that the person who called upon me was the *valet de chambre* of M. de Beauvilliers, *un personnage très riche et très distingué*, who came to London yesterday at the same time as myself. There is a little romance in his affair with which the *mouchoir brodé* that was made by us and sold to the English *milord* for the jour de l’an is connected. It will find its way after all into the Exhibition, and, what is quite as agreeable, I shall get a good deal of money by the transaction. In my next letter I shall tell you all about it, and will then fix the day when you are to leave Paris with your uncle Martin. I embrace you tenderly, and him also, and remain, your affectionate father,

“ADOLPHE COQUELICOT.

“On m’assure qu’on porte les manchettes toutes aussi larges à Londres qu’ à Paris.”

M. Adolphe kept his promise faithfully, and a very short time elapsed before the rest of the Coquelicot family made their appearance; the excellent Martin forgetting, in the hurry of his departure from Paris, to invoke the aid of his patron saint by branding himself on some part of his person with a red-hot horseshoe, that custom having been invariably practised during the middle ages, when respect for the saints was a little more rife amongst French travellers than it happens to be at present.

It may be inferred, from the slight indication which we have already given of the pursuits of Madame Desirée Lablonde, and in spite of M. Adolphe Coquelicot’s praise, that pure disinterestedness was not the basis of all her actions. Direct her thoughts as much as she would to the affairs of the other world, there were, nevertheless, moments when her extra-lucidity occupied itself to the full as earnestly with the concerns of this. We do not wish to wrong the lady, but for our own part we should be inclined to say that one of the two worlds was always made subservient to the other; which kicked the beam Madame Lablonde’s career will determine.

In what school of somnambulism Madame Lablonde acquired her art we have no means of knowing; whether she was a pupil of Dupotet, or a disciple of Alphonse Cahagnet, we cannot decide; but one thing is tolerably certain—that she had become a very successful practitioner; and the fact tends greatly to exalt the reputation of the Parisians for good sense, when we state that at least one half of the holders of tickets in the

celebrated lottery of the "Lingots d'Or," applied for lucky numbers to "the modern sybil." At this lottery, as is well known, anybody, who has the luck, may for one miserable franc obtain the handsome amount of sixteen thousand pounds sterling, or—it sounds even better in French—the magnificent sum of four hundred thousand francs ! To satisfy the Parisians that the gold is all ready, and only waiting the advent of the fortunate holder of the prize to transform itself into current coin, the ingots are daily on view at the *bureau* of the lottery on the Boulevard Montmartre ; and lest any one should make a mistake and go to the wrong house in search of fortune, we beg to add, that the office is at No. 10, and that all others are counterfeit. As the tickets are still *en vente*, nothing has yet occurred to disturb the infallibility of Madame Lablonde's predictions, and those who hold the lucky numbers remain as sanguine as before.

Now, it is plain that an individual who can inspire so many persons with faith must be a very desirable ally in any speculation of magnitude which depends chiefly on opinion ; and it will excite no surprise—when the reader bears in mind that Madame Lablonde acted on the hint of M. Carlier in leaving Paris—that the French directors of the "Exploitation Aurifique" should cast their eyes on her as a valuable agent in London for extending the advantages proposed to the public by the new company. That they did so we have seen by what M. Coquelicot said in his letter ; how she fulfilled her mission it remains for us to show.

When Mahomet had fully matured the project of his new creed, his first step was to inoculate his wife Cadijah with a sincere belief, being well aware that one real enthusiast is worth a hundred adherents, who become so only complacently, or from motives of personal interest. Madame Lablonde acted on the same principle, and whenever she could find materials plastic enough to mould into the required shape, she did not neglect the opportunity. She imagined that in Herr Blumentopf she had encountered just such a person as she desired to meet with for the furtherance of the scheme to which she had just lent her aid. As a German, and therefore naturally given to mysticism, he was, to a certain extent, ready made for her purpose ; he would give credit to all her Sybilline powers, and believe at once in them ; all that remained, therefore, was to ascertain whether he was quite as great a fool in matters of business as in his ideas of spiritualism. She soon discovered that, in this respect, he possessed the amount of intelligence which usually goes to the composition of a German Kauffman ; that, as a dealer in broadcloths, he understood his *métier* thoroughly ; and as the chief test of sanity is held to be a knowledge of the value of money, that he was so far perfectly sane. To move him, then, to her purpose, and mislead him in his pursuit after worldly gain, it was necessary that he should become her lover.

When a lady makes up her mind for this kind of game, the odds are that she leaves off a winner. With youth and beauty—two excellent trump cards—the issue is seldom doubtful ; but when their absence has to be supplied by the player's skill the event is not quite so certain. Now, truth compels us to state that Madame Lablonde placed her reliance rather on her intellectual strength than on that of her personal charms. Not that she neglected the latter (what woman does, even amongst the Bosjesmen?), but, with all her experience in the use of dyes and cosmetics,

and all the assistance that Clemençon and Hocquet could give, she was not able to compel the wrong side of five-and-forty to wear the attractions of the right side of five-and-twenty. Still she made up very well, and by dint of good eyes, well chosen teeth, and considerable skill in the management of her veil, contrived to pass for only two-thirds of her real age. Her voice, as we have said, was against her but she partly remedied this defect by the choice of her words, and, moreover, kept it under as much as possible; it was only in moments of excitement, or when she had no particular design upon her auditors, that she allowed it to have full play.

The brotherly hospitality of the Clifford-street Schneider-meister not having extended to the offer of a bed for the season, when beds in London were likely to be worth a German prince's revenue, Herr Blumentopf had not yet fixed himself in a lodging; and it was while waiting to discover one, in the search after which Madame Lablonde had promised her assistance, that he joyfully accepted her kind offer of showing him the town.

After parading her victim through some of the leading thoroughfares at the West-end, and exciting innumerable "wunderschöns," "ungeheures," and "unmögliches,"—the simple and constant expressions of German admiration—Madame Lablonde conducted Herr Blumentopf whither her own affairs led her. The way lay through streets much less frequented than those they had traversed, and the comparative quiet and absence of hurrying crowds afforded at length an opportunity for conversation.

"And is it long," she inquired, adroitly adopting the word dearest to German ears,—“is it long since you quitted Fatherland?”

"Ah, mein Gott!" exclaimed the Brunswicker, his apostrophes being always in his own language, "it is now nearly a month since I left the banks of the Ocker, but I visited several places on business on my way, and stayed a fortnight in Paris."

"To which circumstance I was indebted for the pleasure of meeting you on the Calais railway."

"Ganz gewiss," said the literal German.

"Gance gevice," returned Madame Lablonde, in accents long drawn out, "what does that mean?"

"I beg pardon; I should have translated,—it means, 'Undoubtedly.'"

"What a noble language is yours!—how strong and yet how sweet! Who would think it difficult to pronounce? But we find it so in France. Your own name for instance—Blon—Blin—Blanc-manteau,—is that it?"

"Nein! it is Blumentopf!" And he laid a strong accent on the last letter.

"Bleu—mon—etoffe—ah, c'est ça—que vent dire ce nom-là?"

"Ca signifie dans notre langue, un pot aux fleurs!"

"Quelle charmante idée," exclaimed the Sybil; "il faut être Allemand pour avoir de tels noms! And your Christian name?"

"Karl Gustav."

"Karl! ah, that is pretty well; but Gustave—that is adorable! May I call you Gustave? Do you ever read Paul de Kock? I thought not. It is a pity; one of his noblest creations is named Gustave. Do you know," continued Madame Lablonde, with animation, "that if it were

possible for me to doubt of the existence of spiritual agency—I, who have been chosen to interpret the mysteries of another world” (“moyennant trois francs par tête,” she thought to herself), “the very fact of your being called Gustave, and the association with it of lovely flowers, would compel me to that belief. I may whisper to you, then—but it is in the strictest confidence—that the spirit who rules over my star disclosed to me in my last trance the name of the mortal whose planet is co-ordinate with mine. Do you understand Sanscrit?”

“Nein!” replied Blumentopf, beginning to feel deeply interested, and staring with his large blue eyes like the owl on Ilsestein—“nein!”

“I wish you did. The spirits that appear to me always speak in Sanscrit, or some other remarkable language. Now, the name of my twin star is Champaca, which means, literally, ‘a flower-pot,’ from ‘Champac,’ a beautiful flower, the exact colour of—of—no, do not look at me so earnestly, I cannot tell you if you do; it is a *blue* flower. But, what is more strange, the spirit displayed a scroll, on which was written, in letters of fire, a distinguished European name, borne by a great Swedish conqueror, and never bestowed ignobly; all who are born under the planet ‘Champaca’ bear that name.”

“What is it?” anxiously inquired the Brunswicker, his love of the supernatural now fully awakened.

“You have just mentioned it,” replied Madame Lablonde, in a faint voice; “it is your own!”

“Dies’ ist die merkwürdigste und unbekannteste Sache!” exclaimed Herr Blumentopf, swallowing all he heard, and ready to swallow as much more. He absolutely gasped for another dose, and Madame Lablonde, seeing how matters stood, kindly administered a full one. The effect of the agreeable compound of flattery and mysticism, aided by some very tender glances, quite settled Herr Blumentopf. He pressed her closer to his side, and murmured, “Herzliebste!” The fascinating Desirée was not able to reply to him in German, but she returned the pressure, which answered quite as well, and the enamoured Brunswicker walked on in silence, bewildered with tumultuous feelings.

It was exactly the frame of mind that best suited Madame Lablonde’s immediate, as well as her ultimate purpose, for she was not particularly anxious that such wits as her new lover possessed should be unnecessarily sharpened at that moment.

Their walk had been a long one, and after various windings and doublings, had brought them out on the north side of the Regent’s Park, on the outskirts of St. John’s Wood. Madame Lablonde moved forward with the assured step of one who was well acquainted with the locality, and at length arrived at a house which stood alone in a large garden, surrounded by a high wall. Unlike the dwellings near it—all of which were distinguished by some patrician designation, such as “Howard Lodge,” “Cavendish Abbey,” “Plantagenet Cottage,” “Fitz-Mortimer Villa,” and the like—this house was unnamed; “A 1,” in small characters on the gate-post alone affording enlightenment to the letter-carrier or casual visitor. It had not even the distinctive bell-plates for “visitors” and “servants,” so necessary to the existence of the *aristos* of “The Wood.” What was beyond the wall could only be guessed at, even from the opposite side of the road, where the chimneys and blue-slatted roof of the building only were visible; nor was there much disclosed when the

small closely-grated trap-door was half withdrawn, and the question asked respecting the business of the persons who rang for admittance.

"Is Mr. Jones at home?" asked Madame Lablonde, when this ceremony had been performed.

A man's voice was heard in reply, but no one was visible.

"Mr. Jones has gone to America," said the voice, in a steady tone, as if accustomed to return this answer.

"Really!" returned Madame Lablonde, with corresponding calmness; "be so good as to let him have this card;" and she presented one as she spoke.

The card disappeared through the wicket, and its presentation seemed to produce an instantaneous effect, for the door was suddenly opened, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, and Madame Lablonde, having whispered to her "bon Gustave" to wait for her "un petit quart d'heure," glided through the aperture, and the door was immediately closed.

While Herr Blumentopf remains outside, chewing the cud of a fancy that was all sweetness, we will follow the lady. The mysterious janitor, who was a man of colour, grinned a very wide-mouthed welcome as soon as he saw Madame Lablonde's well-remembered features, and preceding her up a short flight of steps, gave her admission to the house itself. He tapped at a side door in the hall, and a deep-toned "Come in" responded to the appeal. The negro disappeared for an instant, a hasty exclamation of surprise was heard, and the next moment Madame Lablonde found herself in the presence of the individual whom she had sought.

Mr. Jones—for the gentleman in question acknowledged himself (on this occasion) the owner of that remarkable name—was a tall, stout, and rather good-looking man of about fifty, with a florid complexion, a countenance which the world calls "open," and a jovial, good-humoured expression on his somewhat blunt features. He was attired in a morning costume, which, though a dishabille, was yet sufficiently splendid, and partook of an Oriental character, to which, also, many objects that were scattered about the apartment bore resemblance. His costume, for example, consisted of an elaborately-flowered shawl dressing-gown, the ground of which was purple and the lining scarlet, and it was confined round the waist by purple and scarlet cords, which terminated in enormous bunches like gigantic bell-pulls. The rest of his habiliments was artfully composed all of one piece of fine green shawl, the vest being fastened with matted gold buttons, and the wide trousers terminating in a broad border of palm-leaf pattern. Bright yellow slippers decked his feet, and on his head he wore a fez of crimson cloth with a blue silk tassel of no slight volume. A thick gold chain issued from beneath his flowing shirt-collar, and, crossing his ample chest, buried its snaky length in one of his waistcoat pockets. He was, in short, as brilliant a specimen of quasi-Orientalism as is to be seen anywhere out of Asia, not even excepting the individuals who figure at the Café Turc, on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. From his style of dress and the nature of his occupation, Mr. Jones might, by a slight stretch of imagination, have been taken for one of those public writers in Constantinople, the Yâzidji, who—for the convenience of adventurous Franks—indite love-letters and copies of Turkish verse for the aforesaid Franks to throw into the open lattices of the fair

Odaliques, whose misfortune it is not to know how to read. That occupation consisted, apparently, in registering a very extensive correspondence, a large manuscript volume provided with a lock and key lying open before him, and the writing-table at which he sat being strewed with printed papers and letters. The "Blue Book of Addresses," Dod's last "Peerage," Kelly's "Post-office Directory," and other volumes of reference—French as well as English—were also lying about, and appeared to be a good deal in requisition. On the chimney-piece was a handsome French clock, representing "The Sack of Troy," in a very lively manner; it was supported by some beautiful Sèvres teacups and saucers with medallion portraits of Madame du Barri, Madame de Pompadour, and other virtuous celebrities; and the *consoles* on either side were covered with *objets* in china and *bijouterie*. Turkish swords and daggers, pistols richly mounted, a fur pelisse with a star on the breast, a cavalry uniform, with jack-boots to correspond, hats of different form and colour, numerous sticks and riding-whips, an Indian hookah, several Turkish and German pipes, a large box of cigars, and three or four wigs on blocks at one side of the apartment, were amongst the many things that caught the eye on entering it. We have spoken of exercising the imagination; very little of it was necessary here to make a stranger think he had accidentally stumbled upon a masquerade warehouse instead of a private gentleman's study.

On the entrance of Madame Lablonde, the occupant of the room—there are reasons for not calling him the owner of the mansion—rose from his seat, and welcomed her with considerable *empressement*. The first greetings over, and the lady having found a seat on the sofa,—no easy matter, considering the crowd of things that already occupied it,—Mr. Jones addressed his visitor, speaking French or English just as it happened best to express his thought.

"Eh bien, Desirée; comment vont les affaires?"

"Mais, pas mal, mon cher. Ça commence un peu. Tu as reçu ma dernière lettre?"

"Si fait."

"Alors, tu sais la chose là-bas?"

"L'Aurifique?"

"Sans doute. Et la perspective ici?"

"On ne peut mieux. Vois donc comme je m'occupe à écrire!"

"Je le vois bien. Et le resultat."

"Je dis comme toi, 'ça commence!'"

Madame Lablonde having thus rapidly arrived at a general knowledge of the state of the case, looked round the room, omitting nothing in her sweeping glance, and said, with a smile:

"Les cambrioleurs feraient bien leur affaire ici, si, par hasard, on se trouvait dedans!"

"Very likely," returned Mr. Jones, "but it's not so easy to get in. Besides, dog never eats dog. By-the-by, I hope you have brought me some money. Everything is very expensive here, and just now I pay for what I get."

"That won't last long, I hope," replied the lady. "Well," she continued, "I have not come empty-handed; such guests are not welcome ones here, I know."

She took out a pocket-book as she spoke, and drew from one of its secret folds a piece of that nice, crisp, black-lettered paper, which per-

forms so many wonders here below. Mr. Jones lifted up one of the corners, seemed satisfied with the amount, and transferred it to his desk. The friends—if they were not something more—then entered fully into business.

Without further detailing their conversation, the sum of it was as follows:

Having the Great Exhibition in view—or rather the pockets of the countless thousands who will flock to it—Mr. Jones, who was an Englishman, or an American, or a Frenchman, or the native of any other country of which he was able to speak the language and personate the manners, was at this moment engaged in an operation of some extent, by which he hoped to reap considerable advantage. He had long been on intimate terms with the fair somnambulist, and was connected, moreover, with a good many gentlemen, both in Paris and elsewhere, whose profession by no means led them to shut their eyes on the affairs of this world.

The “Exploitation Aurifique” was a scheme that dovetailed very well with his own projects, and he had been diligently at work for some time past in laying down his plans in a sufficiently comprehensive manner. The bubble of “Shares” was for the general public: that was to be “strictly commercial.” The “Club” was intended to be more select; “for the titled and the wealthy,—the man of pleasure and the man of travel.” The “Table d’hôte” and the “Salons de Réunion” were “for the purpose of concentrating into one focus the intellectual ability of all nations.” “Science” and “Art,” “Usefulness” and “Amusement,” were all, in short, happily blended in the great undertaking which he meditated, and the letters and prospectuses which were heaped around him bore witness to his industry. Some fruits had already resulted from his labours, and as they proceeded—it had been agreed amongst the members of the society of which he was at present the unseen but active agent—that his associates should gradually make their appearance on the stage, and prepare for the *grand coup* which the summer was to realise. Madame Lablonde, a born *intrigante*, whose natural tendency to *escroquerie* had been perfected by education and experience, was, as we have seen, the first to join Mr. Jones, and the interview which now took place was extremely satisfactory to both parties. At its close the gentleman—who was a *bon vivant* by inclination and habit—was urgent in pressing his hospitality on his visitor, but resisting the temptation of “My fellow, who is a West Indian, makes pepper-pot to perfection,” Madame Lablonde rose to go.

“J’ai un petit serin par là,” she said, pointing in the direction of the road where she had left Herr Blumentopf to meditate on her perfections, totally unconscious that he sees himself the object of very close scrutiny on the part of Policeman Z 50, on whose beat he stood; “j’ai un petit serin Allemand, qui écorche le Français comme une anguille et, par dessus le marché, me fait l’amour. Je te verrai à tantôt. Adieu, Alfred. Va, mauvais Turc que tu es,—encore!—laisse-donc!”

What the last sentence meant we can only explain by saying that Madame Lablonde adjusted her bonnet very carefully before she left the house, and that Mr. Jones walked up and down the room, stroking his chin, with the air of a man who had safely accomplished a difficult exploit.

Madame Lablonde was then let out of "A 1" as carefully as she had been admitted. She joined the Brunswicker with a rapid step, put her finger on her lips as she caught a glimpse of the policeman, moved briskly round the corner, and hailing an empty Hansom cab that was passing, gave the word to Regent-street, and, together with her German swain, was whisked off before Z 50 had fairly sighted the vehicle.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON LODGING—THE SYBIL AND THE VALET—AND THE BAIT SWALLOWED.

THE glory of living at an hotel is, like most other glories, both transitory and expensive. With every disposition to enjoy themselves while they stayed in London, the Coquelicot family very soon discovered, that to do so entirely to their satisfaction, they must watch which way their money went. They began, therefore, by transferring their head-quarters from the Hôtel de Provence to a lodging hard by. The street which Monsieur Adolphe selected, by the advice of Madame Lablonde, who was as knowing in this as in most other matters, was situated at the back of Leicester-square, and very near Newport Market. The locality had once upon a time been fashionable, that is to say, with dignitaries of the law—with whom a little fashion goes a great way—but even those *magnates*, in their slow progress westward, had at last deserted it, and houses that, in their day, had been occupied by chancellors and chief justices, now calmly let themselves out, at so much per floor per week, to the first comer able to pay for them. Having been originally constructed for higher purposes than their neighbours, these tenements were more capacious and offered more accommodation than the generality of London lodging houses, and in one of them our travelling friends were established.

The Coquelicot family, who had been accustomed to the *rez-de-chaussée* in their own capital, selected the ground-floor, as being, in their opinion, "plus gai"—the first consideration with French people, even in a prison; there was not, to be sure, much gaiety in the street itself, but when Punch or the Fantoccini took refuge there, the family could see as well as hear the entertaining vagabonds. They were more accessible also in the parlours to the street cries, by studying which Monsieur Martin Coquelicot hoped greatly to improve his English. Indeed, so great was his proficiency that, before he had been there a week, he was able to say "Cats'—mee-e-aa-t" in a very effective manner; though what service this phrase was likely to render him in his communications with society, we have not yet discovered.

The first floor, which had the advantage of a back staircase, likely to be useful in her Sybilline and other questionable pursuits, was occupied by Madame Lablonde. She was too much of an old stager to care for the look-out, her chief object in choosing a lodging being facility of access and egress; and she, accordingly, preferred short streets, where people could whip round a corner in no time, and go in or out with the least likelihood of being observed. The same principle influenced her within doors, and the more exits and entrances there were to an apartment, the better. In this respect, also, the ex-chancellor's house was very serviceable, for there were as many doors to the rooms as there are approaches

to the Court of Chancery; neither was the way out very dissimilar, at least in a moral point of view, the visitors having, in most cases, tolerably strong reasons for regretting that they ever went in.

Herr Blumentopf—or Gustave, as Madame Lablonde delighted to call him—was installed in an apartment above that lady, and whenever he was not absorbed in the contemplation of her “many-sidedness,” or engrossed by the “Grammatik,” he passed his time in wondering, with his head out of the window; wondering how many Brunswicks could go into London, wondering whether Madame Lablonde was as young as she called herself, and wondering whether he should get enough for dinner at the “Gasthaus” Table d’Hôte, in Leicester-street, whither he always repaired at feeding time.

The rest of the house was filled with a miscellaneous collection of Poles, Italians, and Spaniards—some “patriots,” and some *not*—who were stowed away in the attics and back rooms, cleaned their own boots and got up their own linen.

The first person who paid his respects to the Coquelicot family was Monsieur Victor, the valet-de-chambre of M. François de Beauvilliers. The affair of the *mouchoir brodé* was soon arranged; so much of it, at least, as related to its being exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The purple velvet cushion on which it was displayed, and what Mademoiselle Clotilde prepared and ornamented with her own fair hands, was placed under a glass case and duly deposited in the section devoted to French productions, and the 1st of May was looked forward to with no little anxiety: by M. Adolphe Coquelicot, for the honour of his house, and by M. de Beauvilliers, for the hope he entertained that he might, on that day, discover the Unknown who had enthralled him.

But Monsieur Victor had other reasons for presenting himself in the house where the Coquelicots dwelt; and amongst them may be mentioned his desire to cultivate, a little more closely, his acquaintance with Madame Lablonde. He had about as much faith in somnambulism as in anything else that he could neither touch nor taste; but he was not one to *afficher* all his opinions, believing that it was quite soon enough to utter them when their concealment began to affect his own interests. As an admirer of beauty, he was charmed with Mademoiselle Clotilde in the parlour; but as a worshipper of mind, his footsteps led him quite as often to the upper floor, where “the modern Sybil” gave out her oracles.

The accomplished Desirée, who seldom hid her light under a bushel, or suffered the grass to grow under her feet, or—to speak without metaphor—rarely neglected an opportunity of doing something to “better herself,” accorded a ready welcome to all who came to her with proper introductions. In truth, she was not at all difficult of access, provided she knew something beforehand of her visitors’ affairs, and felt satisfied that they had money in their pockets. The only people she objected to were those who could not afford to pay, and intrusive persons, like the police, who, she was in the habit of observing, “se fourraient le nez chez les personnes d’honneur comme qui dirait des repris de justice;” an insult in the highest degree annoying to honourable and sensitive minds. Perfect liberty of action was her creed, both socially and politically; and not to be hampered in her endeavours to promote the happiness of mankind, she had, for the present, made choice of London as her place of residence. This, she assured Monsieur Victor, was her principal motive

in coming to England, and he replied by a most unimpeachable shrug, signifying he was so perfectly convinced of her sincerity that it was not worth his while to say so. Having performed this little ceremony, *de part et d'autre*, Madame Lablonde and Monsieur Victor felt capable of entering *en matière*.

To procure a large *clientelle* was a main object with the Sybil, less for the sake of the immediate profit—though this went for something in the account—than for the means it afforded of enabling her to prosecute more extensive designs, under the cloak of somnambulism. She had worn the mask long, and worn it so well, that there were moments when she almost believed in the reality of her own deceptions; at all events, her personification of the truth appeared so genuine that very few indeed expressed any doubt on the subject. Those who did so invariably got into all sorts of hot water with the true believers, for there is nothing that irritates the faithful so much as the exposure of a mystagogue, whether the article dealt in be Puseyism, Homœopathy, Clairvoyance, or any other fashionable humbug.

Monsieur Victor aimed at influence, and was always on the *qui vive* to acquire it, as a stepping-stone to the wealth he coveted. He was not particular about the path he took, caring little whether it were straight or crooked, clean or dirty, provided it led in the required direction; he employed his faculties like the proboscis of the elephant, either to lift a heavy weight or pick up a pin; and, according as it answered his purpose, could be honest or the reverse; keeping counsel faithfully, or betraying it without remorse, as the scale in which his interest lay seemed likely to preponderate. He had heard enough of the mysterious powers ascribed to Madame Lablonde, to feel satisfied that they might be rendered serviceable to him, if he could only bring her to his way of thinking.

He had previously given the Pythoness an outline of his master's position in the world, and he now went a little further, perceiving that to succeed with this lady it was necessary he should be more communicative. What he told her was not altogether new, for Madame Lablonde had greatly improved her acquaintance with M. Adolphe Cocquelicot, and already learnt something of the history of the *mouchoir brodé*, though she still continued in ignorance of the name of the real exhibitor. But when Monsieur Victor added that his master was the individual in question, and that he was desperately in love with an unknown English lady, Madame Lablonde began to be aware that the subject belonged to her own legitimate domain. The facts which the case presented were quite sufficient to support any superstructure she might be inclined to raise; the discovery of the lady must, of necessity, be for some time a matter of chance; it was, indeed, altogether dependent on accident; she had, therefore, as good a prospect of success as any one else, with the additional advantage which her intriguing *métier* gave her.

"I am, of course, aware," said Monsieur Victor, "of the exalted reputation for extra-lucidity possessed by Madame; and that to find out who this English lady is would be to her a mere *bagatelle*, utterly beneath her consideration, if it simply consisted in the restoration of the handkerchief to its owner; but when Madame observes that the future of two persons of condition—for it cannot be doubted that the unknown belongs to that category—depends upon the exercise of her extraordinary faculties, and that no common difficulty—in fact, no difficulty whatever—

will be suffered to interpose, without every effort being made for its removal, she will then clearly perceive that, to lend her assistance towards the accomplishment of the wishes of M. de Beauvilliers, is only to perform a sacred duty to the world—and to herself."

Madame Lablonde saw plainly enough what shape the "efforts" which the astute valet mentioned were likely to assume, but she guessed that he had some *arrière-pensée*, and, therefore, confined herself, in the first instance, to generalities in making her reply.

"The powers which had been confided to her," she said, "were in their nature such as could not be abused. Magnetism was an exclusive and absolute faculty which no human agency was able to control. Still, it was susceptible of being directed to beneficial purposes, provided always the motives were pure. These, after what Monsieur Victor had stated, she could not dream of doubting—and, all the circumstances considered, would be happy to aid M. Beauvilliers to the extent of her ability. But," she continued, "every question had two sides; one bright, the other dark. The spiritualism of clairvoyance was too subtle in its nature to unfold itself without alloy to beings in hourly contact with the concerns of this nether world; to render it comprehensible and—as mankind sought to profit by it—available, the uses of earth must be associated. It was strange, but no less true than strange, that, as in physics, where parts of the most opposite nature are combined, so in spiritual matters the essence was not altogether made up of spirit alone. While human nature remained still in a state of bondage this," she feared, "must ever be the case. The time might come, and, indeed, she confidently expected its arrival, when the interchange of mind would be substituted for the ordinary circulating medium, but till that time came she was compelled to act like the rest of the world in treating of the every-day affairs of life. As long as we are under the necessity," she concluded, "of eating and drinking, of wearing raiment, and of seeking artificial warmth and shelter, so long we must adopt the universal custom of satisfying the butcher and baker, the milkman, and the mercer. Materiality demands materiality; to be homogeneous is a decree to which all must submit, and though she said it with regret, she was no less obliged to declare the fact that magnetism, as well as mutton, must be paid for in hard cash."

Monsieur Victor, who had formed a tolerably accurate idea of the Sybil's meaning, long before she brought her jargon to a close, saw that the time had now arrived for the discussion of terms.

"M. de Beauvilliers," he observed, "was rich, and, even where a mere *fantaisie* was concerned, was always disposed to pay handsomely; he could not doubt that he would be willing to do so on this occasion. But—there were other persons to be considered. He would only remind Madame that he—Monsieur Victor—was solely actuated by the desire to serve his master—no motive could be purer, as Madame herself would admit; but as virtue could not, if it would, be its own reward in the present state of society, and, as Madame had so well explained that money was essential to everyone's existence, he ventured to intimate that his wages were not sufficient for his wants, and that, wherever he introduced a good *pratique*, he expected a certain *bonus*, or contingent advantage."

"Nothing," returned Madame Lablonde, "could be more just in a commercial point of view—nothing, in a personal one, more satisfactory."

It was only necessary, she thought, to raise the figure a little, and the valet might be satisfied, without any diminution of her own profits. On this basis she proceeded to negotiate, and it was finally agreed between her and Monsieur Victor that the latter should induce M. de Beauvilliers to pay the Sybil a visit, and that a certain proportion of every payment should reward the valet for the purity of his motives. Of the probable amount we need only say that, if Madame Lablonde played her cards well—which was not at all unlikely—the proceeds to be shared between her and Monsieur Victor would be something considerable.

The next morning, when the valet was in attendance on his master, he broke ground in the following manner.

After having aired the *Times*, and presented it to M. de Beauvilliers, as he sat at breakfast, he observed:

“I do not know if Monsieur ever occupies himself with the advertisements, but if I might be permitted to make an observation, I should say that there is nothing in the world more amusing—I may add more instructive, when one has nothing else to do—than to read the outer pages of the English journals—particularly of the *Times*. Everything is to be met with there that everybody wishes for.”

“Without doubt, Victor, those things are amusing to somebody; but I might fatigue myself for ever with these columns of small print without finding the only object I am in search of. What is it to me?” continued M. de Beauvilliers, glancing at the paper—“what is it to me that splendid new copper ships are going to sail for China and California; that some one has lost his dog (keep a careful eye, Victor, on Putty—hey, Putty, mon cher petit Putty—fais la mort, Putty—bon! voilà un morceau de muffin, Putty—couches donc); that some one else will preach a sermon; that somebody’s poll will stay open all day; or that the hippopotamus will sing sacred music at Exeter Hall this evening? All this may be very agreeable to the English public, but when I look at these enormous sheets of paper, large enough to cover the Place Vendôme, I shudder at the idea of doing what you consider so very entertaining. It is enough for me to read the news of France, the programme of M. Lumley’s opera, and now and then an article of politics, particularly when—as is the case just now—affairs are somewhat *embrouillées*, and likely to remain so. That gives me a little pleasure; in other respects the newspaper affords me none.”

“But if Monsieur finds nothing to enjoy, he might yet benefit by the advertisements in another way.”

“How do you mean, Victor? By advertising for the lady myself? What, expose my secret to the eyes of every person in Europe except the only one, perhaps, whom I wish to know it! My opinion of that angel is too elevated to allow me to imagine that she would ever give her thoughts to anything so vile as a public newspaper. To attempt a mode of intercourse with innocence like hers, such as one would adopt with a mere Lorette! No, Victor, I shall never have recourse to a *procédé si banal!*”

Victor waited respectfully till his master had done speaking, and then replied:

“It was not with that thought, Monsieur, that I hazarded the remark, but it struck me that, amidst this labyrinth of advertisements, there

might perhaps be found some to render Monsieur service. Indeed, I fancied that I had noticed one myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed M. de Beauvilliers, "in what way?"

"Will Monsieur allow me to address a question to him?"

"Certainly."

"I am desirous of asking if Monsieur has ever given his mind to the consideration of somnambulism?"

"Only so far as to have thought it the last dress worn by charlatanism."

Victor shook his head, and smiled significantly.

"There are quacks in medicine, Monsieur, but no one doubts the efficacy of certain drugs, properly administered."

"To produce their effect, Victor, I am afraid we must acknowledge, with Sganarelle, que "nous faisons maintenant la médecine d'une méthode toute nouvelle."

"Eh bien, Monsieur! Somnambulism is a new medicine, and is applied in a new form."

"Va pour sa valeur! Of what use is it to be in my case?"

"To help Monsieur to discover the unknown lady. If he will condescend to cast his eye upon the middle of the paper—in the third column, I think it is—he will there see the advertisement I allude to."

M. de Beauvilliers did as he was directed. The matter was there set forth in simple but attractive phrase, for simplicity in an advertisement is often more persuasive than an elaborate style, and, moreover, is less expensive. Madame Lablonde confined herself to the announcement of the fact that she had received the gold medal of the French Institute for her "Découvertes Somnambuliques" (besides the "Prix Montyon" for her private virtues), and that, at the earnest solicitations of several of the most eminent among the English physicians, she had consented to come to London "pour répandre son utilité." She was, consequently, prepared to give "des séances," at which the scientific, the inquiring, and the afflicted were invited to assist. A *nota bene* after the address—which you were requested to copy—stated that the terms were "arrangé à l'amiable," and that private interviews were granted.

"And so you think, Victor, that this Madame Lablonde can assist me in finding my lost Pleiad. Do you know anything about her?"

"Personally, nothing, Monsieur. But I have heard her very much spoken of in Paris; and several friends of mine have derived very great advantage from consulting her; so, at least, they assure me. Until I saw the advertisement I was not aware she had come to London; but when it caught my eye, I imagined to myself that it might offer *une petite distraction pour Monsieur*."

"You are very good, Victor, to think of me. I must not forget you either. *Tiens: voilà un petit rien pour te distraire aussi!*"

Monsieur Victor laid his hand on his—waistcoat-pocket, into which the bank-note naturally glided, and made a low bow, expressive of his master's goodness and his own unworthiness—of his reluctance to receive the gift, and his profound submission to his master's will. We have already seen that he preferred pantomime to the effusion of speech.

"If I were to go and see this person," said M. de Beauvilliers, musing, "I wonder whether she could tell me anything! There are sometimes very singular coincidences."

"I would not presume to offer my advice to Monsieur," observed Victor, "but were the case mine I think I should be tempted to try the experiment. There is no occasion for her to know who Monsieur is; a visit might be made *incognito*—some evening, for instance, quite unexpectedly—and if nothing came of it, it is only half an hour lost."

"You are right, Victor; what is one half hour when here I am wasting whole days, weeks—*que sais-je!* perhaps, even months. Do you know where the place is?"

"I can point it out to Monsieur with very little trouble."

"Very good. Then you shall accompany me. As she is acquainted with neither of us your presence may be of service. We will go this evening. I should have dined at Sir Wood's, but I will send an excuse, and eat my cutlet here alone. Be ready at eight o'clock."

Victor bowed again silently, and withdrew, leaving M. de Beauvilliers to finish his breakfast and write his apology to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He also had a note to manufacture which assumed the confidential form of a *poulet*. It was very brief, and ran thus:

"Le patron ira chez-vous ce soir vers les huit heures. Je serai avec lui. C'est pour l'affaire du *mouchoir*. N'oubliez pas ce que je vous ai dit, et faites surtout comme si vous ne m'aviez jamais vu. V."

Having despatched this intimation by a trusty messenger, Monsieur Victor returned with a quiet conscience to receive his master's orders for the rest of the day. They involved a variety of commissions, the most important, after delivering the note at "Sir Wood's," being that of giving Putty an airing for a couple of hours in "Hyde's Park."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAGIC MIRROR—HOW TO FORETEL THE PAST—PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXHIBITION.

MADAME LABLONDE received her new confederate's note within half an hour of its being written. She read it with great satisfaction, and then sat down to consider her plans.

The interval that had elapsed since Herr Blumentopf declared himself her slave, had been turned by the Sybil to good account. Every conversation that took was crammed as full as it could hold with mysticism, and in a very short time the lady had persuaded her lover of the strong magnetic *rapprochement* subsisting between them. It was not wonderful, she said, that this should be the case, the affinity between their planets, which existed ages before they were born, having pre-determined that question; but it was singularly fortunate that Gustave and herself should have met at the precise moment they did, for, she added, "we might have whirled onward through endless space without encountering again; and the consequence—to me, at least—would, I feel assured, have been fatal."

There was too much tenderness conveyed by this intimation to admit of a doubt on the part of the Brunswicker, as to the correctness of Madame Lablonde's logic; and, having surrendered his heart, it cost him very little to make her a present of his intellect. As usually happens in these cases, the handle went after the hatchet, and his will became entirely subservient to hers.

In private, therefore, the Sybil initiated Herr Blumentopf into several

very interesting experiments; and, as the *aplomb* for public magnetism is acquired without much difficulty, where the practitioner has faith or impudence enough, she felt satisfied that the credulous youth would serve her purpose on the present occasion. She accordingly lost no time in claiming his services for that evening, which Herr Blumentopf readily promised, though the act entailed the sacrifice of his dinner, it being a matter of the highest moment, the Sybil said, that the *rapport* should be established while he was fasting. It is just possible that Madame Lablonde's motive in laying down this condition arose from the fear she entertained lest the "London stout," to which the Brunswicker had taken a great fancy, should prove too potent for his German brain, and unfit him for the scene she meditated. Instead, then, of dreaming of the Gasthaus, Herr Blumentopf resumed his studies, and made himself master of several "imaginary conversations" with policemen and cabdrivers, the basis of which being excessive politeness, the dialogue was likely to be of immense use to him in his casual intercourse with those characters. A specimen of this vocabulary may serve to put its utility in a clearer light. It is an extract from the "Aufstellungs-Unterhaltungs-Grammatik," to which we have occasionally referred. The foreigner is supposed to be mooning about to find his way, and accosts one of "the force."

Foreigner. Halloa! are you a policeman?

Policeman. I am, sir.

Foreigner. Is this Fleet-street?

Policeman. This is Fleet-street.

Foreigner. Where is the *path* leading to the Exhibition?

Policeman. That is the *pathway* leading *towards* the Exhibition.

Foreigner. Good bye, sir (and is about to proceed on his way.)

Policeman. Halloa! sir!

Foreigner. What is it?

Policeman. Would you not like to go in a coach. *There* is a coach; its fare is only three pence.

Foreigner. Thank you, sir (steps into the coach.) Once more, sir, farewell. My compliments to your wife and family.

Policeman. Farewell, sir; I trust we may meet again.

Here the foreigner takes off his hat to the policeman, who courteously returns his salute, and the 'coach' is driven rapidly away."

It was with a mystification, somewhat more intense than the preceding, that Madame Lablonde in her turn occupied herself. After a little reflection, she came to the conclusion that "The Magic Mirror" was about the safest and most imposing dodge for the evening's entertainment, as the management of it remained entirely in her own hands. We have all heard, more or less, of this instrument—from the speculum of Dr. Dee to the crystal of Zadkiel; and in case there should be any difficulty in procuring one, certain professors of magnetism have recently written receipts for its manufacture. Madame Lablonde never travelled without one of these mirrors; and as she had made it herself, she was perfectly satisfied that it possessed all the occult virtues required. There was nothing remarkable in its appearance, except the mounting, which was of ebony, studded with golden stars; so little, indeed, was it out of the common run of mirrors, that a matter-of-fact man might have shaved himself before it. Our sybilline friend used it for shaving others.

The rooms in which Madame Lablonde lived were large and lofty, and, by employing only a very dim light, could be made to appear ex-

tremely gloomy,—an effect which she was able to increase by a little artistical arrangement. A high screen, which she had already found useful on more than one occasion, was hung with black cloth, and stretched partly across the room in which she intended to receive her visitors. The shutters were then put to, and the dark, heavy window curtains closely drawn ; the mirror was attached by a ring to one of the folds of the screen, in such a manner as directly to face a large *fauteuil*, also draped with black, in which the somnambulist was to sit, but its surface could only be seen obliquely by the other persons in the room ; the finishing touch was given by the introduction of a brasier of burning charcoal, an escape for the vapour being managed, lest asphyxia should supersede clairvoyance. That the proper obscurity might prevail in the apartment, Madame Lablonde lit the patent lamp which usually stood doing nothing on a *chiffonier* in the drawing-room ; it was the pride of the landlady of the house, and much too patent to accomplish any other purpose than that of making darkness visible.

By the time her arrangements were completed, the hour had drawn near when M. de Beauvilliers might be expected. A summons to Herr Blumentopf brought down the Brunswicker in a sufficiently ghostly state of mind to act the part of magnetiser and exorcist ; though it must be confessed that he sighed in descending the staircase, and murmured, “ Kalbsbraten, mein Gott ! ” as the stealing odour of a veal cutlet, which was being dressed for the Coquelicots’ supper, saluted his nostrils. He was, however, in a degree reconciled to his loss on entering the *sanctum* of the Sybil, by the warmth of the reception which she gave him. She had put on an air of such genuine enthusiasm, and her language was so high-flown, that, had he been much less of a Philister than he really was, her art would have completely deceived him. Excited by her conversation, the Brunswicker soon arrived at the Sybil’s apparent state of exaltation, and was ready for any ministration she might suggest ; and he received her instructions so readily, that when the loud knock at the street-door was heard, which announced the arrival of the visitors, Herr Blumentopf was as fully prepared for the approaching scene as Madame Lablonde herself.

To preserve the *incognito* suggested by Monsieur Victor, the strangers came muffled up in cloaks, which they requested permission to retain during the *séance*, and Madame Lablonde, who had her cue, added her desire that they would continue to wear their hats, her object being to avoid the possibility of Herr Blumentopf recognising the valet of M. de Beauvilliers. There was, however, little likelihood of his doing so, as he had been by far too much done up on board the packet to recollect the face of his nearest friend, and for the rest, he had only casually seen him in the crowd at the railway station. Still they might meet again under other circumstances, and the precaution was as well. Herr Blumentopf, who represented a nation one of whose peculiarities is, never to apply a hat, as Hamlet suggests, “ to its right use,” was somewhat scandalised at the strangers’ readiness to avail themselves of Madame Lablonde’s permission, but did not venture to offer any comment, and the business which had brought them all together began.

Aware that she had to do with one accustomed to the best society, the Sybil discarded the exaggerated style which she employed with persons more likely to be impressed by it, and addressed M. de Beauvilliers in a tone of plainness and simplicity, as if the discovery of pure and unadul-

terated truth was the sole object of her desires. She also knew well the value of contrast, and chose to establish, in the outset, a marked difference between her waking and her magnetic state.

"I cannot promise," she said, "to tell you anything you may desire to know. The result of my trance may be something totally different from what you expect. Magnetism is a property of the soul; the body is the machine through which it filters; the soul is the prime mover. When the mind is entirely disengaged from the body and no longer subject to its impulses, as in the magnetic sleep, the perceptions are regulated by a force over which the sleeper has no control. I may happen to speak of childish or impossible things—impossible, that is, according to our earthly notions—but on this you may rely, that whatever I say will be the faithful image of what I behold in the magic mirror which you see hanging there."

M. de Beauvilliers replied to this exordium, with the true politeness of his country, that nothing could possibly cause him so much pain as the momentary adoption of the idea that he did not place the utmost reliance on the integrity of the fair Somnambulist; a declaration which caused the eyes of Herr Blumentopf to sparkle like those of a hyena in the dark, with mingled feelings of indignation and pleasure; of indignation at the bare idea that any one could suspect the Sybil's purity of mind, and of pleasure at the handsome acknowledgment of that purity.

Madame Lablonde then seated herself in her *fauteuil*; M. de Beauvilliers took a chair at a little distance, where, by such light as there was, he could manage to see her face; M. Victor remained standing behind him; and the Brunswicker took up the required position for magnetising the lady. The first few passes produced no change; the Sybil sat erect in her chair, her eyes open and her countenance perfectly calm. After an interval of some minutes, during which the Brunswicker had been sedulously engaged in the laborious operation of clawing the air and shaking the invisible fluid from off the tips of his fingers, the muscles of Madame Lablonde's face began to twitch, and her features wore an expression of uneasiness and pain; her eyelids gradually drooped, were raised again as if with difficulty,—there seemed no speculation left in the orbs themselves—and then they finally closed; her head sank gently on her shoulder, every trace of disturbance passed from her countenance, and her body fell back in the chair, her parted lips and a slight heaving of her bosom affording a strong presumption that she was fast asleep.

A short period elapsed, during which there was perfect silence in the chamber. M. de Beauvilliers then asked the Brunswicker, in a whisper, if the magnetic slumber had commenced; the other gravely assured him of the fact, and requested his closest attention, as the Somnambulist would presently speak. According to previous instructions, Herr Blumentopf opened a small box, which was on a table at hand, and took from it a few pinches of dust, which he strewed upon the brasier; the burning charcoal crackled, and a pleasant perfume filled the apartment. Having performed this ceremony he addressed the sleeping Sybil:

"What is that before you?"

"A mirror."

"Do you see anything in it?"

"Nothing; there is a cloud upon its surface."

After a pause she spoke again:

"The cloud is clearing away, like mist from the face of a stream. I

see a number of trees, and figures, and lofty buildings. I now behold a large open space, in the centre of which is an obelisk of red marble, inscribed with hieroglyphical characters. Numerous fountains are playing round the obelisk; the spray is driven by the wind, and glitters with all the colours of the rainbow. There are many high columns of bronze, surmounted by golden balls. In the distance are gigantic statues, wearing crowns of peculiar shape; some of them bear swords, and have a menacing aspect; others, of milder expression, carry implements of peace. The mist is quite gone; I recognise the place now. It is the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The landscape appears to move towards the east, and before me are the Champs Elysées. The daylight has disappeared, and countless lights are shining amidst flowers and waving plants in a palace, at the further extremity of a beautiful garden. I hear the sound of music; it comes from the palace, which is now filled with people: some are dancing, others standing still, others walking about. I do not remember to have seen this place before; but there are many faces with which I am familiar, though where I have seen them I cannot recollect. The ladies' dresses are exquisite; they must have been made by the best milliners. A charming countenance is distinctly visible to me in the shifting crowd. It is that of a tall, graceful girl, with a profusion of fair hair, flowing in ringlets on her ivory shoulders; she smiles, and turns her face towards me. Her eyes are of a rich, clear blue, like sapphire, and on her cheek is the bloom of the rose. She is speaking in a language I do not understand. Ah, yes, I recognise it: it is English. Many eyes are fixed on her. Opposite to where she stands I observe a tall young man of elegant *tournure*, who is watching her attentively. Now he looks round him anxiously; he turns again, I follow his glance; the fair girl is gone. The cloud is again stealing over the mirror, as if some one had breathed on it; the music ceases, the lights are gone, and all is blank."

M. de Beauvilliers could not refrain from a slight movement as the Sybil drew this picture, which seemed to him so accurately to resemble the scene at the Elysée Bourbon, when he first saw the "Ange de candeur," of whom he was now so eagerly in search. To say the least of it, he thought it was odd the Somnambulist should have hit upon the very thing that most interested him. The Sybil spoke again, and he listened now more attentively than before.

"The mist," she said, "is again dispelled, and the sun shines; but the sky is not of so deep a blue as before, nor is the atmosphere so clear. Thousands of people are running to and fro; some are climbing up trees, others are standing on stools and benches; the lamp-posts even bear many. The crowd gets denser; a number of men dressed in blue, with short staves in their hands, press the people back. I hear the noise of artillery and a distant shouting. As it comes nearer my ear distinguishes the English '*houré*.' Every man now takes off his hat, though in the open air. Some cavalry soldiers ride past on black horses; their swords are drawn; they wear cuirasses of steel and blood-red streamers in their burnished helmets. A body of men in antique dresses of scarlet and gold approach, carrying long *pertuisanes* in their hands; they are followed by eight cream-coloured horses in rich trappings, attached to a singular-looking carriage covered with gilding, and driven by a man in scarlet, who wears a flaxen wig, and has an enormous *bouquet* in his bosom. He is so round and fat that he must presently roll from his seat

to the ground. Within the carriage are four persons; two of them are ladies; both are beautiful, and very gorgeously attired. The youngest, who seems the principal, wears across her left shoulder a purple ribbon, with decorations that sparkle with diamonds; she leans forward, and smiles on the people who renew their shouts, and cry 'God save the Queen!' In the midst of the smoke and dust the *cortège* disappears, and the scene changes altogether. I see a lofty Gothic hall, with stained glass windows, and carved oaken galleries, and pictures painted on the walls in bright colours. The hall is filled with people; above and below are ladies in rich dresses and waving plumes; grave and venerable men, in scarlet and ermine robes, are moving backwards and forwards; there is a stir in the assembly, and the same Lady enters whom I just now saw in the antique carriage. She is decked in heavy robes of purple and ermine, and shines with precious stones; on her head is a golden crown, blazing with jewels. A clear voice rings through the air like the sound of a silver bell, and every face is turned towards the Lady who wears the crown. All, except one—that of a man, young and handsome—the same I saw at the Paris ball;——"

M. de Beauvilliers started with surprise, and was about to speak, but the Brunswicker raised his hand.

"He is looking towards a gallery opposite, in which direction I also look, and see, as he does, the beautiful girl with the flowing ringlets and azure eyes."

"Mais, mon Dieu!" exclaimed De Beauvilliers, no longer able to suppress his astonishment; "tout ceci est incroyable!"

"The trance is not ended," interposed the magnetiser. "Do not speak; you disturb the vision."

The Sybil remained silent.

"Do you see nothing more?" asked Blumenthal.

It was some minutes before the Sybil answered, and then, at first, in broken sentences only:

"My mind is confused; my sight is troubled. Yes, I see a crowd of people again, and carriages, and horses. Something white is floating past me, like lace, or thin gauze. A figure stoops to raise it. The form is indistinct now. He conceals it in his breast. There is a tumult of voices, and great confusion. It is no longer the street, but a wide open space, where high trees are growing, on the banks of a broad river. The meadows are green, and the trees have put forth their leaves. Before me is an immense building, made entirely of glass. Thousands are flocking towards it, and on the outside of the crowd are figures in gay dresses, covered with ribbons and tinsel. Their faces are blackened, and they dance round a green bush, clattering strange instruments, and asking for money. I see the interior of this crystal edifice. My eyes are bewildered with the multitude of beautiful objects that appear on every side. They settle at last on a small glass case, beneath which I see a handkerchief, exquisitely embroidered. Many regard it with attention; amongst them is the fair girl with the flowing hair. She clasps her hands, and on her face is an expression of great wonder. She points towards the handkerchief, and speaks in an earnest manner to a gentleman who stands by her side. I hear him reply. He addresses her in an intimate tone. He calls her by her name——"

"Quel est son nom? quel est son nom? Vite! dites-moi!" exclaimed M. de Beauvilliers, rushing towards the Sybil.

She raised her head, and, opening her eyes, gazed with a dull, unconscious stare on the eager countenance of the querist.

"You have broken the magnetic trance, Monsieur," said the Brunswicker, in a reproachful tone.

It was even so; or, at the least, there was every appearance of it; for Madame Lablonde, passing her hand across her forehead, as if to collect her scattered ideas, rose to her feet.

"Mais quel nom, Madame?" reiterated M. de Beauvilliers.

"Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur," answered the Sybil, in the most innocent manner. "Je ne sais ce que Monsieur veut dire."

"Ah, mon Dieu," cried the impetuous young man, in an angry tone, "vous avez bien su tout à l'heure;" then, recollecting himself, he said, "I beg your pardon, Madame, for my hastiness. I was so deeply interested in what you were saying in your magnetic sleep."

"Ah! I made revelations, then. Incomplete ones, perhaps. It is a pity; but I cannot recal them in my waking moments. Neither am I able to restore the magnetic current which placed me *en rapport* with this gentleman, at least for some days to come. It has been violently disturbed,—from some cause with which I am not acquainted."

M. de Beauvilliers, upon whom the scene had made a strong impression, which he had not then the necessary *sang froid* to analyse, was profuse in his apologies to Madame Lablonde, and urgent in inquiring when he could witness another *séance*. It was finally arranged that the Sybil should give him the earliest intimation of the day on which she thought it would be in her power to resume her revelations, and M. de Beauvilliers took his leave; not, however, without leaving behind him a substantial token of the value he set upon the wonderful science to which he had now become a convert. Dark as the room was, both Madame Lablonde and Monsieur Victor could read the meaning of each other's glances as the latter conducted his master to the other.

When they were gone, the Sybil, pleading a headache, dismissed the Brunswicker, who was as much the dupe of all that had taken place as the lively young Frenchman. He obeyed her commands, went out forthwith, and ate a heavy supper of roast pork; the consequence of which was that he dreamt he was a wild boar,—that the Sybil put a gold crown on his head, tied an embroidered handkerchief over his eyes, put him in a glass-case, and sent him for exhibition to the Crystal Palace.

On his departure, Madame Lablonde put out the patent-lamp, rang for tea, lit a pair of *bougies*, sat down at her desk, and wrote the following note:

"MON CHER PACHA,

"Enfoncé Numero Un! Voilà vingt sequins de gagné, au premier coup. Je serai auprès de toi demain, vers les trois heures, quand je te dirai tout. En attendant, sache que les *charrieurs* sont en route. Le marquis est arrivé aujourd'hui. On va ouvrir le 'Club' sous peu de jours: la maison est louée—à la *trimballe*. Adieu. Toujours à toi.

"DESIRÉE.

"CHARLES JONES, Esq.

No. 1. A., Hemlock-road, St. John's Wood."

How the Club was opened, who were the members, and what everybody did when they got in, are secrets which we reserve till next month.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF URBINO.*

MR. DENNISTOUN has re-opened a field of literature which had too long been neglected; and his work is so acceptable to us, on this account, that we would not willingly estimate its merits by the rank it is likely to take as a successful piece of authorship. The learning and research, the taste and information, which were necessary to the mere collection of the materials for these volumes would be entitled to our respect, even had the author failed altogether in his present ambitious attempt. There are few countries in which the biographical history of medieval Italy has been more diligently cultivated than in England; yet Roscoe's "Lorenzo de' Medici" has had no worthy successor;—even his own "Leo X." was a falling off; the "Poggio Bracciolini" of Shepherd was inferior to "Leo X.;" and, much as we value his work, we are afraid that Mr. Dennistoun must be added to the number of those who have failed to reach the high perfection of the "Lorenzo."

In the choice of a subject he has been fortunate. The traveller will recollect the locality of Urbino as lying in the mountainous district on his left, when passing from Cagli to Fano, or along the more beaten route from Ancona to Pesaro; and, with the aid of engraved illustrations of some of its rocky fortresses, the author of these memoirs brings the scene of their events very clearly before his readers. Under the Romans it formed part of Umbria, and upon the fall of the Western Empire it became one of the territories parcelled out amongst military adventurers, which subsequently were either independent sovereignties or fiefs of the Church, and are now portions of the Papal territory under the title of Legations. Of all the places which passed through these vicissitudes, Urbino, during the most interesting period to which the memoirs refer, was the most fortunate in the character of its rulers. This would alone give the subject an interest; but the abundance of his materials has induced Mr. Dennistoun to dwell too long, and somewhat heavily, upon the earlier portions of their history. The first Duke was Oddantonio, a prince of dissolute habits, who was assassinated during an outbreak of popular vengeance, on the 22nd of July, 1444, and was succeeded by Count Federigo, whose exact relationship to his predecessor was not, till the appearance of the present work, very clearly made out. With him the importance of Urbino commenced. In an age when successful treachery was considered an accomplishment, he was remarkable for loyalty and good faith. On his accession he made a compact with his people, which (unlike some constitutions of our own day) was never violated; and he watched over their interests with the affectionate consideration of a father. As one of the bravest and most skilful of the military leaders, or *condottieri*, of his time, he fills many important pages in the history of Italy for nearly half a century; but we are reminded at every step that had Mr. Dennistoun been content to use his materials more sparingly, his narrative would have been much more interesting. He is like a man who has more capital than he knows how to

* Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy from 1440 to 1630. By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. In 3 vols. square crown octavo. Longman and Co.

invest. We are conducted as carefully through the friendships and enmities of Federigo with his neighbours, the lords of Rimini, of Pesaro, and Camerino; through petty intrigues and unintelligible battles; as through his connexion with every great event that occurred during his reign, in every part of Italy, from Lombardy down to Calabria. After being excommunicated by Eugene IV. for his adherence to the Sforzas, and serving subsequently under the banners of Florence and of Naples, he was made captain-general and gonfaloniere (or standard-bearer) of the Church. The ducal dignity, which had lapsed with his predecessor, was restored to him by Sixtus IV.; he received the Golden Rose, "the Papal gift to sovereigns whom the Church delighted to honour;" his daughter Giovanna was married to a nephew of the pontiff; and, though sometimes placed in a false position by other engagements and alliances, Duke Federigo had the skill and foresight to perceive that his interests were bound up with the friendship and protection of the Holy See.

The period at which we are thus rapidly glancing includes the wars of the Angevine claimants to the crown of Naples, the government of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence, and the assassination of the Duke of Milan. The latter, in all its consequences, had perhaps more effect upon the state of civilised Europe than any event of the times. The usurper, on whom the government of the duchy had devolved, encouraged the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France; and Verri (the historian of Milan) even traces the first establishment of the Austrian power in Lombardy to the same cause. It is strange, then, that the fate of its original promoter should never, as far as we are aware, have been mentioned by any English writer. Even the able narratives of Macchiavelli and Sismondi are, in this respect, imperfect, and Verri avows his ignorance upon the subject. The conspirators had been regularly *educated to tyrannicide* by a teacher of rhetoric, named Nicolò, or Cola, Montano; and he had become so unpopular, by inducing his pupils to make themselves familiar with danger, by entering, as privates, in the troops of the Condottiere Colleone, that his school was deserted; and, his attempts to re-establish himself being useless, he quitted Milan. After short intervals again passed there, and at Rome and Bologna, returning a third time to Milan, he attracted a new crowd of friends and admirers, till, in consequence of some satirical verses against a rival, he was imprisoned by order of the duke, and for this, or some other crime, he was finally banished before the conspirators had found an opportunity of acting upon his instructions. He afterwards offered his services to King Ferdinand of Naples, and at his command delivered an oration to the inhabitants of Lucca, for the purpose of detaching them from their alliance with the Florentines. The original copy of this oration is still, we believe, in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. That the Medici were in friendly alliance with the government by which he had been banished, was sufficient to excite the bitterness of Montano's spirit; and, amongst other passages of severe and malignant invective, he branded Lorenzo with various epithets—" *tamquam tyrannum, sacrilegum, efferatum, perculsumque, pontificio anathemate.*" Fantuzzi informs us (*Notizie degli Scrittori Bolognesi*) that for this offence Montano was taken, by order of the Medici, amongst the Bolognese Alps, and hanged like a felon from the bough of a tree; and Jovius, giving the same account (*Vit. Ill. Vir.*, tom. ii., lib. 3), condemns the mode and circumstances of his death as

acts of extraordinary cruelty. We may rest with confidence for the defence of Lorenzo on his general character. His whole life forbids us to suppose that he was, in this instance, actuated by the unworthy wish of revenging, by so disproportionate a punishment, the impotent abuse of the orator. It is pretty evident, from the nature of his mission to Lucca, that Montano was considered a spy, and that, as such, he was taken and executed.

From a digression which its connexion with the subject of Mr. Roscoe's greatest work must excuse, we return to the closing scenes of Duke Federigo's existence. His last campaign was a most unhappy one. The restless ambition of Sixtus IV. had produced fresh combinations of hostility in Italy; and the apprehensions excited by the movements of the Holy See and of Venice upon Romagna and Lombardy had led to the formation of a league, of which Federigo was made captain-general. He had not, however, deserted the Papal banner without previously explaining his own views to the Pope, and warning him "of the impolicy and mischief of his projects." The remaining events shall be related by Mr. Dennistoun himself:

The war now impending was alike iniquitous in its motives and disastrous in its attendant circumstances. Its seat was in the lower plains of Lombardy, where they merge into a wide delta, formed by the arterial channels of the rivers Po and Adige, and veined by the minor drainage of the Polesine and Ferrarese territories. Most of

"That level region where no echo dwells,"

was, and still continues, so embanked, that its waters may easily be let loose upon the hapless cultivators, submerging their dwellings and swamping their crops. Numerous streams, navigable by boats, laid it open to privateering incursions, highly attractive to amphibious Venetian adventurers. Finally, the malaria, always generated by summer heats, was naturally more inveterate when invaders had opened the sluices and broken the banks, thereby flooding an unusual extent of marsh land.

It was in defence of Ferrara—one of the states which had joined the league—that the Duke of Urbino was required to lead his troops into such a locality as this, during its most unhealthy season:

Ficheruolo [invested by the Venetians] held out until the end of June, by which time the marsh fever had become more fatal than human weapons, and mowed down both armies. The Venetian proveditore, or commissioner, was among its earliest victims; but as the summer heats increased the epidemic spread with augmented virulence, until 20,000 men [!] are said to have perished in this miserable contest. Passing over the sad details, we may borrow from Sanuto an absurd incident which varied these horrors. In order to divert the people from their misfortunes, and to inspire them with courage, their sovereign had devolved extensive powers upon a commission or council of sixteen "sages," and the duchess [acting with their advice] sent for a wandering friar, whose eloquence and sanctity were in high repute, to preach in the cathedral. One of his orations was wound up by an offer to provide *an armada* of twelve galleons, which should disperse the Venetian force before Ficheruolo. On the appointed day he produced a dozen of pennons, each surmounted by a cross, along with figures of Christ, the Madonna, and forty saints; and with these he formed a procession, marching at its head, and followed by a concourse of fanatics to the river's brink, opposite the leaguer. There he commenced shouting a sermon, across the stream, to Sanseverino [the commander of the Venetians]; but the Duke of Urbino, attracted by the hubbub, sent him away with ridicule, saying, "Why, father, the Venetians are not possessed. Tell the duchess it is money, artillery, and troops, that we want to expel *them*."

This was wretched foolery to be acted before his eyes, at a moment when his position was daily becoming more desperate, and when his

companions through "a hundred fights" were perishing ingloriously by a disease which no courage could resist, and no precautions could avoid.

Although Federigo's policy averted from the doomed *capital* [of the Ferrarese] the visitation of a siege, its miseries were scarcely the less from such exemption. Many dead bodies, thrown by both armies into the river, aggravated the pestilence, which, spreading to the city, so deterred the peasantry, that its supplies were interrupted, until famine augmented the mortality.

The duke himself had rallied from the first attack of malaria, and had he yielded to the persuasions of his friends and confederates, by retiring to Bologna during the unhealthy season, his life might have been saved. Impressed, however, with the importance of defending Ferrara, he refused, on any consideration, to relinquish his post :

But whilst he spared not himself, he ever and anon renewed to the allied powers his remonstrances against their folly in thus pitting a brave army against a noxious climate. As his saddest trial was to see fresh levies of his attached subjects prostrated by sickness, on arriving from the healthful breezes of their native uplands, he sent away his son Antonio with all whom he could spare, reserving in the camp at La Stellata but 400 of his immediate followers, whom the foggy atmosphere and putrid water soon thinned away to forty.

With such elements of death around him, aided, no doubt, by mental depression, the duke had a relapse of fever, and died in camp like a Christian and a soldier. He was in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1422 ; but his constitution had been prematurely injured by the fatigues and privations of his campaigns, and he had suffered from some severe accidents. At a tournament at Urbino, in honour of the Duke of Milan, a knight, whom he had asked to run a course, "being mounted upon a small charger, his lance, after striking Federigo's armour, glanced upwards and was shivered against his vizor. He received the stunning blow between the eyebrows, where it shattered the bone of his nose and destroyed his right eye. Recovering himself, however, he kept his seat, and consoled those who flocked around in consternation, by assuring them of a speedy cure; and that as one of his two good eyes remained, he would still be able to see better than with a hundred ordinary ones." Even if this were *acting*, it was good acting, and in a very difficult part. On another occasion, in aiding to keep the lists, his back was wrenched by a sudden bound of his charger, and he was lifted from his saddle incapable of motion and in exquisite pain. At a later period, when at San Marino, "while discoursing to those around him on past incidents of his adventurous life, to which the surrounding country had been often witness, the balcony, whence he surveyed these familiar scenes, suddenly broke under his weight, and he was precipitated with its ruins to the ground, fracturing his left ankle and lacerating the leg. His first exclamation was one of gratitude for escaping with life." Gangrene supervened; it was feared that amputation would be necessary; and he opened the Tuscan campaign carried upon a litter, being unable either to walk or ride.

His personal character—and it was a very beautiful and perfect one—is given by Mr. Dennistoun, as written both by his friends and enemies, at greater length than our space will admit of copying. His knightly qualities won him the English order of the Garter, in addition to many similar honours; but his greatest was the love and devotion of his people. He was married, on the death of a former wife, by whom he had no children, to Battista Sforza, one of the female literary celebrities of her age; and he was succeeded in the government of Urbino

by his son Guidobaldo I., a prince of kindly disposition, brave, and of a goodly person, but of great constitutional infirmity, and most unhappy in the troublous times upon which his lot was cast. The period of his reign included the rise and extinction of the Borgias, and the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. (to which we have already alluded); and having been called, as the leader of a brave and hardy body of troops, to some of the commands which had been held by his father, Guidobaldo had to perform his part in the fierce and fearful struggles of his times. We cannot consider it as one of the least extraordinary of these events that, after being a recent guest of the Pope, and while in apparent amity with the court of Rome, his own territory should have been seized upon by the ambitious and unscrupulous Cesare, and the attendant circumstances are rather graphically described by Mr. Dennistoun :

It was on the 20th of June that Valentino [the Cesare Borgia of the earlier narrative], after a forced march of thirty miles under a midsummer sun, halted his little army at Cagli, and the same evening the first alarm reached Guidobaldo. The duke had been supping in a shady grove by the Zoccolantine convent, about a mile out of Urbino, and sat enjoying the charm lavished by prodigal nature on that fair land at the hour of sunset, which

“Fronde sub arborea ferventia temperat astra.”

It was long ere his breast again knew the tranquillity of that evening. On hearing the fatal news [of the unexpected movements of Valentino], he remained for a few moments absorbed in thought; then, striking the table with his hand, he exclaimed, “I fear I shall find myself *betrayed*.” Within four hours he had bid a touching but manly farewell to his court and people, cheering their despondency with the hope of better days, and had passed a secret postern of his palace, carrying with him a few papers, some money, and jewels. Those who have experienced the difficulty, delay, and fatigue of penetrating the rugged country between his capital and S. Leo, may form some idea of the risks and sufferings of his midnight flight among these sierras,

“As one

That makes no pause, but presses on his road
Whate’er betide him.”

But when the aggravations to a constitution broken by gout are considered, his surviving the exertion must seem almost miraculous. Two of his attendants were his favourite Giovanni Andrea, and Cathellan, his first chamberlain, the latter of whom, when hard pressed at the Borello, fell behind, and allowed himself to be taken and plundered, pretending to be the duke; a device which slackened the pursuit, and enabled his master to escape.

A letter from Guidobaldo himself, to his relation the Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, describes the manner of his surprise, and the hardships he had undergone. He was in correspondence with Valentino, as an ally, at the moment that his territory was taken from him. Amongst his dangers, he mentions that, with three only of his followers, and disguised as a peasant, he was attacked by some country people of Cesana, who pursued them with cries of “*Blood! blood!—murder them!*” and that, within a bow-shot of himself, they seized upon the person who carried his money, and a guide, the rest of them escaping with great difficulty into the territory of Venice. After other changes of disguise, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback, surrounded by signal-fires, and the country through which he had to pass roused to the pursuit by alarm-bells and discharges of artillery, half dead, and penniless, he at last found a hospitable asylum at Mantua. He made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the territory he had lost; but it was not till the fall of the Borgias that it was restored to him, and that he was welcomed back by his people with affectionate enthusiasm. “The very stones,” says

Castiglione, "seemed to exult and leap." With Pope Julius II. (the successor of the poisoned Alexander), he enjoyed high favour, and the remainder of his reign was tranquil and prosperous. He became more and more, however, a martyr to his hereditary malady, which, if it has been correctly described as gout, was at least a form of it more virulent than is known in our own days "of comparative indulgence and effeminacy;" and, worn out by its attacks, he died on the 11th of April, 1508, in the thirty-sixth year only of his age. His marriage, when but sixteen, was a melancholy episode of disappointed hopes and of woman's unselfishness; and as it was unblessed with children, he named his nephew, Francesco Maria della Rovere, as his successor.

Up to this period the Dukes of Urbino had been of the house of Montefeltro. With Francesco Maria a new dynasty commenced, and continued through the reigns of Guidobaldo II. and Francesco Maria II., at whose death, in 1631, the duchy became incorporated with the Papal States. These three reigns alone occupied a period of upwards of 120 years, which, independent of great local vicissitudes, included within their lapse the pontificate of Leo X., the French invasion of the Milanese under Francis I., and the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon. But we are warned by our prescribed limits that for these we must refer our readers to the work itself; and we do so with less reluctance, seeing that, as regards its immediate subject, its chief interest is in the personal characters and influence of Federigo and his son. It was by them that the principal public edifices of Urbino were erected, and that its libraries and collections were founded; and it was their courts which conferred the character it enjoyed—a character too largely claimed for it by Mr. Dennistoun—as one of the nurseries of letters and of arts. In this respect the neighbouring court of Ferrara was certainly superior; and when the literary tone which graced it is ascribed to the taste and patronage of Lucrezia Borgia rather than to its Duke Alfonzo, Mr. Dennistoun might have remembered (for he must certainly have known) that in the reign of Duke Ercole, the predecessor of Alfonzo, it had already become distinguished, and was then the residence of Boiardo, Guarino, and Ariosto, and the cradle of the modern stage.

It is curious to see a portrait and life of the great poet of Ferrara inserted amongst the memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, upon little more than the slender ground that he had once been left there for the recovery of his health, when accompanying the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este on his way to Rome; and other notices, which contain as little that is new, are hung upon as slight a thread. But if disposed to exaggerate the literary importance of Urbino, Mr. Dennistoun certainly does not fall into the same error in speaking of Italy in the fifteenth century. The mind then took a different and less imaginative direction than in the centuries which preceded and followed it; but its efforts were not less vigorous, and their results, perhaps, were even more important.

There is another point on which we think he is also led astray by love of the subject he has chosen. He takes frequent occasion to notice the republican prejudices of Sismondi. We are as little disposed very greatly to admire the Italian republics as Mr. Dennistoun himself may be; but he allows his own prejudices to run as strongly in an opposite direction. His just admiration of Duke Federigo seems to give him a kindly feeling towards the whole of the sovereigns of Romagna,—even when he is recording the transfer of their subjects from hand to hand, not by con-

quest merely, but by bargain and sale, like the slaves upon an American plantation, and with as little regard for their rights and liberties. He makes no distinction between the restoration of Duke Guidobaldo and that of Giovanni, Lord of Pesaro. Yet Perticari, who had the best means of obtaining information, and had access at his leisure to the Oliverian MSS., shows that his return was the signal for lamentation and woe—describing him to have been as cruel and sanguinary as he was faithless. Of this, indeed, his ingratitude to Collenuccio—the scholar, jurist, and orator, whom he at last judicially murdered—is alone a sufficient proof.*

To illustrate the “warfare” of the middle ages, some very interesting particulars have been collected. The period from the accession of Federigo to the death of Guidobaldo comprised the prosperous days of the Condottieri,—those hireling allies, whom Macchiavelli represented as earning their stipend by battles in which few were wounded and rarely any killed; not for want of courage, but because their troops were to them, in every sense, the sinews of war. Allowance must be made for the strong prejudices of the Florentine secretary against a system which he considered prejudicial to the liberties of Italy;—but these displays of military tactics were not always harmless. At the battle of Molinella, in 1467, where Duke Federigo commanded against the celebrated leader, Bartolomeo Colleone, 500 are said to have been killed, 1000 severely wounded, and as many horses destroyed. It was also remarkable as the first approach to the modern use of artillery in the field. By some extracts which lie before us, from Muratori and Giraldi, it seems that one of the balls struck the gallant knight Duke Ercole of Ferrara; and the chroniclers represent it as a barbarous innovation that the same weapon should have been employed to wound soldiers and break their ranks which had previously only been used to break down the walls of cities. They little dreamt at that time of mines being used for the same purpose, or of the terrific and deadly course of a Congreve rocket.

Of the unwieldy pieces that were dragged about as battering-trains, Mr. Dennistoun gives a very minute account. One of them is described as consisting of two portions; the tube, which was nine feet long, weighing 14,000 pounds, and the tail, half that length, weighing 11,000. It discharged balls of stone varying from 370 to 380 pounds; and in a hilly country, badly supplied with roads, such pieces required above a hundred pairs of buffaloes to move them. But this was not the only difficulty. In one of his Tuscan campaigns, Duke Federigo writes to Sienna that as there was great scarcity of stones near his camp, and as the few which were available for his guns were only to be had with much difficulty, he had sent the measure of the diameter required; and requested that he might be *supplied* with them, even should they be somewhat *large*, as it was easier to reduce them than to have them quarried or prepared. It may be supposed that the carriages upon which these ponderous machines were conveyed would occasionally break down; and at a later period we find the Duke unable to move his forces into winter quarters because he had no means of transporting his disabled cannon, and had been directed not to abandon them. Instances are mentioned of the use of balls of stone or metal, weighing even 1000 or 1200 pounds.

* There are some Memoirs connected with these events, and with the court of Ferrara, which are being prepared for publication.

"The same tendency," Mr. Dennistoun observes, "to overweight artillery seems common to many half-civilised nations. The size of the guns mounted in the Dardanelles is an instance, as well as that of the Scottish Mons Meg; but the most gigantic projectiles yet known have been found among the Burmese, and, I believe, the Chinese." At Crecy the French ranks are said to have been broken by a galling fire of artillery, but the guns were stationary; and mention is made of the use of cannons "for field-service" in Italy as early as 1326. These, however, must have been something very different from the light pieces invented by Colleone; which were a kind of long swivel "mounted upon carriages, and discharging balls somewhat larger than a walnut or plum;" and they were evidently regarded by contemporary writers as a novelty in the art of war. The field-train which (nearly thirty years later) accompanied the army of Charles VIII. shewed the Italians how much they had, even then, to learn in this department of destruction; "and it was reserved for the sanguinary conflict of Ravenna to develop the capabilities of a service which gradually became the right arm of European warfare."

A considerable portion of the second volume of these memoirs is devoted to mediæval art. Mr. Dennistoun enters into the feelings of a French statesman under the Consulate, who urged upon his then somewhat profane countrymen that "literature and the fine arts have ever formed an alliance with religion." And he informs us that it was his intention to have entered much more largely into the subject of Christian art, if he had not been in a great degree anticipated; especially by his friend Lord Lindsay,—to whom his work, by the way, is dedicated; but, even as far as he has gone, it would lead us into too wide a field were we, at present, to follow him.

In comparing these memoirs with the works of Mr. Roscoe, we cannot forget that one of the great charms of the "Life of Lorenzo" was the many graceful and beautiful translations of the poetry quoted or introduced. We cannot conscientiously flatter Mr. Dennistoun that, to these, he has made a near approach. Some of the extracts from the rhymed chronicle of Sanzi (the father of Raphael) are translated into an easy blank verse, so agreeably that we almost wish to see more of the work, both in the original and as rendered into English; but, in no other instance have the gods made Mr. Dennistoun poetical. We pass by his pointless epigrams; and we suggest to him, as delicately as possible, that it is scarcely fair to place ten unfortunate syllables in a line, and leave them, *au reste*, to arrange themselves as well as they can. That he does so we have a sufficient example in his attempt upon part of a Latin ode by Castiglione:

Your features portrayed by Raffæle's art
Alone my longings can solace in part, &c.

And we would contrast such lines as these with a version of the same passage by Mrs. Gillespie Smith, which may be found in her "Olympia Morata." It is to be regretted that Mr. Dennistoun should not be a more accomplished versifier, for his work includes some Italian poetry worthy of translation. In the appendix to his first volume, under the title of "Poetry of the Montefeltri," he gives a sonnet by Alessandro Sforza (previously printed in "Crescembeni's Poesia"), which reminds us that *those iron men of tournament and feud* were "humanised," as Mr. Dennistoun expresses it, "without being enervated" by "mental cultivation." Even rendered into English, it may satisfy us that the

original is as deserving of celebrity as many that are more generally known :

SONNET BY ALESSANDRO, LORD OF PESARO.

WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

Weary and sad, and feeble from the blow,
My weight of earthly care has borne me down,
And long offended Heav'n with angry frown
Regards me, till I sink beneath my woe.
My cheeks are pale, my tears unceasing flow,
My heart is pierced, as one who lies o'erthrown
A bleeding captive, and I make my moan
That time mispent has wrought my overthrow.
'Tis not my planet; 'tis not in my fate,
My star, my fortune, or my destiny;
My own unbridled passions have alone
Provoked Heav'n's wrath; and to my wretched state
Suits the lone cell where humbled misery,
Weeping, its long transgressions may atone.

As a specimen of the prose style of these volumes we take the following passage, not merely as amongst the best, but because the faithfulness of the picture it describes will be recognised by many who have rambled in the startling silence of the Campagna, and seen monuments and arches still disfigured by fragments of the fortifications by which they were surmounted during the wars of the fifteenth century :

In the middle-ages much of the Campagna was fertile, and peopled by an industrious peasantry. Its undulating slopes waved with abundant crops, varied and sheltered by venerable woods, which the Goths and Vandals of former centuries had spared. But incessant civil feuds proved more fatal than barbarian hordes. The Ghibelline Colonna, from their fortresses of Marino and Palestrino, watched the fitting moment to pour their armed retainers on the plain, and, crossing the Tiber, carried fire and sword, through the estates of their rivals, to the very gates of Bracciano. The Guelphic Orsini waited for revenge only till the ripened harvest had prepared for them a golden spoil in their foemen's fields. Year after year did this miserable partisan warfare ravage those devoted lands, till the peasantry were by degrees exterminated, or driven to seek a livelihood in some more tranquil spot; till of their smiling homes no stone remained upon another, except where, at long intervals, the farm-buildings were turned by those men of blood into fortresses, or the tombs of the dead were desecrated into defences for the living. A soil teeming with fertility under a burning sun, and abandoned by man, ran to rank vegetation, which gradually choking the water-courses, generated miasma. The evil thus commenced, was augmented by cutting down the trees which shadowed the burning earth, and not unfrequently covered a hostile ambush. But the crowning mischief was the rash destruction of a vast forest, which, extending between the Campagna and the sea, excluded the malaria that brooded over the Mediterranean coast from Leghorn to Mola di Gaeta. Once admitted, that fearful scourge took possession of the depopulated territory, which has ever since remained a puzzle to the physiologist, a mystery to the moralist, a terror to all. At no period had the feuds of the Colonna and Orsini been more virulent than during the feeble reign of Innocent, when their armed bands had more than once scoured the streets of Rome, and overawed the Papal government. The Savelli, the Frangipani, and the Gaetani, those great families who, a century or two before had been their rivals, were no longer able to cope with them, and the lesser barons of the Comarca sought protection and employment by ranging themselves as their respective partisans. To humble these rampant houses was the natural policy of the successors of St. Peter, and especially of Alexander VI., who soon devoted his ambition and his authority to provide temporal sovereignties for his illegitimate progeny. His ruthless proceedings, and the changes which ensued over the whole country, at length effectually quelled the lawless turbulence of these chiefs; but it was too late to remedy the ruinous havoc which their insatiate strife had occasioned."

If the style, however, is often clear and flowing, it is also occasionally disfigured by faults of two very opposite descriptions. We find, in addi-

tion to terms only used in Scottish law, such phrases as “do-little *tactics*” —“matters were now at a dead lock”—“succeeded to their *hearts’* content”—“none of your jaw” (as the translation of a motto)—“make the enemy pull up”—“it appeared to him a slight, and virtually a cut direct”—“our doings are jolly”—“powder that will do the business;” which certainly do not, any of them, seem to be suited to the passages in which they appear; and we have, on the contrary, such dainty writing as “the Medicean Leo,” meaning Leo X.—“the twofold seduction of incarnate beauty and classic forms”—“after elevating Christian painting to its culminating point, he lent himself unwittingly to its degradation, by selecting depraved loveliness equally for a Madonna or a Venus; by designing from it indiscriminately a Galatea or a saint”—“he dangled in poverty after Tullia d’Aragona, one of those splendid examples of wasted powers and successful vice, over which the philosopher puzzles while the historian sighs; whose talents were given to the Muses, whose graces were devoted to Venus”—“the courtly favour that met his manhood proved baneful as a siren’s smiles”—“the love-notes which Tasso warbled in these palace-bowers.” But these are blemishes, of both kinds, which might be easily removed.

Mr. Deunistoun’s description of the latter years of Francesco Maria II. is a sad but interesting picture of the close of a worn-out dynasty. This last of the dukes (though he had fought bravely at Lepanto) was of retired and studious habits, and a diligent reader. His own diary informs us that during “no less than fifteen years” he had read “the whole works of Aristotle;” and that upon the “Bible, with various commentaries,” he “spent three years and ten months;” and a “second perusal” of the entire Bible, with the commentary of Dionysio the Carthusian, occupied him for eight years. As the love of such pursuits increased with age, the cares of state became irksome to him; and, individually, he was not averse to yield his territory to the ambitious wishes of Pope Clement VIII., who was anxious to possess himself of Urbino, as he had already done of Ferrara; and to whom it would have lapsed, upon the extinction of the reigning line. The people were strongly opposed to such a change, and knew that if the duke had an heir, it would be at least protracted. They assailed him whenever he appeared in public with entreaties that he would marry; and after deprecating it (in one of the most extraordinary state papers upon record) on the ground of his age and infirmities, he at last complied with their wishes. Prayers and vows were then offered to their favourite saints; and when, in due time, the Duke appeared at a window of the great hall, and announced, with a loud and clear voice, “God has vouchsafed us a boy!” their tumultuous joy could only find vent in the very Christian and rational form of attacking the quarter of the city inhabited by the Jews, and sacking and burning their synagogue and shops.

The infant, thus *dieu donné*, proved one of the most extraordinary instances of early profligacy and dissipation with which biography has made us acquainted. His father tried to change his habits by travel and an intercourse with other courts; but “on his way through Romagna towards Florence, his evil genius brought him into contact with some strolling players who were returning from Venice; he became infatuated with them, and a taste for their reckless manners and exciting pursuits disgracefully influenced the few remaining years of his life. It was in vain sought to reclaim him by a marriage with a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Even afterwards, one of his favourite actresses was

publicly established as his mistress; and “advancing from one extravagance to another, this petty Nero of a petty court delighted to bear a part in their dramatic representations before his own subjects; generally choosing the character of a servant or a lover, as most congenial to his degraded capacity.”

In his last exhibition of himself he sustained the part of a *pack-horse*, “carrying the comedians on his back, and finally kicking off a load of crockery with which he was laden.” He retired late to rest, worn out by this disgusting buffoonery; and the following morning was found dead in his bed; and thus went out, like the unsteady flame of a flickering taper, the ducal dynasty of Urbino. This was in 1624; about a year later, the territory and its unconsenting people were transferred to governors appointed by the Pope; and on the death of Francesco Maria, in 1631, it became incorporated with the Papal States.

And here we must end.

The manner in which the work has been prepared for publication is deserving of the highest praise. It is printed with scrupulous correctness; the index, and various tables of contents, are perfect; and the illustrations are all interesting, and some of them valuable. Much that it contains must necessarily be what Sterne calls a “pouring out of one vessel into another;” but much also has not before appeared, and could only have been collected with great labour and at considerable cost. It will find a place in the library of every student or lover of Italian history and literature; but, except in an abridged form, we do not think it will obtain a wider circulation.

T I M E W I L L S H O W.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

AH! time will show!—yes, time will show
 If the vows you breathe are true,
 If all the joys I now forego
 Be recompensed by you;
 The present is rife with love and truth,
 But the future—who may know?
 To the sere of life, as in days of youth,
 Will you love me?—time will show.

You tell me they are happy hours
 That we together share,
 You praise my voice—you bring me flowers
 To bind my flowing hair;
 But should we live till age has turned
 Those raven locks to snow,
 Will your gaze be cold, my voice be spurned,
 Will you love me?—time will show.

Whate'er our lot in life may be,
 I have linked my fate with thine;
 Whatever of chance or change we see,
 Shall thy weal or woe be mine:
 For woman's faith, and woman's truth,
 No change can undergo;
 In the sere of life as in days of youth,
 I shall love you—time will show.

GOLD.

It is a curious fact that gold, which was considered by the alchemists to be an universal remedy, and traditionally looked upon as imparting its own incorruptibility to the human body, if taken inwardly in small quantities, increases the circulation, gives tone to the nervous, and imparts strength and activity to the muscular systems; creates appetite, and facilitates digestion; gives energy to all the animal functions, arouses intelligence, and originates a general feeling of comfort and well-being—

Preserving life in med'cine potable.

But the same metal taken in quantity produces an excess of excitement; the nervous system is disturbed, even to convulsive action; the brain is threatened with congestion, and all the effects of poison are made manifest.

We have then here, in the action of gold on the human body, the analogy of that which occurs in the moral and political history of the same precious metal. Gold-wealth in moderation contributes to the ease, comfort, and welfare of man; sought after immoderately, it leads to strife and discord, or to the worse than Pagan worship of Mammon:

Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold, -
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold.

Even when possessed in more than sufficient quantities, the possession is far from ensuring the same results as when enjoyed in moderation, for we have higher authority than that even of the wise poets of antiquity and modern times, for saying that it is easier for a camel (camel by mis-translation in the vulgate) to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

In a political point of view Spain presents a terrible example to the world: she has shown that abundance of precious metals do not constitute the riches or wealth of a nation, and that any state which abandons industry to accumulate a metal, whose chief value consists in its rarity,* is advancing rapidly on the road to ruin.

— There are, indeed, many circumstances in the history of gold of a very peculiar character, and of a highly suggestive nature. It is almost universally diffused, and is procurable in almost every country, under certain circumstances. These circumstances are, mainly, that it is only obtainable with ultimate profit and advantage by the gradual and natural disintegration of rock. Even in shingle, gravels, and sands that have resulted from the abrasion of rocks, it is difficult to obtain it except superficially; and in rocks that have not undergone natural disintegration, it can scarcely be extracted with profit. It would appear, indeed, as if Providence placed a certain quantity of this precious metal at the disposal of man for a certain time, who must wait for the operations of nature for more, thus ensuring to each epoch its necessary quantity of gold.

* This must be understood with a distinction. The natural properties of gold and silver are the sources of their real value; but the amount of labour and expense necessary to obtain the same, to refine and fit them for commerce, are what determine their price.—*C. P. Brard, Mineralogie Appliquée aux Arts*, tome I., p. 621.

When gold occurs in veins in the rock, it is only found in quantity just at the top of the vein; if worked for more deeply it gradually disappears, or is replaced by baser metal.

As the quantity of gold increases, the price of commodities increases in like proportion; and as the quantity of gold in circulation has increased during the last four or five centuries, the price of corn has increased in the same ratio. For example, the same quantity of corn that was worth in the time of Solon about one shilling, and in that of Charlemagne about two shillings, is now worth fifteen shillings.

Comparing the increase in quantity of gold in circulation—amounting to about 225 millions in the time of the Greeks, to 2400 millions in the fifteenth century, and to 11,900 millions in 1850—there still does not appear, notwithstanding the discovery of the New World, the three-and-a-half million producing powers of Russian Siberia, and the still more recent one-and-a-half million producing powers of California, that there has been a greater productiveness of gold than has actually been demanded by the wants of an increasing, a more civilised, and a more widely-diffused population. It does not require either a fanciful or a superstitious turn of mind to imagine that the discovery of gold in California was not only meant for the supply of the New World—the old mines having been nearly exhausted by medieval Europe—but also as an inducement to the colonisation of a long-neglected but beautiful and promising country; for prices of commodities have, as is always the case, so risen with the abundance of gold in California itself, that that very abundance is of no use to the actual population, whatever it may be to the United States and to other nations. When there is less gold, prices will fall; or, in other words, gold will obtain the same value as in less-favoured countries, the arts of industry will prosper, and a powerful community will spring up, based upon more natural and durable elements of prosperity and success.

Gold, we have observed, is one of the metals most commonly met with. There are few soils or few sands that do not contain a portion of it; there are few rivers that do not roll along a certain quantity. Gold has been found even in the ashes of vegetables. It always exists in a native state; and this very diffusion of its particles has been one of the greatest obstacles of its collection, the state of extreme division in which it most generally occurs rendering the work necessary to obtain it more costly than the harvest to be reaped. When met with in mountain rocks, its most common vein-stone is quartz; but we have seen it diffused in granite, as on the road from Port William to the Strontian mines in Scotland, and in Asia Minor. Granite or syenite generally form the axis of the mountain chains in which gold occurs; but the veins are injected from the granitic rocks into the superincumbent gneiss, mica schists, and other metamorphic rocks.

It is remarkable, however, that if the mountain rocks are purely primitive or of igneous origin—if the mass is massive, compact, homogeneous, and without fissures—it will not be found to contain any notable quantity of gold; neither will sedimentary rocks that have not been broke up, or altered, or infiltrated with foreign matters by igneous action, be found to contain it either. It is upon this well-known fact that Sir Roderick Murchison has founded what he calls his theory of “constants,” employing therein a useful term suggested by Mr. Bab-

bage. Throughout Russia in Europe, for example, the crust of the earth being unbroken, and no igneous rocks having protruded, the strata are little solidified, and are everywhere devoid of metallic ores; but in the Ural Mountains the same old deposits—Silurian, Devonian, and carboniferous—being penetrated by eruptive matter, are metamorphosed, crystallised, veined, and in a highly metalliferous state; particularly on their eastern flank, where eruptive rocks most abound, including syenitic granite, porphyry, green-stone, serpentine, &c.

One of Sir Roderick Murchison's "constants" is, that gold also occurs in quantity only in the upper part of vein-stones; and that when the latter are worked downwards they become gradually much less auriferous, in which respect they differ from argentiferous and all other metalliferous veins. This more or less superficial development of gold, the peculiar qualities of the metal itself, and of the hard quartz veins in which it is chiefly distributed, explain why the greater portion of gold is and must be found in those loose materials of gravel, shingle, and sand, which cover the surface of the earth, and which have, according to the same authority, resulted from the grinding down of the tops of former mountains.

This auriferous gravel is, indeed, according to Sir R. Murchison, in no way to be confounded with detritus formed by present atmospheric action; but is the result of ancient powerful abrasion of the surface of the rocks, particularly when mammoths and other great extinct animals were destroyed. This view of the case is illustrated by the same learned geologist, by supposing that if, instead of being composed of chalk and flints, the Hertfordshire and Surrey hills had been crystalline, palæozoic, and eruptive rocks, the gravel of Hampstead and Hyde Park would be the gold-finding ground of the metropolis; whilst the Thames and its mud would only be auriferous where the river derived small portions of gold from its ancient banks. This is so far true; inasmuch as the gravels alluded to come directly from the detritus of the hills which surround the London basin, while the detritus of the Thames is in main part derived from more recent sources; but, supposing the Hertfordshire and Surrey hills to be auriferous, there is no more reason to suppose that gold would not be exposed by the action of existing causes of abrasion, than there is to believe that the Californian gold washings, occurring for the most part in immediate juxtaposition with the metalliferous rock-site, do not belong to abrasions posterior to, as well as contemporary with, the epoch of mammoths, and extending down to our own times. There is nothing whatsoever in geological experience to lead us to admit as a "constant," that whenever gold is found in alluvial detritus that it must have belonged to any particular zoological [or other epoch in the history of the world.*

Besides positive proofs derived from shafts sunk into the solid rock,

* The French geologists seem to have only one opinion upon this point:—"Sur le versant occidental de la Sierra Nevada, dans la nouvelle Californie, la roche aurifère a été désagrégée par l'action des pluies, du soleil et de l'atmosphère; le quartz s'y est délité, et les grains d'or s'y trouvent sur leur lieu natal, sous toutes les formes, en veinules, en cristaux, en lames," &c.—"De L'Or; de son État dans la Nature, de son Exploitation, de sa Metallurgie de son usage et de son Influence en Economie Politique. Par M. H. Landrin, Ingénieur Civil des Mines. Paris. 1851."

the diminution of gold in the deeper part of the vein-stones has also been inferred, from the fact that all the great lumps or "pepites" of the metal have been found in loose gravel or sand, and never in the solid rock. This, however, it will be seen, from the most superficial consideration, may have arisen from the facility presented to their discovery by the new circumstances in which they were placed. Among the most remarkable of these "pepites" are the one preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg, which weighs 96lbs. troy; one found in North Carolina, in 1821, weighed two-thirds less; and one that was stolen from the museum at Madrid weighed 66 Spanish marks. Pepites have been found of nearly the same weight as the latter in California; but to some of these portions of the quartz vein-stone were still attached. The chief other "pepites" known to mineralogists come from South America, the Philippines, the Ural, the Altai, Foz-ughlu in Africa, and the River Taschkuttarganka. Two "pepites," but of much minor importance, have been found in Cornwall. There is, however, almost as little reason for supposing that similar or heavier masses of native metal may not yet be found *in situ*, as there is that they may not be met with in future gold washings.

A striking illustration, however, of the law, that gold veins prove less and less productive downward, occurs in the mine of Guadalupe y Calvo, in Mexico, where vein-stones, at first productive in gold, gradually became poorer and poorer, and in the deep shafts became exclusively argentiferous. Such, indeed, has been the loss attending deep gold mining, that it has passed into a proverb with the Spaniards. On the other hand, the auriferous gravel and sand of the Brazils and of Chili have long afforded good and profitable results.

The vast preponderance of gold detritus in the northern hemisphere, and the large proportion of it in Siberia, the produce of which has of late years exceeded three millions and a half sterling per annum, or more than the half of the whole produce of the world, leads to the surmise that with the persistence of the same rocks in Central Asia and Russian and English America the same results may be expected to follow; but, as in Siberia and other countries, in special and limited tracts only. The same geological conditions prevail in the Rocky Mountains, and their parallels throughout North and South America; and the Sierra Nevada of California agree in mineral structure with the auriferous rocks of Siberia, while, as an isolated tract, the auriferous detritus on the upper affluents of the Sacramento have proved richer than any similarly constituted tract; but there is not from such results anything like good reason to deduce that the same regions will prove equally productive throughout several degrees of latitude and longitude. Notwithstanding the exertions of a spirited and adventurous people, California has produced little more than one million and a half sterling per annum. From what we have seen above, little ultimate advantage may be expected from the intended works to be carried on in search of gold in the same locality *in situ*. It is, further, a very general rule in mining, that the richer a vein is, the less likely it is that the ore will be diffused throughout a large mass of rock; and this has been assigned as another reason for the inference that in California, as in other parts of America, the great per-centage of gold will be confined to a few spots only.

As a further proof that existing causes are active in exposing surface

gold, we may mention that, at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professors Rogers and Johnson stated, as the result of their observations, that at the surface meteoric influences have, in most cases, been at work, and have effected such a decomposition and segregation that there the gold is easily obtained; but, as we proceed lower down, beyond the influence of the air, we find the gold so closely connected with other minerals that its separation is a very difficult process, only effected after much labour and expense. In illustration of these facts, the same gentlemen stated that at Gold Hill the toll at the mill for grinding is, for surface ore, twenty cents; for that obtained lower down, thirty cents the bushel. It is found, however, that if, after the ore has once been operated on, and all the gold possible extracted, it is exposed for a few months to atmospheric influences, as much gold can then be obtained from a bushel of ore as at first.*

Taking into view that the rocks composing the framework of Australia, as described by Count Strzelecki, are similar to what are met with in known auriferous regions, it was surmised some years back that gold would be found to prevail in certain portions of that great continent. Such has proved to be the case, and specimens of gold in quartz have reached this country from the Blue Mountains. In the ridges north of Adelaide, where so much fine copper has been worked out, gold has also been recently discovered to be plentiful in the detritus and gravel over upwards of 300 square miles. It is obvious that the same reasoning and expectations would apply themselves to the flanks of the Himmalah, the Taurus, the Persian, and Kurdistan mountains, and many other Alpine or sub-Alpine ranges.

The etymology of the word "gold" is almost unknown. The Celts called the most valuable and the longest known of the metals, "gold,"—whence our word and the German "Golde." The Goths called it "gull,"—whence the heraldic term *gules*, in French *gueule*, which some have supposed erroneously to be derived from the Persian "guhl," a rose. The French, Italians, and Spaniards, borrow their "or" and "oro" from the Latin "aurum;" but as the Greeks attributed the discovery of gold to HAIOS , the sun,—the same as the "orus" or "horus" of the Egyptians,—it is most probable these latter etymologies are derived alike from the ancient valley of the Nile.

The Egyptians washed the auriferous sands of the Nile from the most remote periods of antiquity. Athenæus and St. Gregory of Nazianzenus called the Nile "Chrysoroas," or the "golden stream." Abraham, we are told in Holy Writ, was rich in gold; and female ornaments were also made, in the time of the patriarchs, of gold. The Jews must have been, in their palmy days, in possession of enormous quantities of this metal, considering the many tons of gold that were spent in the building of the temple alone, although the expression "plenteous as stones" (2 Chron. i. 15) may be considered as hyperbolical. It is, however, confirmed by the history of the other Asiatic nations, and more especially of the Persians, that the period referred to really abounded in gold, which was imported in vast masses from Africa and the Indies. (Heeren Ideen, i., l. 37.) The Queen of Sheba brought with her from Arabia Felix, among other

* The importance of sifting the gold washings of former miners will be at once apparent from this fact.

presents, 120 talents of gold. All antiquity speaks of the gold of Ophir, of Hadramaut, and of the country of the Sabæans. Herodotus also tells us that, at the same remote periods, India abounded in gold. This gold, the father of history tells us, was heaped up with sand on the desert by ants, "in size somewhat less, indeed, than dogs, but larger than foxes."* The Ethiopian territory, which "reaches beyond the extreme part of the habitable world," Herodotus also tells us, produced much gold. So also in the north of Europe, he said, there was evidently a very great quantity of gold, "but how procured I am unable to say with certainty; though it is said that the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people, steal it from the griffins." But Herodotus adds, "Neither do I believe this, that men are born with one eye, and yet in other respects resemble the rest of mankind."

The Phœnician Cadmus, among other benefits attributed to him by the Greeks, is said to have introduced the art of working in gold, and to have obtained the metal itself from Mount Pangæus, in Thrace. The Thasians obtained in the time of Darius from two to three hundred talents from the gold mines of Scapte Hyle, and of the continent. When the Phœnicians first navigated the Columns of Hercules, they found a semi-barbarous people, who, however, possessed gold and silver. In fact, the origin of gold is fairly lost in the mist of a remote antiquity. It appears to have been known, to have been wrought, and to have been used as money from anti-historical times.

Within strictly historical times this precious metal was already so abundant, that, if we are to believe Herodotus, the King of the Ethiopians exhibited his prisoners to the ambassadors of Cambyses fettered with golden chains. Before the Exodus the Israelites "borrowed" jewels of silver and jewels of gold from the Egyptians. Homer makes frequent mention of golden statues and of golden shields, and cups, and plates, and dishes. Nothing was more common in antiquity than presents of gold and silver objects. The magnificence of the great men of ancient times was in this respect more particularly shown in their offerings made to their gods, their temples, and their oracles.

Sardanapalus is described by Athenæus as having placed 150 golden beds, and as many tables of the same metal, on his funeral pile, besides gold and silver vases and ornaments in enormous quantities, and purple and many-coloured raiments. When Nineveh was taken, it contained, according to some absurd traditions, 25,000,000*l.* sterling in gold. The spoiler might well have exclaimed, "Take ye the gold, take ye the silver—the riches of Nineveh are inexhaustible—her vases and precious furniture are infinite." The statue of solid gold raised by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura was threescore cubits high, and six cubits broad. Herodotus and Diodorus describe the statues of this metal in the temple of Belus, at Babylon. The base of the table, the seat of the throne, and

* A learned geologist, M. Cordier, has explained the text of Herodotus by supposing, what is very natural, that the mounds raised by the Termite ant may have exposed the precious metal; but the difficulty of size, "larger than foxes," remained the same. There is no doubt that Herodotus used the word *Μύρμηξ*, an ant; and Pliny also says "Formica;" but still there is every reason to believe that the historian had some ant-eating or myrmecophagous quadruped in view, probably the Pangolin or Manis of naturalists,—one species of which inhabits India, another Africa, another Java.

an altar on which sacrifices were offered, were all of the purest gold. Xerxes carried away the golden statue of the god, twelve cubits in height, which his father Darius had not ventured to seize. According to Diodorus, the value of the gold taken from the temple of Belus alone by Xerxes amounted to above 7350 Attic talents, or 21,000,000*l.* sterling money!

The Assyrians, Layard has ascertained, were no less celebrated for their skill in working metals than for their embroideries. Their mountains furnished most of the metals; and amongst the objects of tribute enumerated in the statistical tablet of Karnak, iron is mentioned, as brought to the Egyptians almost exclusively by the inhabitants, either of Assyria Proper, or of the countries immediately adjacent, by the Tahai, the Rutennu, and the Asi. The same nations, particularly the Tahai, offered gold and silver and other metals. These metals were not only brought in the rough state, or, if gold and silver, in rings, but even manufactured into vases of beautiful form. Mr. Birch mentions the offerings of vases of gold and silver, with handles, and feet, and covers, in the shape of animals, such as the bull and gazelle, kneeling Asiatics, the heads of lions, goats, and even of the god Baal. The tribute obtained by the Egyptians from Naharaina, or Mesopotamia, consisted of vases of gold, silver, and copper, and precious stones; and vases of gold, silver, and brass, were the presents brought by the Prince of Northern Syria to David.

Gold, Layard has also ascertained, was used by the Assyrians in their architectural ornaments, bricks and tiles of gold and silver being even placed in the exterior walls of their palaces, as Herodotus describes the walls of Ecbatana as partly plated with gold and silver.

The ancients were evidently acquainted with the art of casting gold, as it was thus that the Golden Calf was manufactured; but they preferred the hammer, as we see in the instance of the candlestick which was to adorn the tabernacle, and which it was expressly enjoined should be "of beaten work." Darius had also a statue in gold wrought by the hammer.

The art of gold wire drawing, and of weaving gold thread, or spun gold, was equally well known to the ancients. When the helots dispersed themselves, by the command of Pausanias, over the camp of the Persians, after the battle of Plataea, they found tents decked with gold and silver, and couches gilt, and plated and golden bowls, and cups, and other drinking vessels; they also found sacks in the waggons, in which were discovered gold and silver caldrons, and from the bodies that lay dead they stripped bracelets, necklaces, and scymetars of gold. The *Iliad* abounds in rich pictures of the golden armour of the Asiatics, who, in this respect, surpassed the Greeks in luxury and magnificence. Thus we see Glaucus exchanging his own arms "of gold, divinely wrought," for Diomed's brass arms of "mean device;" but nothing can give a more complete idea of the high perfection which metallurgy had attained in those early times, than the description given of the wonderful works of Vulcan, and of the marvellous shield of Achilles.

"That the Assyrians were, at a very early period, acquainted with the art of gilding," says Layard, "is proved by the remains of very thin gold leaf, found not only in the ivories and on bricks, but even under the great throne or altar in the north-west palace, where it must have been

deposited during the building of the edifice." ("Nineveh and its Remains," vol. ii., p. 417.)

The arts of gilding and weaving in gold were equally familiar to the Jews. Thus, the altar in the tabernacle was to be overlaid with pure gold, "the top thereof, and the sides thereof round about, and the horns thereof." The holy garments of Aaron were of gold and fine linen. Ornaments of gold were as common in the time of the patriarchs as in the present day. Among the Jews, men and women alike wore gold earrings. Thus, the servants and household of Jacob gave up their earrings with the strange gods which were in their hands. Abraham's servant propitiated Rebekah with earrings and bracelets of gold. The brothers and sisters of Job gave him every man a piece of money, and every one an earring or ring of gold.*

Gold rings are celebrated in antiquity, and charms were not unfrequently associated with them. Such were the rings of Jacob, evidently looked upon as amulets, and that described as golden by Plato, but as brazen by Pliny, which rendered its possessor invisible. Talismanic rings are still more common in the traditions of the East. The use of rings on the fingers dates from the most remote antiquity. Pharaoh is described in Holy Writ as taking off his ring from his hand, and putting it on Joseph's hand. Rings were worn by Greeks and Romans alike, but on the left hand only. Such rings were also made from olden times to contain poison, as in the case of that of Demosthenes.

Things, like men, have often little value, except by the position which they occupy. Before gold and silver became to be considered as the representatives of things, they were applied to few other uses than the manufacture of ornaments and of various objects of domestic use. It is related of Amasis, King of Egypt, that at first the Egyptians despised, and held him in no great estimation, as having been formerly a private person, and of no illustrious family; but afterwards he conciliated them by his address, without any arrogance. He had an infinite number of treasures, among which was a golden foot-pan, in which Amasis himself, and all his guests, were accustomed to wash their feet. Having then broken this in pieces, he had made from it the statue of a god, and placed it in the most suitable part of the city; but the Egyptians, flocking to the image, paid it the greatest reverence. But Amasis, informed of their behaviour, called the Egyptians together, and explained the matter to them, saying that the statue was made of the foot-pan in which the Egyptians formerly washed their feet (Amasis and his friends were much given to drinking, and Herodotus adds some details concerning the use of the golden foot-pan which it is not convenient to repeat here), and which they then so greatly revered. Now, then, he proceeded to say, the same had happened to him as to the foot-pan; for though he was before but a private person, yet he was now their king. He therefore required them to honour and respect him. By this means he won over the Egyptians, so that they thought fit to obey him.

When gold became a unity of comparison of the value of exchanges, it

* The Hebrew word *agil* is applied to any kind of ring. Hence it frequently happens, in our translation of the Bible, that the word earring is used when ring simply was understood. So also with the word *nezen*, which denotes an earring, in Gen. xxxv. 4; but, in Gen. xxiv. 47, Prov. xi. 22, Isa. iii. 21, signifies a nose-ring.

assumed a character of a more fixed nature, and yet as variable as everything that is of human origin. The Roman poets referred the first coinage to the period when Saturn and Janus reigned in Italy. Herodotus tells us that the Lydians were the first of all nations that introduced the "Daric," and the art of coining gold and silver. It is certainly remarkable that no coin has yet been discovered amongst Assyrian or Egyptian ruins; nor is there in the sculptures of the former anything to show that they were acquainted with coined money, as appears to have been the case with the Egyptians. "Metals," Layard remarks, "in their rough state, or in bars or rings, may have been passed by weight, or, if precious, in ring ingots, or as gold dust, in exchange for merchandise, and in other transactions, but not as stamped coins or tokens."*

Abimelech, King of Gerar, is represented in the Mosaic record as giving to the patriarch Abraham a thousand pieces of silver. Abraham purchased the "field of Ephron, and the cave that was in it, for 400 shakals of silver, "current *money* with the merchant." Joseph was sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, and Benjamin was rewarded in a similar manner. When the use of gold and silver was first brought by Abraham from Egypt, its value was determined by weight, as we see in the purchase of the field of Ephron—as is still done in China, in some parts of Hindustan, in Abyssinia, and in many parts of Africa, where gold dust is an exchangeable commodity, as is gold itself in California. But it is evident that a change took place among the Jews, and that coins were in use in the time of Jacob, 1730 years before Christ, for we find the patriarch making purchase of a field from the children of Hamor for 100 kasitahs ("lambs" in the vulgate), or 100 pieces of money. The generality of modern biblical commentators are satisfied that the kasitah must have been a kind of money having the impression of a sheep or lamb, or a piece of money bearing some stamp or mark indicating that it was of the value of a sheep or lamb. A supposed kasitah is figured in Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."

Shakals and talents were originally expressive of a certain weight of gold or silver, but they afterwards became coins, 3000 shakals being equal to one talent. The practice of engraving the figure of unity of exchange, and which was a lamb among the Hebrews, an ox among the Athenians, and sheep and cows among the Romans, was common to all early nations. Maurice, in his "Antiquities of India," bears testi-

* Since writing the above, Colonel Rawlinson has laid before the Asiatic Society a memoir on the terra cotta tablets found more especially in Lower Chaldæa, and which he believed were used as a circulating medium. The smaller cakes he thought corresponded to the notes of hand of the present day, the tenor of the legends being apparently an acknowledgment of liability by private parties for certain amounts of gold and silver; but the more formal documents seemed to be notes issued by government for the convenience of circulation, representing a certain value, which was always expressed in measures of weight, of gold or silver, and redeemable on presentation at the royal treasury. We have here, then, a system of artificial currency, almost similar to the banking systems of modern Europe, prevalent in Babylonia at least 700 or 800 years before the Christian era! These tablets further bear the names of the kings reigning at the time of their issue; and the precise day of issue in such a month, of such a year of the king's reign, is in each instance attached to the document. The kings in question appear to have belonged to a royal and independent dynasty in Chaldæa Proper, intermediate between the Assyrian kings of the Khursabad line and the Babylonian house of Nabonassar.

mony to the fact that the earliest coins were stamped with the figure of an ox or sheep. In the British Museum there is a specimen of the original Roman *As*, the surface of which is nearly the size of a brick, with the figure of a bull stamped upon it. Money generally was called *pecunia*, from *pecus*, cattle. Coins bearing the impression of a cow are still in circulation in the south of Spain, and till a late period there existed coins called *agnelets* and *moutons d'or* in France, and many remember the existence of *écus de six livres à la vache*.

The first Roman coinage took place, according to Pliny, in the reign of Servius Tullius, about 500 years B.C.; but it was not until Alexander of Macedon had subdued the Persian monarchy, and Julius Cæsar had consolidated the Roman Empire, that the image of a living ruler was permitted to be stamped on the coins. Previous to that period heroes and deities alone gave currency to the money of Imperial Rome.

There is every reason to believe, that, as in the East, the bronze and gold rings discovered in Ireland were used by the inhabitants as circulating media; but it does not appear that the ancient Britons had a coinage of their own previously to the descent of the Romans. The accuracy of the commonly received text of Cæsar has been impugned by Mr. Edward Hawkins, in an interesting article in the "Numismatic Chronicle" (vol. i. p. 13). But Mr. Akerman has vindicated its correctness, by showing in his "Ancient Coins of Cities and Princes," pp. 177-182, that the stamped currency of the Britons dates from the period of Cæsar's invasion to the reign of Augustus, when Cunobeline issued a number of coins of a singular variety of types, some of which are evident copies of Roman Denarii.

The quantity of pure gold or silver contained in a coin is called its title. This title is generally computed by the carat. Thus a given mass of gold is supposed to contain twenty-four parts called carats; if the gold, after assay, is found to have lost one grain in twenty-four, it is gold of twenty-three carats; if two, of twenty-two carats; and so on—the carat being again divided into thirty seconds. Nations have not, unfortunately, admitted a common title; hence the purity, the weight, and the value on exchange of gold have all to be taken into consideration in comparing the gold money of two different countries.

In France, gold and silver coins contain as nearly as possible nine parts of pure metal to one of alloy. Thus, pure gold being expressed by 1000, French gold coins are figured by 900. The *aguelet* was worth 990. The Austrian ducat figures as high as 986; and the Venetian—the purest of all money—enjoys a legal title of 1000. The English guinea is rated at 917, the sovereign the same. Among the most valuable gold coins may be noticed the Bavarian ducat, 986; the Brabant ducat, 980; the Maltese sequin, 975; the fine Danish ducat, 979. The ducats of almost all the German principalities average more than the French and English gold. The ducat of George I. of Hanover, of 1724, is nearly pure, being 995. The Russian ducat is priced at 979. The eagles of the United-States enjoy a real title of 917, but have been reduced by the mint tariff to 913.

Gold has thus a variable value, depending upon its own purity; and its value further varies with the rate of exchange and the price of commodities. Hence, there have not been wanting those who have not only declaimed against its employment as a circulating medium, but have

actually condemned its use, as fraught with evils. Dr. Travers Twiss, in his "View of the Progress of Political Economy," gives credit to Antonio Serra—a native of Cozenza, in Calabria, whose work was dated from the "prison" of the Vicaria at Naples, in 1613—to have been the first to combat the long-prevalent ideas that scarcity of gold and silver resulted from the exchange being high; and abundance, from the exchange being low, or in favour of a given place. In opposition to this long-received opinion, Antonio Serra boldly maintained that the causes which will produce an abundance of gold and silver, in a country where there are no mines, are fertility of soil; the situation of the country itself, on the line of traffic between other states; the abundance of clever artisans, to which he justly attributes greater results than to the fertility of the soil; the industrious, inventive, and enterprising character of the people; and an extensive trade. For being thus the originator of the new order of ideas on questions of economical science, Antonio Serra suffered the not uncommon penalty of genius—neglect, contempt, and, from De Santis—the oracle at that time of the Neapolitan exchequer—persecution and imprisonment!

Antonio Serra also exposed the inefficient character of the remedies usually advocated, and which we have seen reproduced in France during the Californian panic;—such as proposed prohibitions against the exportation of specie; ordinances to limit the rate of exchange; and bounties upon the importation of foreign money, by allowing it to circulate at an advanced nominal rate. The fallacy of the first, and most common idea, he illustrated in a peculiarly apt manner,—by a reference to the different results which attended the different policies of Naples and Venice. Thus, at Naples, neither foreign nor Neapolitan money was allowed to be exported, under a penalty of treble the value exported; whereas, from Venice, Venetian money to any amount might be exported—and five millions of coin, at least, were annually exported to the Levant—yet Venice had her coffers full of specie, whilst the Neapolitan treasury was drained empty. This is a fact which ought not to be lost upon the present generation.

It was from the most lamentable ignorance of these first great principles of political economy that Spain reaped disaster instead of benefit from the discovery of the two Indies, and the pouring of the wealth of Mexico and Peru into her lap. Finding herself suddenly rendered independent of all other countries for her supply of the precious metals, Spain conceived that the maintenance of unlooked-for and unrivalled opulence would be best secured by closing up the outlets of commerce, and so preventing her stores of gold and silver from leaving the country. Hence exorbitant duties were imposed upon the importation of raw produce, and the exportation of manufactured articles; the practice of an art was even made subject to a license, and the exercise of a trade became a matter of privilege. The ruthless expulsion of the Jews had at the same time driven from her cities a most important body of capitalists; a merciless persecution of the Moors had deprived her of the services of the most industrious and intelligent portion of her agricultural population; and these, added to the disastrous effect of the prohibitive system, and the financial embarrassment of Charles V., consequent upon his insatiable thirst for territorial aggrandisement, soon led to the trade with the Indies being let out to foreigners, and the undeniable birthright of his subjects,

the very commerce of the interior of Spain, being bartered away with. Add to all this, at the very time when the New World was pouring unprecedented stores of specie into the Spanish treasury, Charles V. was reckless enough to hazard the overthrow of the entire system of commercial credit, which had been built up slowly on the wise administrations of the banks of Venice and Genoa, by inundating his Italian dominions with a flood of base coin. The disorder consequent on such immoral expedients was not long in manifesting itself; and the evils that resulted from the erroneous ideas entertained by Spain in political economy, and the disastrous effects of a prohibitive system continued, and even extended, by Philip II., and thus gradually incorporated with the laws and usages of the Spaniards, whether as contrasted with the contemporary prosperity that attended a very different policy, whereby Venice, Genoa, and Florence, successfully opened out for themselves a way to power, or with the policy pursued in our days by Great Britain and the United States, must always be the most striking historical example of the fallacy of the old system of ideas of the all-importance of the precious metals, and of a protectionary or prohibitive system.*

The Duke of Sully participated in the popular prejudices of his age; and although the exports to Spain secured an influx of gold and silver, he did not hesitate to prohibit the exportation of specie and coin. But while the free exportation of corn and other produce to Spain entailed a continued influx of the precious metals into France, that country by no means absorbed the whole of the Peninsular riches. It has been calculated by Forbonnais, in his "*Recherches sur les Finances de France*," that, between 1492 and 1724, one-half of the gold and silver which America had supplied to Europe was absorbed by the Levant, the India, and the China trade; and Mr. Jacob, in his work on the "*Precious Metals*," calculates that, during the eighteenth century, the quantity of gold and silver which was converted into other objects than coin amounted to two-thirds of that which was left in Europe, after the part which was conveyed to Asia was subtracted from the total produce of the mines.

In England, the supporters of the East India Company, having first successfully impugned the ancient notions, they also began gradually to inculcate more enlarged views of the part which the precious metals fulfilled in the circle of commerce. They at last boldly maintained that

* "*Les Espagnols*," says Montesquieu, "*fouillèrent les mines, creusèrent les montagnes, inventèrent des machines pour tirer les eaux, briser le minerai et le separer; et, comme ils se jouaient de la vie des Indiens, ils les firent travailler sans ménagement. L'argent doubla bientôt en Europe, et le profit diminua toujours de moitié pour l'Espagne, qui n'avait chaque année que la même quantité d'un métal qui étoit devenu la moitié moins précieux.*"

"After the acquisition of the New World," says Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, in his "*History of Civilisation*," "when immense riches, found in Mexico, Peru, and other parts of America, fell under Spanish domination, it might appear probable that an extensive middle class would have sprung up. Such, however, was not the case. Pride and love of ease prevented exertion. The wealth of the Indies poured into Spain passed rapidly into other countries, where energy and commercial and manufacturing industry were fostered." "*Tandis que l'Europe s'éclairait rapidement*," says the Abbé Raynal, "*et qu'une industrie nouvelle animait tous les peuples, l'Espagne tombait dans l'inaction et la barbarie.*" A fit reprisal for the ferocious bigotry and avarice shown in the conquest of Spanish America—a conquest, on a low estimation, effected by the murder of ten millions of the species.

specie was nothing but a commodity, and that its circulation should be as unrestricted as that of any other commodity. The success of the company in their commercial transactions could not but give countenance to any doctrines which they might put forth on the subject of trade, and merchants unconnected with the company began to distrust the ancient maxims of commerce, and to lend a ready ear to wider and more comprehensive views. These new ideas, Mr. Macculloch observes, ultimately made their way into the House of Commons, and, in 1663, the statutes prohibiting the exportation of foreign coin and bullion were repealed, and full liberty given to the East India Company, and to private traders, to export those articles in unlimited quantities. Thus, the free exportation of bullion having been permitted by parliament ever since it threw open the trade to India, from that time to the present the precious metals have been looked upon in this country in the light of commodities.

But, in the place of the old prejudices against the exportation of specie, a new prejudice against the importation of foreign products grew up, on the ground of their discouraging domestic manufactures. In other words, as Dr. Twiss justly remarks, the circle of incomplete truths was revolving; and before the mercantile system had as yet reached its zenith, the dawn of the protective system was discernible. Strange that it took so long a time to correct error in the case of prohibition to exportation of the precious metals—still more strange that, in our own enlightened days, the principles of free trade should be only partially admitted!

The great practical result of the conflict of ideas in the seventeenth century was the establishment of the doctrine that gold and silver were commodities, and were not exclusively articles of wealth; but the question remained still undetermined—viz., under what conditions a commodity like the precious metals became the measure of the value of other commodities? In fact, what were the constituent elements of value?

In other respects, the distance was still very great which separated the seventeenth from the nineteenth century. It was believed that the precious metals passed from one country to another as money for the payment of balances; it is now understood that they are transferred as commodities, according as their market value rises or falls in different countries. It was then believed that you could sell your own commodities to foreign nations without purchasing any of their goods; it is now understood that every nation must discharge its debts with the produce of its own soil and labour. It was then believed that the excess of the value of exports over imports was the best evidence of a prosperous commerce with other nations; it is now understood that a profitable trade with foreign countries is shown by the superior value of the goods brought home as compared with the commodities sent abroad. It was then believed that gold and silver were the most profitable articles of importation; it is now understood that it is immaterial what kinds of commodities are imported, provided they are of equal value. It was then believed that the gain of one nation was the loss of another; it is now understood that "an exchange of equivalents is the foundation of all commerce, from the simple barter of the untutored Indian, to the most complicated and extensive operations of the London merchant."

Locke looked upon the value of money in use as conventional, but he also considered it to have a value in exchange, determined by the same considerations as that of other commodities, and which he explained as the

proportion which the quantity in the market bore to the vent,—or, in other words, the proportion of the supply to the demand. But there were others, even in the eighteenth century—the transition period in Europe in respect to the science of wealth—who regarded money as a purely conventional thing—a mere system of tokens or counters discharging functions analogous to those which arbitrary symbols are employed to fulfil in mathematics—and therefore to be represented by anything else—paper as most convenient. Among the great experimentalists in this view of the subject was the well-known John Law; but as that strange but clever man was ever confounding money with wealth, and credit with capital, all his various experiments met with uniform failure, and were finally succeeded by the restoration of a metallic currency.

The notion of the value of money being purely conventional, not only paved the way to disastrous banking systems, but also to the equally disastrous exercise of the prerogative of the crown, in augmenting and diminishing the value of money at its pleasure.

The issue of assignats, in 1790, is another remarkable historical instance of the disastrous results of the attempts made to represent wealth by paper-money. A combination of circumstances, partly commercial, partly political, led, a few years afterwards, in 1797, to serious embarrassments to the Bank of England. The promissory notes of the Bank of England had, at that time, for more than a century formed a very large proportion of the circulating credit of the country. These notes, being engagements for the payment on demand of a specific sum of money, from the general confidence resulting from such engagements being punctually fulfilled, had come to be substituted for money in the domestic commerce of the country. From the first establishment of the Bank, in 1694, down to the year 1797, there had been no interruption to the convertibility of its notes into money, nor had the state ever interposed its authority to promote or check the issue and circulation of them. But the panic of 1797 obliged the Bank to have recourse to the interposition of government. This interposition led to the issue of notes representing less value in money than what had been previously issued, as also to the restriction of cash payments, and the indemnification of the directors against all proceedings. The result was, that in the year 1810 every creditor, to whom the law (39 Geo. III.) had secured the payment of a pound weight of gold for every 46*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* of his just demand, was obliged to accept, in full satisfaction, about 10½ ounces, or not more than seventeen shillings in the pound.

Notwithstanding the ability with which Mr. Huskisson, Lord King, Mr. Ricardo, and a few other distinguished men of the time exposed the real state of things, the House of Commons adopted by a large majority, in the following year, a resolution proposed by Mr. Vansittart, to the effect that bank-notes were not depreciated, but gold enhanced in value!

A general want of confidence in the country bank-paper, led, in 1814, to a scene of commercial failures far more disastrous than that which had been witnessed in 1793, in proportion as the scale of transactions upon credit was more extensive. Mr. Macculloch states, that in 1814, 1815, and 1816, no fewer than 240 country banks stopped payments, and 92 commissions of bankruptcy were issued against those establishments. Upon this occasion the soundness of the principles, which the Report of the Bullion Committee advocated, and which had been so ably enforced

by Mr. Ricardo, was acknowledged by the legislature, in its adoption of Mr. Peel's Bill, in 1819. By this bill (59 Geo. III., c. 49) the return to cash payments, on the part of the Bank of England, was provided for, according to a graduated scale, extending over three years. In consequence, the notes of the Bank of England were declared, in 1822, to be once more convertible into gold, at the rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce.

The same year, however, the government thought proper to authorise the circulation of the country small notes until 1833. The consequence was very soon a third most disastrous result of a redundant paper currency. In 1824 and 1825 a speculative frenzy once more pervaded the country, and no less than 626 joint-stock companies, whose projects would have required a capital of more than fifty-five millions, were contracted for in England. The consequences of such extravagance are well known. In the month of December the panic commenced, upon the failure of a London banking-house; and the tragedy of 1793 was a third time repeated, on a far more disastrous scale than even on the second occasion.

The measures adopted to prevent the recurrence of such disasters were of a very inadequate description, until the passing of what has been termed Sir Robert Peel's Bank Charter Act in 1844, by which a limit was imposed upon the bank as to the amount of notes issued upon securities, such an amount being taken as would keep the currency at par with foreign currencies, according to past experience. It combined a further provision for an expansion of the currency, to suit the convenience of commerce, upon a basis which should preclude the depreciation of the same—namely, by allowing an unlimited issue of notes upon bullion. These appear to be the distinguishing features of Sir Robert Peel's bill; and the circumstance of no monetary panic having followed upon the railway mania of 1846, speaks so far favourably of its operation; and there is every reason to believe that it has made the difficulty of procuring money recognised sooner than heretofore, and that it will thus act most beneficially in controlling the spirit of rash speculation.

If, then, such sophisms as that the secret of foreign commerce consisted in selling to foreigners more than you bought from them, and that the produce of foreign labour cannot be admitted into the home market without superseding a proportionate quantity of domestic labour, have vanished before a more sound political economy,—so also it is probable, that after the experience of the past, we shall have no more redundancies of paper money, and that the precious metals will be more and more looked upon, not simply as the equivalent, in certain proportions, of all commodities, but also as themselves a commodity, which have been procured at a certain cost.

The history of gold and silver, considered as precious metals or as values representative of transactions, presents three great periods in the annals of nations: that which preceded the discovery of America; that which embraces the period between the discovery of the New World and the opening of the mines of Russian Siberia and California; and lastly, that which commences at the point so newly entered upon, and which is as yet only speculation as to the future. Montesquieu was of opinion that in his time (the commencement of the eighteenth century) the quantity of precious metals in circulation was to what existed before the discovery

of America as 32 is to 1; that is to say, that it had been reproduced five times. But in supposing that in 1900 the quantity of gold and silver would have attained in commerce sixty-four times what it was in the fifteenth century, the author of the "*Esprit des Lois*" could not have foreseen the riches of California.

Taking as a basis these calculations of Montesquieu, of which M. Landrin says the experience of an age and a half has attested the accuracy, the latter writer has drawn up the annexed table of the progressive increase of precious metals :

Y E A R S.	EXISTING PRE- CIOUS METALS.	C O I N E D M E T A L S.		
		SILVER.	GOLD.	TOTAL.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Before 1500	3,500	675	225	900
In 1550	9,600	1,800	600	2,400
„ 1600	14,400	2,700	900	3,600
„ 1650	19,200	3,600	1,200	4,800
„ 1700	24,000	4,500	1,500	6,000
„ 1750	28,000	5,250	1,750	7,000
„ 1800	30,500	6,300	2,100	8,400
„ 1850	47,500	8,800	3,100	11,900

The quantity of precious metal obtained from 1800 to 1850, that is in the last half century, is out of all proportion to the progress made in former times. This is owing to the great productiveness of the mines of the Ural and Altai, add to which the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been distinguished by the important discovery that portions of the great eastern regions of Siberia are highly auriferous. A few years ago, only, this distant region did not afford a third part of the gold which the Ural produced, but by recent researches, an augmentation so rapid and so extraordinary has taken place, that a year or two ago the eastern Siberian tracts yielded considerably upwards of 2,250,000*l.* sterling, raising the gold produce of the Russian Empire to near 3,000,000*l.* sterling. (Murchison: "*Anniv. Address Roy. Geog. Soc.*," vol. xiv., 1844.)

But the salary and expense attendant upon working mines of gold and silver have increased with the increase of the production of gold, and in California in a proportion that almost makes the search for gold a little productive branch of industry. If, therefore, the same quantity of gold will in our days produce eight times less corn or other commodities than it would have done four centuries ago, or, in other words, the value of the precious metals is eight times less than what it was 400 years ago, so, also, the profit upon gold-washing and mining is in our time anywhere eight times less than it was the same period of time distant, and in California more than twenty times less.

From what we have before explained with regard to the constantly-diminishing productiveness of gold detritus and of gold veins, as the expense of gold washing and gold mining always goes on in an augmenting ratio, the produce of the mines and washings keeps as steadily decreasing. Montesquieu said, a century ago, "If mines are ever discovered so productive that will give a greater profit, the more they are productive the sooner will that productiveness be over." "This sentence," says M. Landrin, "portrays the future of the mines of the Ural, of Siberia, and of California."

Three centuries have elapsed since the mines of the New World opened a new era in the history of the commercial relations of civilised nations; there are but few years since the Russian Empire has been enriched by the discovery of vast deposits of precious metals. In our day we have seen the Sierra Nevada become suddenly a rich and productive mine. But circumstanced as California is, every grain of gold washed by the emigrants will, at the onset, go to those whose enterprise and energy shall outstrip others in supplying California promptly and cheaply with the products of industry and the necessities of life.

Considering the disasters that resulted to Spain from an excess of gold wealth, and among which not the least were, as in Spanish America, the demoralisation which encouraged idleness and vice, it has been asked, will the strength of the autocratic principle preserve Russia from a similar catastrophe?

The analogy between a state where out of twenty millions of individuals eighteen millions belong to the crown or to the great vassals, and Spain, under its very Catholic kings, is no doubt imperfect; but there are still some features of resemblance between two nations that occupy the two extremes of Europe.

The Tsar endeavoured at first to seize upon the gold washings of Siberia, and to hold the monopoly of the same. It was a high political idea, which would have retarded the emancipation of the Slavonians for more than a century, and would have affected the liberties of Europe at large. It may, indeed, be readily conceived what power would have been thus acquired by the Tsar, in an age when war is only a question of wealth. By some providential chance the crown gave up the most productive mines to individual enterprise, reserving to itself only those of the Ural.

The produce of the gold sands and shingle thus fell to the domain of the public: in that lies the danger for the future. Industry and commerce are not represented in Russia by more than 100,000 individuals; which is as much as to say that both the one and the other are very little developed. In this point there is a great feature of resemblance with Spain in the time of Isabella the Catholic. But the Tsar has no motives for driving out of the country the industrious classes, as they were persecuted in, and expelled from the Peninsula by religious fanaticism. The question, which is at present waiting a solution in the north of the Old World, is, however, open to controversy; it will require all the sagacity of the monarch, and the strength of the institutions of the country, to preserve the latter in a state of permanent security.

Gold is the creator of luxury, and luxury has two different phases: it increases national wealth when it encourages the demand for the productions of art and industry; it destroys empires when it is exalted to the neglect or the contempt of either.

In this country, where there are no gold mines, at least of any national importance, and coal, and iron, and lime constitute the chief mineral wealth, art and industry are generally made the means, but not simple and undivided, of acquiring gold. Such is the enterprising spirit of the people, that even when gold wealth is acquired, it is invested in land, in buildings, in railroads, and in a hundred other ways, all more or less beneficial to the country at large. Thus little is hoarded—nothing stands still or is stagnant. When there are not investments at home, they are

sought for abroad. But this wealth is, in the majority of cases, almost invariably the result of science, skill, perseverance, and untiring assiduity in the various pursuits in which learning and industry are applied. It is a phenomenon almost without a parallel in the history of legislation, that in this country these very sources of national wealth should be taxed. Such a mistaken proceeding is not merely inquisitorial, it is demoralising, and, if persisted in, may, by inducing idleness and indifference, produce as great disasters as were entailed by an excess of gold-wealth. While actual property, territorial wealth, gold-wealth, or any other kind of real and tangible property have, in most countries, been made to contribute to the just exigencies of the state, the flagrantly ingenious device has been hit upon in this country of impeding the creation or production of wealth itself, by taxing the industry of the producer. The income-tax operates, in one of its branches, peculiarly in this manner. The more the lawyer, the physician, the literary man, or the artist, taxes his brains, works his body, or toils in the difficult path to success, the more he is expected to contribute towards the maintenance of the state. Legislation does not even wait till the wished-for wealth is grasped; it seizes it on the wing; claims its share ere it is almost earned, and thus puts a positive prohibition upon industry or the accumulation of wealth of any description. The Avantias of the Turks are not more disastrous in their operation than laws which encourage idleness, ignorance, and deceit.

When Sir Robert Peel introduced the income-tax into this country in 1842, he did so for a limited period, expressly declaring that it was to enable him to deal with other portions of the financial system of the country in a mode which he hoped would raise the revenue to an equality with the expenditure; and he pledged himself that at the expiration of that period the income-tax should cease. "Without that pledge," Lord Stanley observed upon a late occasion, when he exposed in clear and vigorous language what his policy would be if called upon to head the administration, "there is not a man living who believes that the House of Commons, in 1842, would have consented to the imposition for an hour of a tax which has always been held to be the resource in time of war, which has always been deprecated in time of peace, and which, take it as you will—levy it as you please—must be full of anomalies and inconvenience, pressing variously upon different classes of the community with a complicated injustice that no modification can altogether remove."

The year 1848, when the renewal of the income-tax was proposed, was a period of the deepest distress, following immediately upon the disastrous year 1847; and it was absolutely necessary to continue the burden to maintain the credit of the country. But we have now arrived at a very different state of things. We have general prosperity in the country, likely to be increased by an unusual influx of visitors; we have a surplus of two millions and a half, wrung in part from the hard earnings of the industrious professional classes, and it cannot be expected that any government will meet with the support of the most intelligent and influential classes of the community, that does not do its best to modify or abolish this most obnoxious and unjust impost.

To return, however, to the subject of gold as a representative of national and individual wealth, it must by no means be supposed that the rich auriferous deposits of the Ural and of Siberian Russia, or those re-

cently discovered in California, where they seemed to be awaiting the arrival of a new, active, and industrious race of people, constitute the last that may be expected of the mineral resources of the globe. On the flanks of the mountains, amid the unexplored detritus at their feet, and along the beds of their mountain torrents, throughout vast portions of the earth, as yet untrod by science or common intelligence, wherever a granitic, and still more especially a syenitic axis has opened its way through broken up and dislocated metamorphic rocks, more especially gneiss and mica schist, gold may be sought for with every chance of success. It is certain that gold was once brought from the interior of Africa, from spots the very position of which are lost to geographers, but which may be connected with that great chain which recent discoveries have shown to exist, with snow-clad summits and active volcanoes in South-Eastern Africa. The search for the sources of the Nile may thus not be attended with results of mere interest to the geographer, the historian, or the man of science. Again, the sources whence the Assyrians, and Babylonians, and Persians of old obtained their great supplies of precious metals, are unknown to us in the present day. The rapid journeys of the few geographers and geologists who have traversed, rather than explored, the Taurus and the Kurdistan mountains, left no opportunities for the careful sifting of the river and rock detritus necessary to recover the site of these long-lost treasures. Sir Roderick Murchison, considering the vast extent of districts already ascertained to be auriferous in Russian Siberia, has suggested that the Celestial Empire, which has only just now been partially opened out to European enterprise, may very probably prove to be another golden region like Siberia. In our own Hindustan, auriferous veins and deposits have been met with at various points, and their further and more scientific exploration was urged by the late Captain Newbold.

“How are we,” to use the words of the geologist just quoted, “to limit our anticipations of the augmentation of gold produce, when it is a fact, that within the last few years only, a tenth portion of the earth’s surface has been, for the first time, made known to us as in many parts *auriferous*, and when, from one portion of it only, Europe is already supplied with so very large an amount of her chief circulating medium? Well may political economists and politicians now beg for knowledge at the hands of the physical geographer and geologist, and learn from them the secret on which the public faith of empires may depend.” It would, indeed, be well if our own government, so deeply interested as it is in this great question, were to stimulate reward and encourage research, which, if directed with proper scientific information, whether in Africa, Australia, or Asia, could scarcely fail of success. China, and many other little known nations, might by such researches be put in a few years in the way of having not only tea and other natural products, but abundance of gold and other precious metals to exchange for our manufactures.

BORROW AND LAVENGRO.

[The following remarks on "Lavengro," though differing materially from the conclusions arrived at in our notice of last month respecting certain portions of that extraordinary work, are given in justice to Mr. Borrow, because the writer has had opportunities which neither we, nor any other of our critical brethren, could enjoy, of testing the truthfulness of Mr. Borrow's statements; while he is able, from personal knowledge, to vouch for the wonderful extent of scholarship possessed by the "Word-Master."—*Ed. N. M. M.*]

It is a responsible, and often difficult task, to review the works of a truly original writer. What single hand, indeed, can point out those numerous merits which many readers only can discover? He who reads a book to-day, and forms his opinion of it as he goes along, may find afterwards that he has received an impression, the details of which shift about in his mind, and as time wears on settle down with more force and symmetry than at first. Such is the moving impression which the perusal of "Lavengro" must leave on many minds; the reader will be amused and fascinated as he proceeds, asking himself can this have happened, and replying affirmatively or not, according to his knowledge of the author's high and adventurous character—according to his knowledge of the gifted and great among mankind. Most readers will agree that every sketch is lightly touched, and with a master's hand—one who could deal with weightier matters than the autobiography of a boy; yet the youthful career has many charms, especially that of the scholar—not of the young Etonian or Cantab, but of the boy-man, who carves out his own way to a familiarity with the languages of the world. Thus his tutor wrote of him at a period when the career depicted in these volumes must have been wound up: "A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' with the view of translating it for the press. His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity; indeed, he has the gift of tongues, and though not yet eighteen, understands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese."*

May we not then regard this beautifully described dream of study and adventure as a grand philological poem, intended to give people an insight into the mysteries of language and race; at the same time to point out in a light and agreeable manner the follies and superstitions of the age? Some who know the profound acquirements of the author will deem this work too light; but it is possessed of a lightness which makes a lasting impression. Many have already perused "Lavengro," but who can forget its scenes? The art to amuse without fatiguing is not the property of many, and still fewer can practise it, and yet fix a vivid outline of every sketch on the memory of others. This art, Borrow, for one, possesses, and in using it makes no concession to the public demand for light literature, but asserts his unrivalled skill in writing. The events of this youthful biography are often, though not always, uncommon, and are described with the unaffected ease of one who has more to say than has yet met the eye. What more? It comes at last, and when least expected; comes in a word, which, like a drop of life-blood, incarnadines

all that has preceded, and changes the aspect of the entire picture. This it is which is remembered after the book is set aside; for instance, what is there in that little story about the Jew pedlar and the infant scholar—the man who cringes and chatters about the moral destiny of that infant—the prophet's child—whom he sees tracing characters on the sand? It is amusingly told; but just as the reader is preparing to pass on to the next anecdote he is arrested, as if he had beheld a vision; the words “holy letters” strike his eye. And now shines forth Borrow's power of wielding what Schiller calls the *divine idea*; the native art of genius; the skill which gilds the waters. The boy knew nothing of letters, holy or profane; he was a babe; but he had the “Word-Master's” place in the Future, and his destiny was in a learned sense apostolic. He was to be the first messenger of truth to the wandering people, and over this foreshadowed destiny shine those “holy letters” the instant they strike the eye. Then the little sketch, so light and amusing, suddenly has a meaning; it is as if Michael Angelo had drawn it on the wall; it cannot be rubbed out. The mind retraces its way across it—a Jew pronounced the prophetic words; and who could have uttered them with effect but a Jew? and how they seemed to stick in his teeth like ashes, as he grinned and chattered about “holy letters!”

But this is not the way in which every reader will peruse and translate the thoughtful writings of Borrow into his own perceptions. If he be of a pure Anglo-Saxon stock, it is more than probable he will not understand them. If, however, a portion of Celtic, but, above all, Gothic, blood flows in his veins, he will allow the truth of the criticism. All, however, that need be insisted on is, that this spirited book deserves discussion, not of the grinning and chattering sort, such as the unconscious pedlar might utter, but of a high order, and worthy of those who appreciate the strength of its light structure.

Apply the like canons of criticism to many other choicest pictures in the volumes; above all, to the almost magnetic vision of the circuitous way to the Transfiguration, the picture of the world, seen so spiritually, described so ardently by the noble-hearted brother. Apply them, also, to that Raphael-like picture of that same brother in the nurse's arms, to the child of such transcendent beauty that the stranger stopped to gaze; apply them, if you so incline, to many other scenes which you are carried through in fascination. When tired of analysing these, look at the quiet descriptions of the wealthy squire, with his fine park and mansion, his livery servants, his well-served table, and, above all, his literary reputation. He was the most wretched of men; and why? Because he possessed genius without the necessity to make a struggle. Genius is attended with excessive sensibility of mind and body; and, when reared in captivity—for such it is when the vaster energies of our nature are paralysed by riches and cut off from the struggle of life—melancholy is the sure result. How well is the lurking Nemesis brought out in this character! The reader does not look back at the park and mansion, nor at the man of fame; he looks back with Borrow at the gifted, the solitary man touching his own gate to once more avert some evil chance.

Again, look at the well-drawn character of the Methodist preacher, which, save and except the Nemesis, the pith, another could have drawn as well. In the class to which this man belongs, the sense of the serious and innocence of the ridiculous are co-equal; and nature, pining under

the absence of refreshing laughter, grows a dreary sufferer, and becomes more than ordinarily conscious of woes eternal, in which state no other dram can refresh and excite save that of spouting forth into many ears this undue and afflictive appreciation of eternal concerns. Williams was a man of genius, too, or his life had not been drawn in the work under discussion—of genius ill taught and trained, on whose tender and only growing mind an idea had been impressed of so strong a cast, that neither the will nor the reason could unseat it—an idea no less than that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is unpardonable. Genius-like, he no sooner learned this awful truth than he wished to try it. Accordingly, with childish daring amounting to sublimity, he stood on the house-top at night, and, in the presence of a brilliant heaven, gave utterance to his wicked thoughts.

In the above narration superstition assumes its most striking aspect; not seen in the dull man whose senses are soaked in religion much as his liver is steeped in bile, and who raves and groans as a pure hypochondriac whose chapel is his asylum,—but in a good man, gifted with eloquence and capable of great actions, had he not been inoculated as a child with the one fearful idea.

Surely there is much to admire, not only in the varied situations, but in the style and language of the celebrated Word-Master. How did he learn his mother tongue, how acquire perfection in the art of composition? Not by perusal alone of ancient or modern classic, but by associating with the low as well as the literate, with the hereditary trustees as well as with the mere refiners of language. Had he not done so, could he have translated, as he is well known to have done with marvellous skill, those many thousand lines from Welsh and Danish bards of old, with their multiplied alliterations? a task not open to the common scholar, in whose hands the English tongue is too poor in words and rhymes; or could he have achieved his "Targum," a translation from thirty tongues, some of whose songs were collected in the desert from the lip of Russ or Arab? With such a knowledge of the value of word-learning, there will be some who can understand why the scholar assumes the tinker's guise and flings himself into the society of the Low. Perhaps none, after glancing at the author's portrait, which those who know the original deem an excellent representation, will venture to opine that a vulgar taste lurks in those august features, or is concealed beneath that lofty brow. The fine gentleman, even, may surmise that Lavengro spoke truth when, doffing his hat to that noble animal, Marshland Shales, he said he would not have done the like to earl or baron. "But what means all this pugilism?" asks the man of the dress-circle; "is fighting a necessary adjunct to roadside study?" It may be even with the peaceful, for quarrels come unawares among the impulsive low as well as amidst great men, and cowardice pays as ill in the one class as the other, though all have diverse modes of settling their disputes. Lavengro announces expressly that he thinks there are some things better than literature itself—to which now every gentleman aspires—among them he instances the manly character. Is it not possible that an individual like George Borrow, combining, as he does, in his own person, intellect, strength, and courage, may have thought those fine authors insipid who describe what they could not do themselves; or those soldiers, who head their troop so nobly, but who have never saddled horse or fought a battle? It seems possible that this author, in attributing low

doings to himself, such as standing up to fight, attending fairs, and making horse-shoes, while he pursues his studies in the academy of roadside and dingle, has a lurking feeling of antagonism to effeminate writers and effeminate men, and in deploring the decline of pugilism deems that boxing will be the next to go. Viewing the matter in this light, when he describes himself as seated within the inn, his swollen and bloody hand resting on the table, and as allowing with cold hauteur the brutal landlord to glory in the sight,—he perhaps is covertly expressing contempt for the white kid glove, and the dainty wearer of such armour.

The materials on which "Lavengro" is founded savour strongly of reality,—of such real life as one may suppose would have delighted the youthful heart of the since enterprising traveller. The work is a dream of the past, its latest incidents having happened perhaps thirty years ago; it is announced as a dream, lest it should be supposed for a moment that the dialogues are given in the very words they occurred in. How could it be other than a dream of life? Whence comes it? The mature mind of the man dives into his own being to evoke his past, and the memory of the child coiled up within the recollection of the man, awakes and obeys the call. But infancy cannot be its own biographer; its tender remembrances can only live in the language of manhood; in describing, therefore, such a scene as his first interview with the gipsy people, whose language, fast fading into oblivion, he has saved and given to immortality,—who supposes that he told them in so many words that his father lay concealed in his tepid breast? That the scene occurred there is proof enough from other witnesses besides the narrator; and that it occurred much as it is described need not be doubted, though not in the phraseology in which it is recorded to-day. It presents to the eye a beautiful emblem of that interview, which proved so eventful in its results as to have added a new written language to science—a language which it has been suspected may yet prove to be the lost mother of tongues. At a future period the student of races will search these volumes for every trait and expression of the mysterious Gitani whose language was first learned—whose songs were first preserved by one who to their scanty literature has added St. Luke's Gospel in the Rommany tongue.

He who studies the words has opportunity of observing the lives of men; and there was one who, though never sought by the author or his acquaintances, proved to be ubiquitous to all—the priest. This character is too true to the life not to have been drawn from nature. His activity, his civility, his cunning, his endurance of stripes—not from humility, but through meanness,—his contempt for the religion he serves, his devotion to Rome, his silent laugh, even the colour of his hair, all tell in the masterly portrait; and, above all, his flight—like that of Satan when weighed in the balance—on being told that the prelates of England did not go to Rome for money!

Deeply interesting is the talk which the priest and scholar have together in the lonely dingle, conversing, as they do, of the vices and weakness of our aristocracy in Church and State; the priest ever sarcastic, the scholar loyal. We cannot but suppose that our author coincides in some of the opinions which the priest expresses on general subjects, and that he feels himself responsible for all the sentiments which he leaves uncontradicted, or which do not of themselves tumble to the ground;—a pleasant mode of life-writing, this mingling of the strong convictions of the hour with the adventures of past days.

We have yet to learn where our author was during the years intervening from the epoch of the dingle to the date of Spanish travel; that he was neither in mind nor body inactive, ample testimony may be adduced, not only in the form of writings made public during that interval, but in the internal evidence afforded by them of laborious research. In a work published at St. Petersburg in 1835, known but to few, entitled "*Targum; or, Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects*, by George Borrow," we find indications of how those intervening years were spent. He says, in the preface to this work, "The following pieces, selections from a huge and undigested mass of translation, accumulated during several years devoted to philological pursuits, are with much diffidence offered to the public," &c. These translations are remarkable for force and correct emphasis, and afford demonstration of what power the author possesses over metre. We shall cite but few examples, however, for it is believed that not only that huge mass, but many an additional song and ballad, now is digested, and lies side by side with the glorious "*Kæmpe Viser*," the "*Ab Gwilym*," and other learned translations, by means of which it may be hoped that the gifted Borrow will ere long vindicate his lasting claim to scholarship—a claim to which it is to be feared he is indifferent, for he is no boaster, and does himself no justice; or, if he boasts at all, prefers, as with a species of self-sarcasm, the mention of his lesser, on which he dwells with zest, to that of his greater and more enduring triumphs. The "*Targum*" consists of translations from the following languages: Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Tartar, Tibetan, Chinese, Mandchou, Russian, Malo-Russian, Polish, Finnish, Anglo-Saxon, Ancient Norse, Suabian, German, Dutch, Danish, Ancient Danish, Swedish, Ancient Irish, Irish, Gaelic, Ancient British, Cambrian British, Greek, Modern Greek, Latin, Provençal, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Rommany. A few specimens from this work may be acceptable to the English reader—a work so rare, that the authorities of a German university not long ago sent a person to St. Petersburg to endeavour to discover a copy:

ODE TO GOD.

(FROM THE HEBREW.)

Reign'd the Universe's master ere were earthly things begun;
 When his mandate all created, Ruler was the name He won;
 And alone He'll rule tremendous when all things are past and gone;
 He no equal has, nor consort, He the singular and lone
 Has no end and no beginning, His the sceptre, might, and throne;
 He's my God and living Saviour, rock to which in need I run;
 He's my banner and my refuge, fount of weal when call'd upon;
 In His hand I place my spirit, at nightfall and rise of sun,
 And therewith my body also;—God's my God,—I fear no one.

PRAYER.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

O Thou who dost know what the heart fain would hide;
 Who ever art ready whate'er may betide;
 In whom the distressed can hope in their woe,
 Whose ears with the groans of the wretched are plied—
 Still bid Thy good gifts from Thy treasury flow;
 All good is assembled where Thou dost abide;
 To Thee, save my poverty, nought can I show,
 And of Thee all my poverty's wants are supplied;
 What choice have I save to thy portal to go?

If 'tis shut, to what other my steps can I guide?
 'Fore whom as a suppliant low shall I bow,
 If Thy bounty to me, Thy poor slave, is denied?
 But, oh! though rebellious full often I grow,
 Thy bounty and kindness are not the less wide.

O LORD! I NOTHING CRAVE BUT THEE.

(FROM THE TARTAR.)

O Thou from whom all love doth flow,
 Whom all the world doth reverence so,
 Thou constitut'st each care I know;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

O keep me from each sinful way;
 Thou breathedst life within my clay;
 I'll therefore serve Thee night and day;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

I ope my eyes, and see Thy face,
 On Thee my musings all I place,
 I've left my parents, friends, and race;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

Take Thou my soul, my everything;
 My blood from out its vessels wring;
 Thy slave am I, and Thou my King;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

I speak—my tongue on Thee doth roam;
 I list—the winds Thy title boom;
 For in my soul has God His home;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

The world the shallow worldling craves,
 And greatness need ambitious knaves,
 The lover of his maiden raves;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

The student needs his bookish lore,
 The bigot shrines to pray before,
 His pulpit needs the orator;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

Though all the learning 'neath the skies,
 And th' houries all of paradise,
 The Lord should place before my eyes,
 O Lord! I'd nothing crave but Thee.

When I through paradise shall stray,
 Its houries and delights survey,
 Full little gust awake will they;
 O Lord! I'll nothing crave but Thee.

For Hodgee Ahmed is my name,
 My heart with love of God doth flame;
 Here and above I'll bide the same;
 O Lord! I nothing crave but Thee.

Nor was this the only literary labour performed by Mr. Borrow while at St. Petersburg; to the "Targum" he appended a translation of "The Talisman," and other pieces from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin; he also edited the Gospel in the Mandchou Tartar dialect while residing in that city. In connexion with the latter undertaking there is an anecdote told of him which, like the story of his making horse-shoes, shows his resources, and redounds to his credit. It runs thus:—"It was known that a fountain of types in the Mandchou Tartar character existed at a certain house in the city of St. Petersburg, but there was no one to be found who could set them up. In this emergency the young editor demanded to inspect the types; they were brought forth in a rusty state

from a cellar ; on which, resolved to see his editorial labours complete, he cleaned the types himself, and set them up with his own hand."

Of his journeyings in Spain Mr. Borrow has been his own biographer ; but here again his higher claims to distinction are lightly touched on, or not named. In 1837 a book was printed at Madrid, having the following curious title-page :

"Embéo e Majaró Lucas. Brotoboro randado andré la chipe griega, acána chibado andré o Romanó, ó chipe es Zincales de Sese.

"El Evangelio segun S. Lucas, traducido al Romaní, ó dialecto de los Gitanos de España. 1837."

And this work is no other than the remarkable antecedent of the "Zincali,"—the translation of St. Luke's Gospel into the gipsy dialect of Spain.* Of the Bible in Spain it is unnecessary to speak ; there can be no better evidence of the estimation it is held in than the fact of its having been translated in French and German, while it has run through at least thirty thousand copies at home. But it is on the "Zincali" that Borrow's reputation will maintain its firm footing ; the originality and research involved in its production, the labours and dangers it entailed, are duly appreciated at home and abroad. During the past year a highly interesting account of the gipsies and other wandering people of Norway, written in Danish, was published at Christiania ; it is entitled "Beretning om Fante—eller Landstrygerfolket i Norge" (Account of the Fant, or Wandering People of Norway), by Eilert Sundt. At page 23 of this work the Danish author, in allusion to the subject of this notice, says : "This Borrow is a remarkable man. As agent for the British Bible Society he has undertaken journeys into remote lands, and acquainted from his early youth not only with many European languages, but likewise with the Rommani of the English gipsies, he sought up with zest the gipsies everywhere, and became their faithful missionary. He has made himself so thoroughly master of their ways and customs that he soon passed for "one of their blood." He slept in their tents in the forests of Russia and Hungary, visited them in their robber caves in the mountainous *pass* regions of Italy, lived with them five entire years (towards 1840) in Spain, where he, for his endeavours to distribute the Gospel in that Catholic land, was imprisoned with the very worst of them for a time in the dungeons of Madrid. He at last went over to North Africa, and sought after his Tartars even there. It is true no one has taken equal pains with Borrow to introduce himself amongst this rude and barbarous people ; but on that account he has been enabled better than any other to depict the many mysteries of this race, and the frequent impressions which his book has undergone within a short period, show with what interest the English public have received his graphic descriptions."

But it is time to bid adieu to "Lavengro ; the Scholar, the Gipsy, and the Priest." Let the reader himself search into the work for proofs of that manly character which peculiarly belongs to the author, ever ready to interest himself for the old, the simple-minded, even the wicked, whose souls have been starved into that numbness which scarce feels sin, and over whom Heaven alone keeps watch.

* The writer has before him another translation of St. Luke's Gospel in the Basque, edited by George Borrow while in Spain—(Evangelioia S. Lucasen Guissan.—El Evangelio segun S. Lucas. Traducido al Vascuere. Madrid. 1838).

THE FATE OF CHARLES DE ST. LÉGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC."

I

A HEAVY storm of snow was falling. The flakes, thick and fast, obscured the view, not only of the majestic Alps that surround Grenoble, but of everything else beyond a few yards' distance. No travellers could be observed in the road; unless from necessity none would be likely to venture out. But now, emerging from a by-lane that skirted a vineyard, appeared a woman, her small white cap protected by the hood of the ample dark cloth cloak that shielded her person. Onward she toiled in the direction of Grenoble—a weary way it seemed—little heeding the storm around her, if her countenance, which appeared to be wrapped in her own sorrows, might be trusted, until the massive, towering buildings of a convent were close upon her.

"What name was it?" she soliloquised, pausing at the necessary entrance. "Agnes—Sister Agnes; that was it."

"The holy sisters are at their devotions in the chapel," was the reply to her inquiries; "but if you like to wait, you can."

Aglaë murmured an affirmative; and being shown to the grate, stood there on the cold stone floor, wet as she was, and patiently, though the short afternoon was drawing to a close when Clarisse de Maulevrier appeared.

"I have found it out at last, mademoiselle!" cried Aglaë, grasping Clarisse's hand through the bars.

"The child?" echoed Clarisse, fully aware that he was the all-engrossing subject of her mind.

"He is there, mademoiselle; in the establishment of Jesus."

"And now your mind is at rest, Aglaë."

"At rest! They say—they say"—and some powerful emotion shook the woman's frame, until she seized with both hands one of the iron-bars for support,—“they say that he is mad.”

"What?" ejaculated Clarisse.

There was no answer, but loud, convulsive sobs echoed through the empty air.

"Aglaë, the idea is absurd."

"He has but just come amongst them; he has been kept, I suppose, in one of their dungeons—underground, perhaps. But I know it is my darling child—the child that I reared—my poor Charles."

"Why do you think so?" asked Clarisse, after a pause.

"By the description I have had of him. Though they have shaved off his silken curls, and though they call him by another name—Brother Paul—still I know it is my wretched child."

"What was it you said just now?" whispered the nun.

"It was only a hint that I had, mademoiselle, for I fell right down and fainted, and after that they would say no more. But I heard it plain enough; they have driven him mad."

"Oh, Aglaë! may the Saintly Host grant that you are mistaken!"

"What I hear, I hear from a sure source, Mademoiselle Clarisse. But I cannot live in this uncertainty; it will kill me."

"I will inquire of his welfare of my confessor," mused Clarisse; "but I do not know if he is in any way connected with the establishment."

"All the priests here are, they tell me," replied Aglaë. "Is your confessor Father Leance, mademoiselle?"

"No."

"If you could induce him—if you had but the least bit of influence over him"—Clarisse looked away—"and could persuade him to bring the child here, so that we might see him, our minds would be at rest, one way or the other."

Clarisse was surprised at the servant's words. "How could you ever think of so impossible a thing?" she uttered.

"Impossible with Father Leance; but all the priests are not like him. I wish I could hear that he was dead and at peace," continued Aglaë, passionately. "I dreamt last night that I saw his coffin, and when my poor master—yes, it was he—came to take the lid off——"

"Don't tell me—don't tell me," shivered Clarisse.

And the whole remainder of the evening, which she spent alone in her cell, did Clarisse dwell upon that once cherished child: the more she tried to forget the subject, the more his image would rise before her. Whether it was the effect of her own thoughts, or Aglaë's words, cannot be told; but, in the midnight hours, a dream frightful as that described by Aglaë, came to her, and as she woke up in terror, the moonlight was streaming upon her bed from the high window, for the snow-storm had cleared away, and a distinctly-heard voice, the infantile tones of which struck upon her memory, whispered, "Send for me, Aunt Clarisse; send for me."

Clarisse was terribly superstitious—most of the nuns were so—and the old convent had its mysterious whispers and tales of ghost-walkers by way of keeping their fears alive. Clarisse de Maulevrier felt persuaded a vision had appeared to her, commanding her to send for and see the child; and she turned her face upon the pillow and shook in her bed, until the five o'clock bell rang for matins.

She had an interview that day with Father Gérard, and urged the subject to him. He appeared less against it than she had imagined. It was a decided infringement of the rules, he observed, ever to take a pupil beyond the walls of the establishment, but he saw no great harm that it would do to break through them for once, and bring the child in question to the convent, so that she might enjoy a short interview with him.

Clarisse shook her head. "I fear Father Leance," she observed; "he will never give his consent."

"It need not be asked," replied the confessor. "In his absence I act upon my own responsibility."

"Is Father Leance absent?" returned Clarisse, quickly.

"He went into Savoy, as far as Chambéry, three days ago."

"And when does he return?"

"That is uncertain. Probably not for a week to come."

"Do you know the child?" inquired Clarisse.

He made a gesture of dissent. "I have nothing to do with the internal working of the establishment, so that personally I am acquainted with few of its pupils. To-morrow, then, at half-past two."

"No, no," answered Clarisse, for a generous thought had struck her

—that poor, faithful Aglaë should likewise be present. “Not until the next day—Thursday.”

“Be it so,” replied the priest. “But the interview cannot be repeated, and must be very short—the ride to and fro will take up time.”

Clarisse was about to answer, when the chimes of the great clock were heard, and he rose to leave the cell.

“A little longer,” asked Clarisse: “there are some minor details to arrange still.”

“I will see you later,” he replied. “It is the hour I promised to be with Sister Hélène, and she waits for me.”

This was one of the younger nuns. She was good looking, and had been twice reprimanded by the lady abbess, so it was whispered in the convent, for not being sufficiently severe in deportment. The crimson flush of jealousy rose to the brow of Clarisse.

“I did not know you were her confessor?”

“In the absence of Father Leance. But now she expresses a wish to retain me.”

“You are not false to me?” murmured Clarisse, as he bent to whisper his adieux in parting.

“True to thee, and to thee alone,” he whispered. And Clarisse de Maulevrier, in the simplicity of her confiding nature, believed him, like many another woman has done, when the honeyed falsehood has fallen upon her ear from beloved and impassioned lips.

The priest left the chamber, on his way to the east corridor, and Clarisse soon afterwards sought the western one, where the cell of her sister was situated. Madame de St. Léger was ill with a slow fever. For a fortnight she had not left her bed; but the disease was now abating. As Clarisse entered, the old nun, Sister Agathe, who had been sitting there, rose to retire, and Clarisse took the chair she had occupied by the side of the pallet.

“I had such a disagreeable dream last night,” began Clarisse, after she had read some prayers aloud.

“Ah!”

“It was about Charles,” she hesitated, in a low tone, doubting how her communication would be met.

“You may read the prayers again,” was Madame de St. Léger’s answer.

“When I have told you my dream,” urged Clarisse. “Poor Charles!”

“I have forbidden the subject ever to be mentioned between us,” interrupted Madame de St. Léger, “and I now forbid it again. I guard my inmost thoughts from it.”

“Tell me,” exclaimed Clarisse, with much excitement, as she rose and took the thin white hands of the invalid, “if the opportunity were offered you of seeing him—if he were brought hither and set down in the midst of us—would you not embrace it?”

“Never! And now listen, Clarisse. You have spoken to me on a carnal point, and for once I answer you in a like spirit. Listen! My struggles upon this point are well-nigh over. You see what they have worn me to.” And she slightly drew aside the night-dress, and showed the mere skeleton of a frame. “My heart is at length subdued, even to the approbation of Father Leance; and I trust that in a little time, should a rebellious thought ever recur, it will have no more effect upon me than it would upon a stranger. See him! If I were dying, and a

sight of him could save my life, I would not risk it, for it might bring back to my memory the unworthy world I once inhabited, and peril my immortal soul! The subject ends between us at once and for ever."

II.

It was Thursday afternoon. The lady abbess and nearly all the nuns of the convent were in the chapel, and the chimes had scarcely told half-past two, when a group might be seen standing in the private visiting-parlour—private, in contradistinction to the one appropriated to receive the friends of the boarders. Two women were there, a priest, and a little child.

Clarisse did not recognise him; but Aglaë, her voice rent with hysterical emotion, fell upon her knees, and clasped him to her bosom. His golden ringlets were cut close to his head—as close as hair can be cut without shaving. His dress was a singular one, something like a priest's in miniature, and his glazed eye roved with a vacant yet shrinking expression round the apartment. But Aglaë knew that it was Charles de St. Léger.

"Don't you remember me, my darling—my child?" she sobbed. "It is your own nurse—your old Aglaë. What is the matter?"

"How strange he looks!" shuddered Clarisse to the priest, after she had kissed and soothed him. "And he does not speak!"

"A little vacancy *here*," observed Father Gérard, tapping his forehead.

"Then those hyp—— those holy priests have made him so!" burst out Aglaë, partly forgetting in whose presence she stood. "My child! my child! what is it they have done to thee?"

Alas! alas! the passive features moved not, and the eye retained its vacant stare.

"He is an idiot!" shrieked the nurse, wringing her hands. "May the army of saints not visit it upon them, but they have made him an idiot!"

"Daughter," observed the priest, "you are under a mistake. The young child is certainly not so bright as he might be—I suppose he was born so—but he is not an idiot."

"Born so!" moaned Aglaë. "I was at his birth, and I wish we could now die together." She took him upon her knee, and wailed over him, rocking her body to and fro in despair.

It was as Father Gérard said. The intellect of the unhappy child was not quite gone, but dulled and deadened. *What* frightful means had the Jesuits used to bring him into that unhappy state? Had they lashed his shrinking frame, and experimented upon it with refinements of torture, hoping to subdue the reluctant spirit to their will; or had they tried the more appalling influences of superstitious terrors upon him, and so crushed the mind they only thought to bend? It was never known; and probably never will be.

Aglaë—bitter emotion impeding her words—dived into one of her capacious pockets, both of which seemed remarkably well filled, and brought forth a profusion of toys and sweetmeats, which she had purchased in anticipation. Charles took up some of the more childish of the toys, and a silly smile illumined his emaciated countenance.

"Here's a beautiful music—a real music that plays!" cried Aglaë,

suppressing her sobs, and producing a little accordion; "and here's a box of all sorts of fine things—some trees, and some houses, and a whole farmyard of cows and sheep; and here's a case of paints and some pencils; and here's a bag of marbles; and here's a sword and a little flour-waggon; and—oh, my goodness!—what's this?—it's a Jack in the box! Look, Charles—look, my darling!"

She waited till the child's eyes were fixed upon the toy, and then, touching the spring, out flew the devil—or what the French toy-makers please to represent as such. Apparently he recognised it—were they in the habit of showing him such visions?—for a scream, prolonged and frightful, broke from him, and he tore round and round the room at his utmost speed.

"Oh, he is not come for me!—he is not come for me! Don't let him take me! I will do all you——"

Aglaë dashed the toy away, and caught Charles in her arms; but they thought he would have died with terror. Clarisse burst into tears, and pushed the playthings into a corner. Father Gérard advanced to aid in calming him, but he shrank from the priest with redoubled fear, and clung to Aglaë.

"Why should he fear you, father?" exclaimed Clarisse.

"I know not," replied the monk. "I never saw him till to-day."

"It is the habit he shrinks at," uttered Aglaë, in a low tone, "and he has cause. Suffer me to take him outside, sir," she said, aloud; "he was used to me for many years, and will come to, if you let him be a few minutes alone with me. I can sit on the bench at the door. See how he trembles and sobs."

"You may try it," assented the priest, looking at the unfortunate boy with genuine pity. He possessed humanity, did Father Gérard, and that could not be said of all his brethren. Aglaë took up her cloak, which lay upon a chair, and throwing it over his legs to keep them warm, carried him out of the room like a baby.

Clarisse, meanwhile, gave Father Gérard an outline of the child's former history, and of his father's deplorable fate. The priest was interested. He had never heard the particulars, having been far away when the circumstances occurred; and he put several questions to Clarisse, the time slipping away unconsciously. At length he recollected Aglaë and the child, and opened the door to summon her; but she had gone further. The passages, as far as could be seen, were empty; and though the bench was there, no one sat upon it.

"She must have taken him into the garden," observed Clarisse; "some of the lay sisters have shown her the way. He would not be soothed, perhaps, in these dim corridors."

The priest moved away in the direction of the garden, and stayed to explore it. Presently he returned.

"She's not there—she's not anywhere, that I can find. I cannot think where she can have got to."

"He cannot—he cannot," suggested Clarisse, "have found his way out of the convent in his terror?"

"Impossible!" uttered Father Gérard. Nevertheless, he went to the gate, and inquired of the nearly superannuated portress whether a child had passed out; the same, he said to her, whom she had observed enter with him—a lay brother?

"He had not," she replied. "Two or three persons had passed in and out—visitors to the boarders, she supposed—but no child."

The priest returned to the parlour.

"That mistaken, foolish woman," exclaimed Clarisse, turning white at the thought, "has found her way with him up to his mother!"

"Go you and see," he answered. "Bring the child down to me at once, for we must be gone. The time is running on, and we shall have to drive back in the dark."

Clarisse came back with a quicker step than she had ascended; apprehension had then made her linger.

"He may be there," she said, "but I cannot ascertain, for the holy sandals are at the door."

"Then Father Leance has returned!" exclaimed the monk.

But we must follow Aglaë. When the door closed upon Clarisse and the priest, she popped Charles for an instant down upon the bench, whilst she threw her cloak over her shoulders, and then, putting him to stand upon the seat, she wound his poor attenuated arms round her neck, rested his head upon her shoulder, and pressing him closely to her, fixed the cloak securely around, so that no vestige of the child was seen.

"Now, my darling," she whispered, in a low, but impressive voice, "I'll take you away from those horrid priests. Don't sob, Charley, for a little while—don't even breathe loud, until we are out of here. They shall never ill-treat you again, by the help of God's blessing. I scarcely dared to hope it," she repeated to herself; "though I came prepared, I scarcely dared to hope it."

It would seem that Charles understood her; at any rate, he remained still, and she ran along the dark passages like lightning, slackening her speed as she approached the egress. The old portress, opening the wicket, gave her the parting salutation, which Aglaë returned with great apparent indifference and deliberation.

"Will you give me a ride into Grenoble?" she inquired of the driver of a covered cart, which happened to overtake her in a few minutes.

"Why, you are almost at it," replied the man.

"I know; but I have got a sick baby here, and it is heavy to carry. Besides, I am behind time—those doctors don't wait for poor patients like us."

Aglaë mounted, and took her place behind, in the gloom. The child's poor little heart beat wildly against hers, and his arms were still clasped round her. The nurse kept him carefully covered, whispering soothing words.

"What's the matter with the child?" asked the driver.

"A wasting fever, I think. She has been ill some time."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes, she's mine. Set me down as near as you can to the Place Grenette: the doctor lives close by. I hope he will have waited in for us."

When Aglaë left the conveyance she made her way to a street contiguous to the Place Grenette, and turned into a large, and what appeared to be a public, yard. Numerous buildings opened into it—stables, coach-houses, and the like—and lumbering vehicles stood about, proving it to be the halting-place of the diligences. Aglaë darted into one of these sheds, and dropping Charles upon the hay, hurriedly pulled some articles

of dress out of the opposite pocket to the one which had contained the playthings. No one would have known Charles five minutes afterwards : he was metamorphosed into a little girl, even to the woollen shawl crossed upon his shoulders, and the thick muslin cap, with its worked border, such as is worn by children of the lower orders in France, upon his head.

"And do you go there !" cried Aglaë, making a bundle of his priestly vestments, and thrusting it with her foot underneath a heap of straw, where it was not likely to be discovered for a week to come. "Don't you forget, Charles, my child, if anybody should ask you your name, say it is Aglaë."

A diligence stood in the yard, the driver in his place, and the horses ready to start.

"When do you go?" inquired Aglaë, as she passed it.

"Now," replied the conductor.

"An instant yet," was her rejoinder ; and she hurried into the booking-office. "Two places for Lyons," she exclaimed ; "for me and my little daughter."

"Coupé, intérieur, or rotonde?" inquired the clerk.

"Intérieur," answered Aglaë, gathering her money in her hand.

The conductor opened the door, and she and Charles stepped in. Save themselves, the department was empty.

"When shall we be in Lyons?" she asked of the conductor.

"We ought to reach it in twelve hours," he replied, preparing to ascend to the *banquette*, "but the roads are awful. In some places the snow's knee deep upon them. It will take us half as long again, at the very least."

The diligence drove out of the yard, and the evening hours grew into night. The scenery between Grenoble and Lyons is infinitely grand and beautiful, and the moon, in her third quarter, shone, cold and bright, upon the snowy landscape. It was freezing sharply, as it had done for the last four-and-twenty hours, and the biting cold penetrated into the diligence. But what heeded Aglaë? Watching, watching, through the livelong night, unconscious whether it was hot or cold; watching and moaning over the ill-fated child who lay there. He had fallen into a troubled sleep, which was interrupted ever and anon by a start, as of pain or fear. Sometimes the motion of the coach would lull him again to repose, but, more frequently, sobs of terror—the clue to which his nurse in vain endeavoured to penetrate—would break from him, as he clung around her, and shook as one in the ague.

"We will go far away, my baby," she uttered, pressing her cheek to his in one of these paroxysms; "you shall soon be in my own country place; it is lovely there, and we don't see the ebony tails of those hypocrites for a month together. It is but a little community; a dozen houses at the most; and I'll work for you, my boy, until my hands drop off. They shall never know but what you are my own child. What is it to them whether I have chosen to marry or not? My idiot boy, they'll call him—my afflicted idiot boy! Be calm, be calm, Charley! Oh, what unrighteous treatment can they have pursued to bring you into this wretched state? But, by the help of God, it shall never be renewed. Almighty Father!" she aspirated, clasping her hands fervently, and falling upon her knees, the tears gushing from her eyes as she raised them to the heavens, where the brilliant stars were shining,

"have compassion upon this most unhappy child, and protect him henceforward from the power of his tormentors!"

The prayer was earnestly uttered, and she afterwards said that God had heard her, though it was answered in a manner Aglaë little anticipated.

Twelve o'clock in the day was striking when the diligence entered Lyons; a longer journey than the guard, experienced as he was, had anticipated. It stopped, as usual, on the Quai Saint Clair, and Aglaë, lifting the child from the coach, entered the booking-office.

"When does a diligence start for Maçon?" she inquired.

"At half-past five this afternoon."

"Nothing before?"

"No. One has just left. If you had been in five minutes sooner, you would have caught it."

"Secure me two inside places," was Aglaë's rejoinder, as she left the diligence-office and proceeded towards the town. "I wish we could have gone on at once," she said, partly in soliloquy, partly to Charles: "the further we get from Father Leance and his set, the more secure one feels. But there's not much danger now, my boy, with the precautions I took."

Had Aglaë known the sources of information possessed by the Jesuits, or the secret agency which was ever at work, she would have been less at ease. Even as she spoke, but a mile or two removed from her was a light vehicle, coming rapidly along the same road which the lumbering diligence had traversed so slowly. Let us look inside it. It contains two monks. One is gathered comfortably enough into a corner, a serene smile lighting his fair features as he glances occasionally at any point of interest the scenery without may happen to present. The other sits bolt upright on his seat, his sinister countenance gathered into a settled frown, and his black eyes sparkling with angry feelings.

"'Tis of little consequence, after all, should the child escape altogether," observed the former, apparently continuing the conversation. "He is wanting in intellect—therefore, can never become an efficient member of our order. And, in a pecuniary point of view, he can be no loss, since his fortune, and that of the whole of his family, has already accrued to us."

"No consequence!" snarled Father Leance. "Have you taken leave of your senses? Was such a thing as an escape from our establishments ever known, or ever to be permitted? Would you have their mysteries blabbed to the public?"

"The question cannot arise in this case," replied the younger priest. "The lad's mind is a vacuum."

"It must not be trusted," cried Father Leance, his voice harsh with authority. "A crushed intellect does not always destroy the faculty of remembrance."

Father Gérard shrugged his shoulders—the reply of all France when argument fails.

III.

IF you go to Lyons, and talk to its people about miracles, they will hasten to tell you of one that took place there not so long ago. And as to any deceit in that—as we unbelievers sometimes unwittingly insinuate—why, it was effected in the broad light of day, in the eyes and face of half the town. They call it the miracle of Our Lady of La Fourvière.

"But a few steps further, Charles, my child," cried Aglaë, as, the Rhone left behind them, they wended their way along the banks of the Saone, the waters of which were frozen. "I have a trusty friend close to here, and you shall repose at her house until the mail starts this evening, and have something better to eat than these buns."

As the servant spoke, she turned and looked behind her—why, it was impossible to say; perhaps from one of those uncontrollable impulses which come to us all, we know not how. Striding rapidly onwards, and at a pace that in a minute more would enable them to lay their hands upon Charles, came two monks, their black skirts flying behind them. She recognised Father Leance, and the strange priest she had left yesterday with Clarisse de Maulevrier. There was a pause of paralysing agony. Aglaë pressed her hands together with the force of pain, and then darted forwards, taking Charles in her arms, the holy men after her in hot pursuit.

"Stop, woman!" shouted Father Leance. "Stop her! stop her!" he screamed to the bystanders, several of whom were gathering. "She has been guilty of fearful sacrilege."

No need of a second command in a country where the priesthood are lord and master. The word was passed from mouth to mouth, and the woman was secured.

"It is the child!" panted Father Leance, out of breath with the excitement and the running; "he has been stolen from the Church—bring him hither to me."

For the lynx eye of the priest had marked that, in the struggle, the lad had been torn from her, and left at liberty—the zealous lay brethren deeming the woman alone to be the coveted prize.

Poor unhappy child! He had turned, in his imbecile alarm, to follow meekly in the wake, as they bore away his nurse, all struggling and fighting; and there, close upon him, he beheld those two dreaded forms, the arms of Father Leance outstretched almost upon him. With a convulsive scream of terror, wild and fearful as that which had once burst from Madame de St. Léger in Grenoble's church, he turned and fled.

His foot was swift, but they were bearing down upon him, priests, mob, and Aglaë, for, finding the child was the chief object with their reverend directors, they, in tearing after him, let the woman go. Shouts, groans, and imprecations, closed upon him; the wild eyes of Father Leance, as he cast a shuddering glance back, seemed to glare upon him with the light of some awful fiend, not of this world; and as the well-known holy voice, in a climax of rage, sounded in his ear, the child, unconscious what he did in his extremity of terror, and obeying an impulse which seemed to point out the only way of escape, leaped over the quay down upon the frozen river.

The ice broke with the sudden weight, and let him in. The priests came to a stand-still, Father Leance clinging to the neighbouring post in his rage; Aglaë fell upon her knees and looked over the brink, and some of the crowd prepared for the rescue.

He was nearly cold when they got him out, and they laid him down upon the quay and chafed and rubbed him, Aglaë taking off her cloak to place under him. Did the thought cross Father Leance, as he bent over the child lying there, pallid and nearly senseless, that another form,

the author of this one's being, had once laid on the cold stones lifeless, hunted to death by his work, as they were now hunting him?

They got a little warmth into him, and raised him upon his legs, but he fell again; so they pulled him, and pushed him, and shook him, and poured more brandy down his throat, and when he could stand without assistance they pronounced him cured.

"The blessed Virgin has been more merciful to you than you deserve," uttered Father Leance, pompously, for the edification of the multitude; "you shall perform a pilgrimage to her shrine at once, and offer up your thanks."

A hum of reverential applause agitated the crowd, as Father Leance, by a glance and a wave of the hand, indicated the high hill over the water, La Fourvière, on the summit of which stood a beautiful little chapel, consecrated to the Virgin. There was but one dissentient voice, that of Aglaë.

"You would force him up *there* in his wringing clothes!" she exclaimed, her bold eye—bold from desperation and in the cause of humanity and truth—fixed without a quail upon Father Leance. "Have you not done ill enough to him and his, but you must send him there to die? Who drove his father, my honoured master, to an untimely death? Who cajoled his mother and her sister to a living grave? It was the happiest home in all Grenoble till your covetous eye fell upon it. And is it not enough that your schemes all succeeded—that you stole the child, and have driven away his intellect, but you must torment him in his dying hours?"

The holy father actually gasped for breath—it was every bit of it taken away by the woman's sacrilegious words: never in all his life had he been bearded by man, woman, or child. He coughed, and choked, and stuttered; a hundred words rushed to his astonished lips, but not one could he get out, had his expected canonisation depended upon it. For the services rendered by Father Leance to the Church, in more ways than one, fully merited the saintly reward—such, at least, it was said, had been intimated from the Vatican.

Not silent, however, were the spectators: they hissed, and groaned, and murmured, wondering openly that the heavens did not fall and crush the impious woman. But, the sky remaining stationary, they expressed their readiness to hustle or to pelt, whichever might be acceptable to his reverend holiness.

"Look at him!" continued Aglaë, passionately, caring no more for the priests, in her anxiety for the fate of the child, than she did for the mob beside them; indeed, appealing to the latter. "Don't you see that, dying as he is, and half-frozen with the cold, he could never reach that high hill except to die upon the top? I tell you it will be nothing short of murder."

"What are you about?" harshly interrogated Father Leance of his reverend compeer. "She ought to have been secured long ago. Not for her incomprehensible language," he added, turning with a magnanimous smile towards the multitude, "that can proceed only from insanity, but for a sacrilegious act she has been guilty of against the Church."

Father Gérard laid his hands upon her.

"Forward there!" resumed the elder Jesuit, pushing on Charles de St. Léger, whose paralysed limbs could not have obeyed but for the

excitement lent by terror. His teeth chattered audibly—his attenuated features were white as the snow on the neighbouring roofs—his dripping garments clung around him, and, altogether, he presented a picture of childish misery that probably has seldom, if ever, been equalled on earth. “Forward! quick!” repeated the priest, gathering a handful of the clothes in his right hand—he was still in girl’s attire—and pushing him on in the direction of La Fourvière; “hasten on, that you may offer up your vows to the blessed Mother while she is propitious, abandoned, miserable sinner that you are! Do you remain and secure *her*,” he continued, addressing Father Gérard; “her sin has been one of enormity, and her punishment must be adequate.”

“Do with me as you will,” murmured Aglaë, resigning herself, a willing prisoner, to Father Gérard, who prepared to conduct her in an opposite direction, whilst her eyes, blinded by tears, gazed after Charles, and her heart was breaking. “Do with me as you will, you cannot do worse to me than you have done to him. Farewell, Charles—farewell for ever.”

Perhaps he would have turned towards her, but Father Leance thrust him on; the crowd, which was increasing to hundreds, following behind them. They crossed one of the bridges thrown over the Saone, and were speedily at the foot of La Fourvière. All who have been to Lyons must remember this spot. The ascent winds round and round, as in some of our own hills—that of Malvern, for instance, though the height of La Fourvière is not so great.

The ascent, which in favourable weather, and to an active lad, would be nothing, was to Charles a work of time and pain. The snow, in some places very deep, in others slippery to a degree, obstructed his limbs, already nearly powerless from cold and weakness; his wet garments were stiffening with the keen frost of the advancing evening, and ere he had attained half the height he sank down upon the path. Father Leance administered a gentle kick, his own temper probably not sweetened by the fatigue of the ascent.

“Up with you, you lazy animal—what obstinacy is this? You might have been up and kneeling at the shrine by now.”

Partly by help, partly by his own exertions, the child staggered to his feet, and onward he went a few yards more, but only to fall down again. Not all the kicks of all the priests in Christendom could arouse him now.

Father Leance seized hold of one arm; a reverend brother, belonging to the same order, who had joined the procession at the bottom of the hill, took the other, and in this manner they proceeded, dragging the lad between them, and at length entirely carrying him. At the termination of the ascent, the holy fathers, tired to anger with the slippery difficulties of the path, simultaneously let go the child, and down he fell, his little cheek, that had once been so passionately pressed to those of living and loving parents, pressing the snow.

The crowd pushed themselves up to look at him, each elbowing his neighbour.

“He is dead,” observed one, quietly, to the priests.

This was not exactly what Father Leance wished, for that bold woman down below had openly predicted it, and told him it would be murder. He glided up, and bent over him, the mob respectfully giving way.

The fluttering spark of life had indeed flown. God, in His infinite mercy, had taken the child to a home where no torment or persecution could come. The garb of religion may cover hypocrisy in this world, but remember—you who are practising it—that it cannot in the next.

"It is as you say, my children," cried Father Leance; "the saints have been pleased to visit their displeasure upon him. Nevertheless, let us place him at the shrine. The spotless Virgin is full of compassion; who can say that it will not be exerted in restoring this sinner to life. A prophetic voice whispers me to hope it."

The spectators pulled off their hats and crossed themselves; whilst a few of them, perhaps the least credulous, proceeded to satisfy themselves that the child was really dead.

The two priests raised the corpse and bore him into the chapel, where they were met by three or four of the officials belonging to it, for the chapel is never deserted. They laid him flat upon his face on the steps before the altar, a beautiful painting of the Virgin looking down upon him, and whole pounds of candles being lighted up to propitiate her.

"We will retire now, my friends," said Father Leance to the gaping spectators, who had crowded in to catch a sight of what was going on. It took them some time to pass out, and meanwhile Father Leance was holding a whispered conference with one of the brethren, a hale man of seventy summers.

"He is thin and delicate," was a remark of the stranger priest at its conclusion, "and so far suitable; and I should judge about the same height. But—the damp garments; they may cause his death as well as the other's."

Nothing could equal the look of ineffable contempt that shot from the eyes of Father Leance as he heard the words.

"Would you put the life of a puny boy before the good of the Church?" he exclaimed; "regard the well or ill-being of a lay brother, and he a child in its service, in comparison with the will of the brotherhood?" And, as the old monk listened, he bowed to the very ground in acquiescence, for his rank in the order was widely inferior to that which Father Leance had attained.

I wish you could have witnessed the scene on the hill when the miracle performed by the Virgin was palpably made known to the expectant assemblage, who were waiting there shivering in the frost. Never was a miracle performed in so short a time—speaking of these latter day ones. The holy father, Leance, had remained on his knees outside with them, a comfortable mat having been furnished him, his eyes fixed on the cross at the top of the chapel, and his voice raised in propitiatory prayers to the Virgin. And behold! his prayers were answered! The dead body lying on the altar steps was seen to move by the assembled priests; the news was carried to the crowd; and once more they jostled each other into the church, alive with excitement, and ready to go mad with enthusiasm.

The poor little corpse had raised itself upon its hands, and was regarding the picture with a supplicating look—not that they could see his features, for the darkened evening had thrown total obscurity over the chapel, save for the previously mentioned candles, and a small silver lamp of incense that burned from the roof.

In a short space of time his recovery was complete, and he was conducted outside, numbers not having been able to press into the chapel. He walked as well as ever he had walked in his life, or as any one could be expected to walk who had saturated petticoats clinging round them. He returned thanks to the Virgin for the miracle wrought upon him, the words being put into his lips by Father Leance. The enthusiasm of the mob knew no bounds; it is true they could not discern the workings of his features in the gathering shades of night, but they touched his hands and heard his words.

The excitement reached its acme. Not one would descend the hill, even in their impatience to pour forth the tale, until they had been blessed by Father Leance, that most revered and estimable man, and those who could get near enough knelt down and kissed the hem of his robe. He received their homage with a dignified air, which of itself was sufficient to assure them that he looked upon it as his due. He raised his hands and gave them his benediction, and as the first party descended the hill, bursting with the news which was soon to startle the ears of all Lyons, and will be handed down to posterity as long as the Roman Catholics shall possess the land, he returned to the little chapel, followed by the favoured child.

"Prepare him to accompany me back to Grenoble," was his imperious command to the priests, pointing to the lad with a wave of the finger; "henceforth he shall be taken care of in the establishment of Jesus."

He passed into a secret apartment as he spoke, where lay the dead body of a child—it was all that remained of Charles de St. Léger. His life had latterly been one of unequalled sorrow and suffering, and his worn spirit was at last at rest.

"And the burial?" inquired the aged priest, who had accompanied Father Leance into the recess, pointing to the corpse.

"Burial for him!" indignantly broke forth Father Leance. "Throw him into a hole like a dog—a fit ending for the true son of a heretic! Heaven would not suffer the iniquitous father to live, and now it has destroyed the child. Christian burial for him! May all heretics perish as they have done!"

The holy father passed out of the chapel on his way to descend the hill, followed by the resuscitated young gentleman of the miracle; and the monks of La Fourvière bent to him in all humility, and remained in the same position until he was out of sight.

MAJOR EDWARDES'S "YEAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER."

WHETHER we regard the distance separating the invader from the invaded, and cutting off all means of help, and all power of timely communication—the difficulties to be contended against in detail—a country unfavourable to military operations—a climate fatal to European troops, and habits, superstitions, and traditions inveterately hostile to the approaches of civilisation—the terrible vicissitudes marking every step of its progress—or the magnitude of the objects at issue—the conquest of India by the arms of England must be considered as the most astounding enterprise in the annals of the world. Marathon and Thermopylæ, and the accumulated glories of Greek and Roman story, sink into insignificance in the comparison, and bear even a lesser proportion to our achievements in the East than a gay joust of the middle ages to an embattled field. The education of our youth has the effect of investing classical memories with undue magnificance, to the direct depreciation of the more important lessons of contemporary history. While the student is left in utter ignorance of the heroism that has annexed new races and whole continents to the crown of Great Britain, and that is actually advancing her standard into still remoter regions, at the very moment he is exulting over the pages of Thucydides or Xenophon, no pains are spared in the collegiate course to inspire him, by the examples of ancient chivalry, with that species of poetical republicanism which Canning and Southey espoused in their boyhood, and no less strenuously renounced in their maturity.

A sprinkle of modern history would serve excellently to qualify the flavour of an ancient prose epic, just as a dash of salt or pepper is thrown into soup to give it a relish, with this additional recommendation, that it would have the undoubted effect of strengthening its tone, and rendering it more nutritious. And, certainly, no narratives of our national conquests, moral or territorial, could be selected more likely to accomplish that result than the narratives which depict the growth of our power in the East. Full of gorgeous materials to excite and elevate the imagination, and romantic vicissitudes to awaken and suspend the curiosity of the reader, they contain, also, the grandest examples upon record of the diffusion and establishment of civilisation amongst races whose constitutional languor and immemorial degradation, in their social and political phases, present the most formidable obstacles to the reception of religious and scientific truths. Now this civilisation, based upon the principles of Christianity, is the one healthful element which is wanted in the ancient histories, and the absence of which reduces them to mere chronicles, that rest their whole dignity upon the graces of style, descriptive power in the conduct of the story, and skill in the delineation of character. The history of India embraces all these sources of interest, in addition to that hopeful influence which presides over the whole, and extracts, even from the vast battle-ground on which we have struggled for ascendancy, the promise of wider and more permanent victories, in the redemption of hordes of men from a state of ignorance and barbarism.

* A Year on the Punjab Frontier, in 1848-9. By Major Herbert G. Edwardes, C.B., H.E.I.C.S. 2 vols. R. Bentley, 1851.

The conquest of India is not limited to naked acquisition and aggrandisement; it has another and a higher aspect—the substitution of order and good government for anarchy and despotism. These results are inseparable from every advance we make in new alliances and the extension of our frontier; and every book that faithfully reflects any section of our operations in that country must equally illustrate both effects of our policy in Hindostan. The observation applies with peculiar force and propriety to the volumes before us.

In the first volume Major Edwardes details the incidents of a financial mission to which he was appointed at the close of the first Sikh war, in the valley of Bunnoo, a district of Eastern Afghanistan; and, in the second, that memorable campaign in the Punjab which terminated in the reduction of Mooltan, and the surrender of the spotted rebel, Moolraj. We have thus, in these two volumes, a complete microcosm of Indian triumphs—on the one hand, the progress of the pacificator; and, on the other, the achievements of the soldier.

When Sir Henry Lawrence was sent as British resident to Lahore, he found the finances of the Sikh Empire in a state of alarming confusion. The revenues had everywhere fallen into arrear. In some places the people absconded to avoid payment, and in others payment was openly resisted. Amongst the recusants were the inhabitants of Bunnoo. For the purpose of ascertaining the amount of arrears, fixing the future taxes on an equitable basis, and organising a practicable system of collection, Major Edwardes, at that time a subaltern, was despatched into the valley, at the head of a very small detachment. The undertaking was a difficult one, but he executed it with consummate tact and entire success.

The population of the valley of Bunnoo is composed of sundry mixed races, including the mongrel Bunnoochees, descended from different tribes, and broken up into factions amongst themselves—the Syuds, and other religious blood-suckers, who live upon the superstitions of the peasantry, and absorb the fruits of the land—the poor, besotted, enslaved Hindoos, who concentrate in their hands nearly all the handicraft and trading interest, which they preserve only by the most degrading subserviency to their masters—and the Vizeree hordes, who, pouring down from their inclement mountains, avail themselves lawlessly of the plains to graze their cattle and sun themselves in the pastures of their neighbours. Major Edwardes's mission lay amongst these conflicting races, and it may be readily imagined that it required no little firmness and tact to conduct it to a successful issue. The Sikhs, who had hitherto levied the revenue in this country—to which, it appears, they had no legitimate right—always went to work *ad libitum*, and took whatever they could get by force and fraud, without the slightest reference to any principle of law or justice; and it was by no means the least troublesome part of Major Edwardes's undertaking to make the natives understand that on this occasion individual rights were to be respected for the first time, and that no measures of severity would be resorted to except in cases of absolute necessity.

He had good reason to congratulate himself on the result. The bloodless conquest of this wild valley of Bunnoo, which in three months he brought within the pale of civilisation, leaving the revenues so clearly organised behind him that no difficulty has since arisen in their collection, is a victory of which he may be even more proud than the battles in the

Punjab and the sacking of Mooltan. The Bunnoo country is dotted over with curious mud forts, in which the people live, pent up in a state of incessant feud and alarm. These forts constitute the inner superstition, if we may so express it, of their whole fighting existence; and signal must have been the influence Major Edwardes obtained over their occupants, when he prevailed upon them to level no less than 400 of these forts to the ground, and to submit to the construction of a fortress for the crown, by which arrangements the subjugation of the valley was completed.

We cannot have a more striking evidence of the deplorable debasement of these people than is afforded by the extreme difficulty they had in comprehending that very simple principle of taxation, which regulates the individual pressure by the amount of individual property. Rapine, speculation, fraud and corruption in every shape was perfectly intelligible to them; but they could not understand the equitable distribution of a common burden. Major Edwardes is quite right in taking more credit to himself for his successful diplomacy in Bunnoo than for his victorious achievements on the Punjab frontier. He has bequeathed to the Bunnoochees a lasting legacy of peace and self-reliance, taught them the value of free and responsible institutions, and driven, it is to be hoped for ever, the insurgent and the marauder from their fertile fields. But this result was not accomplished without considerable anxiety and great personal hazard. The Bunnoochees could not prevail upon themselves to believe in the serious intention of the British to occupy their country for the purpose of enforcing these objects; and they accordingly evaded and resisted him at first by every possible mode of chicanery and violence they could bring into play. His life was twice attempted in his tent, and deliberate plans were laid to assassinate him on other occasions. He was not, however, to be turned from his purpose by plots or violence, and he persevered, openly, frankly, and with a moral courage that cannot be too highly applauded, until he achieved the object of his mission. From that hour to the present the revenues of Bunnoo have been collected with as much ease and regularity as the taxes of any district within the girth of our possessions.

He had no sooner wound up these affairs, than intelligence reached him of the attempt made upon the lives of Mr. Van Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, on the bridge of Mooltan. Mr. Van Agnew, bleeding from his wounds, and stunned by the perfidy of Moolraj's followers, had written a hasty note to General Cortlandt for succour. This note fell into Major Edwardes's hands, and he conceived it to be his duty at once, without delaying for a communication with the general, to set off with what strength he could muster to the assistance of his countrymen. But his generous zeal was ineffectual to save them. He had no sooner arrived at the city of Leia than tidings arrived of that sanguinary tragedy which led, in its ultimate results, to the second Sikh war, and the final annexation of the Punjab to the British territories. Mr. Van Agnew and his friend had been savagely butchered before any help could reach them.

From this point began that series of gallant operations in which Major Edwardes won his spurs. Compelled to evacuate Leia, and re-cross the Indus, with disaffection amongst his troops, he found himself in a critical and embarrassing position, without power or authority to meet emergencies

as they arose. Acting upon the impulse of his own temperament, he would have pushed on to Mooltan; but the calmer judgment of the council at head-quarters restrained his ardour, and limited his movements to the less brilliant duty of arresting the progress of rebellion in the country immediately around him. The policy of the government was to postpone general measures until the hot season had passed away, and a sufficient army could be collected to strike a decisive blow. In the mean while, exposed to harassing skirmishes, and even venturing something like pitched battles, Major Edwardes managed to fulfil his instructions with an amount of success that could hardly have been anticipated from the inadequate force at his command, whose services were rendered worse than doubtful by the known disloyalty of the greater part of them.

The plan arranged for the circumvention of Moolraj was similar to that by which Maurice Quill's Irishman declared he had made prisoners of three Spaniards, and was, probably, quite as efficacious in its effects. He was to be shut in from five different points by five converging columns, which, gradually closing up the ground before him, were to drive him at last into his stronghold at Mooltan, and there lay siege to him. The main object of these operations was to prevent the spread of the rebellion amongst the Sikhs, and to weaken the enemy in detail. But the plan broke down, and must have finally failed altogether but for the energy and promptitude of Major Edwardes, who commanded one of these columns, and who, by a daring movement, was enabled to join the only one of the remaining columns that succeeded in making its way to the scene of action, thus, in a moment of imminent peril, deciding the fortune of the battle of Kineyree, from which Moolraj never recovered. The description of this battle is one of the most picturesque and animated sketches in the book, and may be referred to as an excellent example of the author's literary power.

The result of that battle compelled Moolraj to retreat towards his fortress, which was believed to be impregnable. It was followed by other crowning successes, hardly earned in the face of mutinies and an appalling climate. Then came down the army under General Whish, and with this reinforcement the British troops prepared for the labours of a regular siege. Reverses and difficulties, however, were yet in store for them. Symptoms of disaffection had appeared elsewhere. The Sikh chief, whose son, at the head of his cohorts, was serving under the English standard, had broken out into rebellion, and was carrying on a secret correspondence to induce the Sikhs in the British pay to desert their colours. The knowledge of this extensive piece of treachery rendered the presence of these Sikhs more dangerous than the loss of them could prove disadvantageous; and it was considered so necessary to get rid of them, that they were at length, under some plausible pretence, ordered back to Lahore. This unavoidable reduction of the numerical strength of the army obliged General Whish to abandon the siege until the available force at his command should receive the requisite augmentation.

These delays and hindrances, aggravated by a variety of minor annoyances, were extremely harassing. But the martial spirit and devotion of the soldiery overcame them. And when the augmentation arrived, and the siege was renewed, it soon became evident that the deaths of poor Agnew and Anderson were about to be avenged by a signal retribution.

The account given of the details of the siege are graphic in the highest degree, and possess a fascination which few writers could have imparted to such a theme, and none but one who had been personally engaged in the conflicts so admirably described.

Moolraj fought to the last, or rather his desperate adherents, who seem to have forced him into his perilous situation, fought for him. He appears to have been personally a recreant at heart; ready to compromise when nothing else was left to him, and prepared to commit or sanction the worst atrocities when he happened to have the means of carrying them out with impunity. In the end, when the streets presented a scene of universal carnage, and his soldiers lay in heaps in the ditches and gullies of the ramparts, he shut himself up in his inner fort or donjon with a handful of troops. Then followed his miserable capitulation and begging of his life. But the English, justly indignant at the whole course of his conduct, refused to listen to any proposition short of unconditional surrender. He stipulated for his personal safety, but they would hear of no stipulations; and so, throwing himself at last, like a coward and a mendicant, upon their compassion, he slunk out alone at daybreak, and gave himself up to be tried by a court-martial. The result of the trial was a sentence of death, which the magnanimity of the victors commuted to banishment for life.

The details of these events are chiefly derived from blue books and printed correspondence, linked together by threads of personal adventure. Perhaps some portions of the despatches might have been spared without injury to the historical value of the narrative, although we confess we have read them all with unflagging curiosity. Something might have been gained by a little judicious excision, for the sake of readers who may wish to get at the results more rapidly. We are bound, however, in justice to the author, to observe that he has made the best possible use of his materials upon the plan he has adopted. The circumstantial character of the narrative imparts to it the excitement of a romance; while the perspicuity of statement, and clearness of arrangement, render it so luminous throughout, that, *malgré* all impediments thrown in the way of enjoyment by strange Indian names and unfamiliar terms, the whole story of the campaign and the siege of Mooltan is rendered as attractive as a tale out of the "Arabian Nights."

The two volumes form together the most important and interesting work relating to the affairs of India that has for many years issued from the press. They are written with considerable eloquence, and display an amount of energy and ability which justifies the highest expectations from the future labours of the author, in whatever department he may be employed—whether he is called upon to serve his country in the cabinet or the field. India is fruitful in opportunities for the active development of that union of qualities which Major Edwardes possesses in a high and remarkable degree.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER LXX.—HOW THEY GOT UP THE GRAND ARISTOCRATIC.

THERE is no saying what advantages railway communication may confer upon a country. But for the Granddiddle Junction, —shire never would have had a steeple-chase—an aristocratic one at least. A few friends and farmers might have got up a quiet thing among themselves, but it would never have seen a regular aristocratic, with its swell-mob, its sham captains, and all the paraphernalia of odd laying, “secret tips,” and market rigging. Who will deny the benefit that must accrue to any locality by the inundation of all the loose fish of the kingdom?

Formerly the prize-fights were the perquisites of the publicans. They arranged for Shaggy Tom to pound Hairy Billy's nob upon So-and-so's land, the preference being given to the locality that subscribed the most money to the fight. Since the decline of the ring, steeple-chasing, and that still smaller grade of gambling—coursing, have come to their aid. Nine-tenths of the steeple-chases and coursing matches are got up by innkeepers, for the good of their houses. Some of the town publicans, indeed, seem to think that the country was just made for their matches to come off in, and scarcely condescend to ask the leave of the land-owners. We saw an advertisement the other day, where a low publican in a manufacturing town assured the subscribers to his coursing club that he would take care to select open ground, with “plenty of stout hares,” as if all the estates in the neighbourhood were at his disposal. Another advertised a steeple-chase in the centre of a good hunting country—“amateur and gentlemen riders”—with a half crown ordinary at the end! Fancy the respectability of a steeple-chase with a half-crown ordinary at the end!

Our Aristocratic was got up on the “good-of-the-house” principle. Whatever benefit the Granddiddle Junction conferred upon the country at large, it had a very prejudicial effect upon the Old Duke of Cumberland Hotel and Posting-House, which it left high and dry at an angle, sufficiently near to be tantalised by the whirr and the whistle of the trains, and yet too far off to be benefited by the parties they brought. This once well-accustomed hostelry was kept by one Mr. Viney, a former butler in the Scattercash family, and who still retained the usual “old-and-faithful-servant” *entrée* of Nonsuch House, having his beefsteak and bottle of wine in the steward's room whenever he chose to call. Viney had done good at the Old Duke of Cumberland; and no one, seeing him “full fig,” would recognise in the solemn grandeur of his stately person the dirty knife-boy who had filled the place now occupied by the still dirtier Slarkey. But the days of road travelling departed, and Viney, who, beneath the Grecian-columned portico of his country-house-looking hotel, modulated the ovations of his cauliflower head to every description of traveller—from the lordly occupant of the barouche and four down to the humble sitter in a gig—was cut off by one fell swoop from all further traffic. He was extinguished like a gaslight, and the pipe laid on a fresh line.

Fortunately Mr. Viney was pretty warm; he had done pretty well; and having enjoyed the intimacy of the great "Jeames" of railway times, had got a hint not to engage the inn beyond the opening of the line. Consequently, he now had the great house for a mere nothing until such times as the owner could convert it into that last refuge for deserted houses—a "young ladies' seminary." Mr. Viney now, having plenty of leisure, frequently drove his "missis" (once a lady's-maid in a quality family) up to Nonsuch House, as well for the sake of the airing—for the road was pleasant and picturesque—as to see if he could get the "little trifle" Sir Harry owed him for post-horses, bottles of soda-water, and such trifles as country gentlemen generally run up scores for at their posting-houses—scores that seldom get smaller by standing. In these excursions Mr. Viney made the acquaintance of Mr. Watchorn; and a huntsman being a character with whom even the landlord of an inn—we beg pardon, hotel and posting-house—may associate without degradation, Viney and Watchorn became intimate. Watchorn sympathised with Viney, and never failed to take a glass in passing, either at exercise or out hunting, to deplore that such a nice-looking house, so "near the station, too," should be ruined as an inn. It was after a more than usual libation that Watchorn, trotting merrily along with the hounds, having accomplished three blank days in succession, asked himself, as he looked upon the surrounding vale from the rising ground of Hammercock Hill, with the cream-coloured station and the rose-coloured hotel peeping through the trees, whether something might not be done to give the latter a lift. At first he thought a pigeon-match—a sweepstake open to all England—fifty members say, at two pound ten each, seven pigeons, seven sparrows, twenty-one yards rise, two ounces of shot, and so on. But then, again, he thought there would be a difficulty in getting guns. A coursing-match—how would that do? Answer: "No hares." The farmers had made such an outcry about the game that the landowners had shot them all off, and now the farmers were grumbling that they couldn't get a course.

"Dash my buttons!" exclaimed Watchorn; "it would be the very thing for a steeple-chase! There's old Puff's hounds, and old Scamp's hounds, and these hounds," looking down on the ill-assorted lot around him; "and the deuce is in it if we couldn't give the thing such a start as would induce the lads of the 'village' to come down, and a vast amount of good business might be done. I'm dashed if it isn't the very country for a steeple-chase!" continued Watchorn, casting his eye over Cloverley Park; round the enclosures of Langworth Grange, and up the rising ground of Lark Lodge.

The more Watchorn thought of it, the more he was satisfied of its feasibility, and he trotted over, the next day, to the Old Duke of Cumberland, to see his friend on the subject. Viney, like most victuallers, was more given to games of skill—billiards, shuttlecock, skittles, dominoes, and so on—than to the rude out-of-door chances of flood and field, and at first he doubted his ability to grapple with the details; but on Mr. Watchorn's assurance that he would keep him straight, he gave Mrs. Viney a key, desiring her to go into the inner cellar, and bring out a bottle of the green seal. This was ninety-shilling sherry—very good stuff to take; and, by the time they got into the second bottle, they had got into the middle of the scheme too. Viney was cautious and thought-

ful. He had a high opinion of Watchorn's sagacity, and so long as Watchorn confined himself to weights, and stakes, and forfeits, and so on, he was content to leave himself in the hands of the huntsman; but when Watchorn came to talk of "stewards," putting this person and that together, Viney's experience came in aid. Viney knew a good deal. He had not stood twisting a napkin negligently before a plate-loaded side-board without picking up a good many waifs and strays in the shape of those ins and outs, those likings and dislikings, those hatreds and jealousies, that foolish and indiscreet people let fall so freely before servants, as if for all the world the servants were sideboards themselves; and he had kept up his stock of service-gained knowledge by a liberal, though not a dignity-compromising intercourse—for there is no greater aristocrat than your out-of-livery servant—among the upper servants of all the families in the neighbourhood, so that he knew to a nicety who would pull together and who wouldn't, whose name it would not do to mention to this person, and who it would not do to apply to before that.

Neither Watchorn nor Viney being sportsmen, they thought they had nothing to do but apply to two friends who were, and after thinking over who hunted in couples, they were unfortunate enough to select our Flat Hat friends Fyle and Fossick. Fyle was indignant beyond measure at being asked to be steward to a steeple-chase, and thrust the application into the fire; while Fossick just wrote below, "I'll see you hanged first," and sent it back, without putting even a fresh head on the envelope. Nothing daunted, however, they returned to the charge, and without troubling the reader with unnecessary detail, we think it will be generally admitted that they at length made an excellent selection in Mr. Puffington, Guano, and Tom Washball.

Fortune favoured them also in getting a locality to run in, for Timothy Slyfield, of Broom Hill, whose farm commanded a good circular three miles of country, with every variety of obstacle, having thrown up his lease for a thirty per cent. reduction—a giving up that had been most unhandsomely accepted by his landlord—Timothy was most anxious to pay him off by doing every conceivable injury to the farm, than which nothing can be more promising than having a steeple-chase run over it. Slyfield, therefore, readily agreed to let Viney and Watchorn do whatever they liked, on condition that he received the entrance-money at the gate.

The name occupied their attention some time, for it did not begin as the "Aristocratic." The "Great National," the "Grand Naval and Military," the "Sportsman," the "Talli-ho," the "Out-and-Outer," the "Swell," were all considered and canvassed, and its being called the "Aristocratic" at length turned upon whether they got Lord Scamperdale to subscribe or not. This was accomplished by a deferential call by Mr. Viney upon Mr. Spraggon, with a little bill for three pound odd, which he presented, with the most urgent request that Jack wouldn't think of it then—any time that was most convenient to Mr. Spraggon—and then the introduction of the neatly-headed sheet-list. It was lucky that Viney was so easily satisfied, for poor Jack had only thirty shillings, of which he owed his washerwoman eight, and he was very glad to stuff Viney's bill into his stunner jacket pocket, and apply himself exclusively to the contemplated steeple-chase.

Like most of us, Jack had no objection to make a little money; and as he squinted his frightful eyes inside out at the paper, he thought over

what horses they had in the stable that were like the thing; and then he sounded Viney as to whether he would put him one up for nothing if he could induce his lordship to send. This, of course, Viney readily assented to, and again requesting Jack not to *think* of his little bill till it was perfectly convenient to him—a favour that Jack was pretty sure to accord him—Mr. Viney took his departure, Jack undertaking to write him the result. The next day's post brought Viney the document—unpaid, of course—with a great “Scamperdale” scrawled across the top; and forthwith it was decided that the steeple-chase should be called the “Grand Aristocratic.” Other names quickly followed, and it soon assumed an importance. Advertisements appeared in all the sporting and would-be sporting papers, headed with the imposing names of the stewards, secretary, and clerk of the course, Mr. Viney. The “Grand Aristocratic Stakes,” of 20 sovs. each, half-forfeit, and 5*l.* only if declared, &c. The winner to give two dozen of champagne to the ordinary, and the second horse to save his stake. Gentlemen riders (titled ones to be allowed 3*lb.*). Over about three miles of fine hunting country, under the usual steeple-chase conditions.

Then the game of the “Peeping Toms,” and “Sly Sams,” and “Infallible Joes,” and “Wide-awake Jems,” with their tips and distribution of prints, began; Tom counselling his numerous and daily increasing clients to get well on to No. 9 (Sardinapulus, the Bart.), while “Infallible Joe” recommended his friends and patrons to be sweet on No. 6 (Hercules), and “Wide-awake Jem” was all for something else. A gentleman who took the trouble of getting tips from half a dozen of them, found that no two of them agreed in any particular. What information to make books upon!

“But what good,” as Thackeray eloquently asks, “ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be CALIPH OMAR for a week,” says he, “I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my lord's, who is ‘in’ with Jack Snaffle's stable, and is overreaching worse-informed rogues, and swindling green-horns; down to Sam's, the butcher's boy, who books eighteen-penny odds in the tap-room, and stands to win five-and-twenty bob.”

Watchorn had a prophet of his own, one Enoch Wriggle, who, having tried his hand unsuccessfully in the tailoring, then in watercress, afterwards in the buy “'at-box, bonnet-box,” and lastly in the stale lobster and periwinkle line, had set up as an oracle on turf matters, forwarding the most accurate and infallible information to flats in exchange for half-crowns, heading his advertisement, “An honest man's the noblest work of God!” Enoch did a considerable stroke of business, and couched his advice in such dubious terms, as generally to be able to claim a victory whichever way the thing went. So the noblest work of God prospered; and from having scarcely shoes to his feet, he very soon set up a gig.

CHAPTER LXXI.

HOW THE GRAND ARISTOCRATIC CAME OFF.

STEEPLE-CHASES are generally crude, ill-arranged things. Few sportsmen will act as stewards a second time; while the victim to the popular delusion of patronising our “national sports” considers—like gentlemen who have served the office of sheriff, or road-surveyors—that once in a

lifetime is enough; hence there is always the air of amateur actorship about them. There is always something wanting or forgotten. Either they forget the ropes, or they forget the scales, or they forget the weights, or they forget the bell, or—more commonly still—some of the party forget themselves. Farmers, too, are easily satisfied with the benefits of an irresponsible mob careering over their farms, even though some of them are attired in the miscellaneous garb of hunting and racing jackets. Indeed, it is just this mixture of two sports that spoils both: steeple-chasing is neither hunting nor racing. It has not the wild excitement of the one, nor the accurately calculating qualities of the other. If we take Mr. Buck's recent interesting statement in *Bell's Life* about the Liverpool one, there is too much rascality about the whole of them, and the sooner the legislature puts them all down, the better. The very horses have a peculiar air about them—neither hunters nor hacks, nor yet exactly race-horses. Some of them, doubtless, are fine, good-looking, well-conditioned animals; but the majority are lean, lathy, sunken-eyed, woe-begone, iron-marked, desperately abused brutes, lacking all the lively energy that characterises the movements of the up-to-the-mark hunter. In the early days of steeple-chasing a popular fiction existed that the horses were hunters; and grooms and fellows used to come nicking and grinning up to masters of hounds at checks and critical times, requesting them to note that they were out, in order to ask for certificates of the horses having been "regularly hunted;" a species of regularity than which nothing could be more irregular. That nuisance, thank goodness, is abated. A steeple-chaser now generally stands on his own merits; a change for which sportsmen may be thankful.

But to our story.

The whole country was in a commotion about this "Aristocratic." The unsophisticated looked upon it as a grand *réunion* of the aristocracy, and smart bonnets and cloaks, and jackets and parasols, were ordered with the liberality incident to a distant view of Christmas. As Viney sipped his sherry-cobler of an evening, he laughed at the idea of a son of a day-labourer like himself raising such a dust. Letters came pouring in to the clerk of the course from all quarters: some asking about beds; some about breakfasts; some about stakes; some about stables; some about this thing, some about that. Every room in the Old Duke of Cumberland was speedily bespoke. Post-horses rose in price, and Dobbin and Smiler, and Jumper and Cappy, and Jessy and Tumbler, were jobbed from the neighbouring farmer, and converted for the occasion into posters. At last came the great and important day—day big with the fate of thousands of pounds, for the betting-list vermin had been plying their trade briskly throughout the kingdom, and all sorts of rumours had been raised relative to the qualities and condition of the horses.

Who doesn't know the chilling feeling of an English spring, or, rather, of a day at the turn of the year before there is any spring? Our gala-day was a perfect specimen of the order—a white frost, succeeded by a bright sun, with an east wind, warming one side of the face and starving the other. It was neither a day for fishing, nor hunting, nor coursing, nor anything but farming. The country, save where there were a few lingering patches of turnips, was all one dingy drab, with abundant scalds on the undrained fallows. The grass was more like hemp than anything else. The very rushes were yellow and sickly.

Long before mid-day the whole country was in commotion. The same sort of people turned out that one would expect to see if there was a balloon to go up, and a man to be hung at the same place. Fine ladies in all the colours of the rainbow, and swarthy, beady-eyed dames, with their stalwart, big-calved, basket-carrying comrades; genteel young people from behind the counter; Dandy Candy merchants from behind the hedge; rough-coated dandies with their silver-mounted whips; and Shaggyford roughs, in their baggy poacher-like coats and formidable clubs; carriages and four and carriages and pairs; and gigs, and dog-carts, and Whitechapels, and Newport Pagnels, and long carts, and short carts, and donkey-carts, converged from all quarters upon the point of attraction at Broom Hill.

If farmer Slyfield had made a mob, he could not have got one that would be more likely to do damage to his farm than this steeple-chase one. Nor was the assemblage confined to the people of the country, for the Granddiddle Junction, by its connexion with the great network of railways, enabled all patrons of this truly national sport to sweep down upon the spot like flocks of wolves; and train after train disgorged a generous mixture of sharps and flats, commingling with coatless, baggy-breeched vagabonds, the emissaries most likely of the Peeping Toms and Greedy Joes, if not the worthies themselves.

"Dear, but it's a *noble* sight!" exclaimed Viney to Watchorn, as they sat on their horses, below a rickety green-baize covered scaffold, labelled, "GRAND STAND; admission, Two-and-sixpence," raised against Slyfield's stack-yard wall, eyeing the population pouring in from all parts. "Dear, but it's a *noble* sight!" said he, shading the sun from his eyes, and endeavouring to identify the different vehicles in the distance. "Yonder's the 'bus comin' again," said he, looking towards the station, "loaded like a market-gardener's turnip waggon. That'll *pay*," added he, with a knowing leer at the landlord of the Hen Angel, Newington Butts. "And who have we here, with the four horses and sky-blue flunkies? Jawleyford, as I live!" added he, answering himself; adding, "The beggar had better pay me what he owes."

How great Mr. Viney was! Some people, who have never had anything to do with horses, think it incumbent upon them, when they have, to sport top-boots, and accordingly, for the first time in his life, Viney appears in a pair of remarkably hard, tight, country-made boots, above which are a pair of baggy white cords, with the dirty finger-marks of the tailor. He sports a single-breasted green cutaway coat, with basket-buttons, a black satin roll-collared waistcoat, and a new white silk hat, which shines in the bright sun like a fish-kettle. His blue-striped kerchief is secured by a butterfly brooch. Who ever saw an innkeeper that could resist a brooch?

He is riding a miserable rat of a badly-clipped mouse-coloured pony, that looks like a velocipede under him.

His companion, Mr. Watchorn, is very great, and hardly condescends to know the country people who claim his acquaintance as a huntsman. He is an *Hotel Keeper*—master of the Hen Angel, Newington Butts. Enoch Wriggle stands beside them, dressed in the imposing style of a cockney sportsman. He has been puffing Sir Danapalus (the Bart.) in public, and taking all the odds he can get against him in private. Watchorn knows that it is easier to make a horse lose than win. The restless-looking, lynx-eyed caitiff, in the dirty green shawl, with his

hands stuffed into the front pockets of the brown bear-skin coat, is their jockey, the renowned Captain Hangallows; he answers to the name of Sam Slick in Mr. Spavin the horse-dealer's yard in Oxford-street, when not in the country on similar excursions to the present. And now in the throng on the principal line are two conspicuous horses—a piebald and a white—carrying Mr. Sponge and Lucy Glitters. Lucy appears as she did on the frosty day hunt, glowing with health and beauty, and rather straining Lady Scattercash's habit with the additional *emboupoint* she has acquired by early hours in the country. She has made Mr. Sponge a white silk jacket to ride in, which he has on under his waistcoat, and a cap of the same colour in his hard hat. He has discarded the gosling-green cords for cream-coloured leathers, and, to please Lucy, has actually substituted a pair of rose-tinted tops for the "hogany bouts." Altogether he is a great swell, and very like the bridegroom.

But see—there's a crash! The leaders of Sir Harry Scattercash's drag start at a blind fiddler's dog stationed at the gate leading into the fields, a wheel catches the post, and in an instant the sham captains are scattered about the road: Bouncey on his head, Seedeystick across the wheelers, Quod on his back, and Sir Harry astride the gate. Meanwhile, the old fiddler, regardless of the shouts of the men and the shrieks of the ladies, scrapes away with the appropriate tune of "The Devil among the Tailors!" A rush to the horses' heads arrests further mischief, the dislodged captains are at length righted, the nerves of the ladies composed, and Sir Harry once more essays to drive them up the hill to the stand. That feat being accomplished, then came the unloading, and consternation, and huddling of the tight-laced occupants at the idea of these female *women* coming amongst them, and the usual peeping, and spying, and eyeing of the "creatures." "What impudence!" "Well, I think!" "'Pon my word!" "What next!" exclamations that were pretty well lost upon the fair objects of them amid the noise and flutter and confusion of the scene. But hark! What's up now?

"Hooray!" "hooray!" "*h-o-o-o-ray!*" "Three cheers for the Squire—*h-o-o-o-ray!*" Old Puff as we live! The "amazin' instance of a pop'lar man" greeted by the Swillingford snobs. The old frostbitten dandy is flattered by the cheers, and bows condescendingly ere he alights from the well-appointed mail phaeton. See how graciously the ladies receive him, as, having ascended the stairs, he appears among them. "A man is never too old to marry" is their maxim.

The cry is still, "They come! they come!" See at a hand-gallop, with his bay pony in a white lather, rides Pacey, grinning from ear to ear, with his red-backed betting-book peeping out of the breast pocket of his brown cutaway. He is staring and gaping to see who is looking at him.

Pacey has made such a book as none but a wooden-headed boy like himself could make. He has been surfeited with tips. Peeping Tom had advised him to back Daddy Longlegs; and, *nullus error*, Sneaking Joe has counselled him that the "Baronet" will be "California without cholera, and gold without danger;" while Jemmy something, the jockey, who advertises that his "tongue is not for falsehood framed," has urged him to back Pavo to half the amount of the national debt.

Altogether, Pacey has made such a mess that he cannot possibly win, and may lose almost any sum from a thousand pounds down to a hundred and eighty. Mr. Sponge has got well on with him, through the medium of Jack Spraggon.

Pacey is now going to what he calls "compare"—see that he has got his bets booked right; and, throwing his right leg over his pony's neck, blobs on to the ground, and leaving the pony to take care of itself, disappears in the crowd.

What a hubbub! what roarings, and shoutings, and recognisings! "Bless my heart! who'd have thought of seeing you?" and, "By jingo! what's sent you here?"

"My dear Waffles," cries Jawleyford, rushing up to our Laverick Wells friend (who is looking very debauched), "I'm overjoyed to see you. Do come up-stairs and see Mrs. Jawleyford and the dear girls. It was only last night we were talking about you." And so Jawleyford hurries Mr. Waffles off, just as he is *in extremis* about his horse.

Looking around the scene there seems to be everybody that we have had the pleasure of introducing to the reader in the course of Mr. Sponge's Tour. Mr. and Mrs. Springwheat in their dog-cart, Mrs. Springey looking as though they had forgotten that wheat was "still below forty, my lord;" old Jog and his handsome wife in the ugly old phaeton, well garnished with children, and a couple of sticks in the rough peeping out of the apron, Gustavus James held up in his mother's arms, with the curly blue feather nodding over his nose. There is also Farmer Peastraw, who gave poor Jog such a rowing; and faces that a patient inspection enables us to appropriate to Dribble, and Hook, and Capon, and Calcot, and Lumpleg, and Crane of Crane Hall, and Charley Slapp of red-coat times—people look so different in plain clothes to what they do in hunting ones. Here, too, is George Cheek, running down with perspiration, having run over from Dr. Latheringington's, for which he will most likely "catch it" when he gets back.

Hark! there's a row below the stand, and Viney is seen in a state of excitement inquiring for Mr. Washball. Pacey has objected to a gentleman rider, and Guano and Puffington have differed on the point. A nice, slim, well-put-on lad (Buckram's roughrider) has come to the scales and claimed to be allowed 3lbs. as the Honourable Captain Boville. Finding the point questioned, he abandons the "handle," and sinks into plain Captain Boville. Pacey now objects to him altogether.

"S-c-e-u-s-e me, sir; s-c-e-u-s-e me, sir," simpers our friend Dick Bragg, sidling up to the objector with a sort of tendency of his turn-back-wristed hand to his hat—"s-c-e-u-s-e me, sir; s-c-e-u-s-e me," repeats he, "but I think you are wrong in objecting to Captain Boville, sir, as a gen'l'man rider, sir."

"*Why?*" demands Pacey, in the full flush of victory.

"Oh, sir—because, sir—in fact, sir—he is a gen'l'man, sir."

"Is a gentleman! How do you know?" demands Pacey, in the same tone as before.

"Oh, sir, he's a gen'l'man—an undoubted gen'l'man. Everything about him shows that. Does nothing—breeches by Anderson—boots by Bartley; besides which, he drinks wine every day, and has a whole box of cigars in his bedroom. But don't take my word for it, pray," continued Bragg, seeing Pacey was wavering; "don't take my word for it, pray. There's a countryman of his somewhere about," added he, looking anxiously into the surrounding crowd—"there's a countryman of his somewhere about, if we could but find him," Bragg standing on his tiptoes, and exclaiming, "Mr. Buckram! Mr. Buckram! Has anybody seen anything of Mr. Buckram?"

"*Here!*" replied a meek voice from behind; upon which there was an elbowing through the crowd, and presently a most respectable, rosy-gilled, grey-haired, country gentleman-looking man, attired in a new blue coat, with bright buttons and a velvet collar, with a fancy waistcoat, came twirling an ash-stick in one hand, and fumbling the silver in his drab trousers' pocket with the other, in front of the bystanders.

"Oh! 'ere he is!" exclaimed Bragg, appealing to the stranger with a hasty "*You know Captin Boville, don't you?*"

"Why, now, as to the matter of that," replied the gentleman, gathering all the loose silver up into his hand, and speaking very slowly, just as a country gentleman, who has all the livelong day to do nothing in, may be supposed to speak—"why, now, as to the matter of that," said he, eyeing Pacey intently, and beginning to drop the silver slowly as he spoke, "I can't say that I've any very 'ticklar 'quaintance with the captin. I knows him, in course, just as one knows a neighbour's son. The captin's a good deal younger," continued he, raising his new eight-and-sixpenny Parisian, as if to show his grey hair, "nor me. I'm a'most sixty; and he, I dare say, is little more nor twenty," dropping a half-crown as he said it. "But the captin's a nice young gent—a nice young gent, without any blandishment, I should say; and that's more nor one can say of all young gents now-a-days," said Buckram, looking at Pacey as he spoke, and dropping two consecutive half-crowns.

"Why, but you live near him, don't you?" interrupted Bragg.

"Near him," repeated Buckram, feeling his well-shaven chin thoughtfully. "Why, yes—that's to say, near his dad. The fact is," continued he, "I've a little independence of my own," dropping a heavy five-shilling piece as he said it, "and his father—old Bo, as I call him—adjoins me; and if either of us 'appen to have a *battue*, or a 'aunch of wenzun, and a few friends, we inwite each other, and wicey wersey, you know," letting off a lot of shillings and sixpences. And just at the moment the blind fiddler struck up "*The Devil among the Tailors*," when the shouts and laughter of the mob closed the scene.

And now gentlemen, who heretofore have shown no more of the jockey than Cinderella's feet, in the early part of the pantomime, disclose of her ball attire, suddenly cast off the pea-jackets and bearskin wraps, and shawls and over-coats of winter, and shine forth in all the silken flutter of summer heat.

We know of no more humiliating sight than misshapen gentlemen playing at jockeys. Playing at soldiers is bad enough, but playing at jockeys is infinitely worse—above all, playing at steeple-chase jockeys, combining, as they generally do, all the worst features of the hunting-field and racecourse—unsympathising boots and breeches, dirty jackets that never fit, and caps that won't keep on. What a farce to see the great bulky fellows go to scale with their saddles strapped round their waists, as if to illustrate the impossibility of putting a round of beef upon a pudding-plate.

But the weighed in ones are mounting. See, there's Jack Spraggon getting a hoist on to Daddy Longlegs. Did ever mortal see such a man for a jockey? He has cut off the laps of a stunner tartan shooting-jacket, and looks like a backgammon board. He has got his head into an old gold-banded military foraging cap, which comes down almost on to the rims of his great tortoiseshell spectacles. Lord Scamperdale stands with his hand on the horse's mane, talking earnestly to Jack,

doubtless giving him his final instructions. Other jockeys emerge from various parts of the farm-buildings; some out of stables; some out of cow-houses; others out of cart-sheds. The scene becomes enlivened with the varied colours of the riders—red, yellow, green, blue, violet and stripes without end. Then comes the usual difficulty of identifying the parties, many of whose mothers wouldn't know them.

"That's Captain Tongs," observes Miss Simperley, "in the blue. I remember dancing with him at Bath, and he did nothing but talk about steeple-chasing."

"And who's that in yellow?" asks Miss Hardy.

"That's Captain Gander," replies the gentleman on her left.

"Well, I think he'll win," replies the lady.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves he doesn't," snaps Miss Moore, who fancies Captain Pusher, in the pink,

"What a squat little jockey!" exclaims Miss Hamilton, as a little dumpling of a man in Lincoln green is led past the stand on a fine bay horse, some one recognising the rider as our old friend Caingey Thornton.

"And who comes here?" whispers Miss Jawleyford to her sister, as Mr. Sponge, having accomplished a mount without derangement of temper, rides Hercules quietly past the stand, his whip-hand resting on his thigh, and his head turned to his fair companion on the white.

"Oh, the *wretch*!" replies Miss Amelia; and the fair sisters look at Lucy and him with the utmost disgust.

Mr. Sponge might be doubled up by falls half a dozen times before either of them would suggest the propriety of having him bled.

Lucy's cheeks are rather blanched with the "pale cast of thought," for she is not sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of steeple-chasing to know that it is often quite as good for a man to lose as to win, though in this case it was Mr. Sponge's interest to win if he could. Perhaps, however, Lucy was thinking of the peril, not the profits of the thing.

The young ladies on the stand eye her with mingled feelings of pity and disdain, while the elderly ones shake their heads, call her a bold hussy—declare she's not so pretty—that they wouldn't have come if they'd "known," &c. &c.

But it is half-past two (an hour and a half after time), and there is at last a disposition evinced by some of the parties to go to the post. Broad-backed particoloured jockeys are seen converging that way, and the betting-men close in, getting more and more clamorous for odds. What a hubbub! How they bellow! How they roar! A universal deafness would seem to have come over the whole of them. "Seven to one agin the Bart.!" screams one—"I'll take eight!" roars another—"Five to one agen Herc'les!" cries a third—"Done!" roars a fourth—"Twice over!" rejoins the other—"Done!" replies the taker—"Ar'll take five to one again the Daddy!"—"I'll lay six!"—"What'll any one lay again Pavo?" And so they raise such an uproar that the *squeak, squeak, squeak* of "The Devil among the Tailors" is hardly heard.

Then, in a partial lull, the voice of Lord Scamperdale is heard, exclaiming, "Oh, you infernal Puritanical-looking Philistine! you think, because I'm a lord, and can't swear, or use coarse language——" And again the hubbub, led on by the "Devil among the Tailors," drowns the exclamations of the speaker. It's that Pacey again; he's accusing the virtuous Mr. Spraggon of handing his extra weight to Lord Scamperdale,

and Jack, in the full consciousness of injured guilt, intimates that *there's* "only *one* way of settling that, and that he'll be ready for him half an hour after the race."

At length the horses are all out—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—fifteen of them, moving about in all directions; some taking an up-gallop, others a down; some a spicy trot, others walking to and fro; while one has still his muzzle on, lest he should unship his rider and eat him; and another's groom follows, imploring the mob to keep off his heels if they value their limbs and their lives. The noisy bell at length summons the scattered forces to the post, and the variegated riders form into as good a line as circumstances will allow. Just as Mr. Sponge turns his horse's head Lucy hands him her little silver sherry-flask, which our friend drains to the dregs. As he returns it, with a warm pressure of her soft hand, a pent-up flood of tears burst their bounds and suffuse her lustrous eyes. She turns away to hide her emotion; at the same instant a wild shout rends the air—"They're off!"

Thirteen get away, one turns tail altogether, and our friend in the Lincoln green is left performing a *pas seul*, asking the rearing horse, with an oath, if he thinks "he stole him?" while the mob shout and roar; and one wicked wag advises him to pay the difference, and get inside.

But what a display of horsemanship is exhibited by the flyers! Tongs comes off at the first fence, the horse making for a pond, while the rest rattle on in a mass. The second fence is small, but there's a ditch on the far side, and Pusher and Gander severally measure their lengths on the rushy pasture beyond. Still there are ten left, and nobody ever reckoned upon these getting to the far end.

"Master wins, for a 'under'd!" exclaims Leather, as, getting into the third field, he sees Mr. Sponge take a decided lead; and Lucy, encouraged by the sound, looks up, and sees her "white jacket" throwing the dry fallow in the faces of the field.

"Oh! how I hope he will!" exclaims she, clasping her hands, with upturned eyes; but when she ventures on another look, she sees old Spraggon drawing upon him, Hangallows's flaming red jacket not far off, and several others nearer than she liked. Still the tail was beginning to form. Another fence, and that a big one, draws it out. A striped jacket is down, and the horse, after a vain effort to rise, sinks lifeless on the ground. On they go all the same!

There are now five to the fore—Sponge, Spraggon, Hangallows, Boville, and another; and already the pace begins to slacken. It wasn't possible to run it at the rate they started. Spraggon makes a desperate effort to get the lead; and Sponge, seeing Boville handy, pulls his horse, and lets the light weight make play over a rough, heavy fallow with the chestnut. Jack spurs and flogs, and grins and foams at the mouth. Thus they get half round the circular course. They are now directly in front of the hill, and the spectators gaze with intense anxiety;—now vociferating the name of this horse, now of that; now shouting "Red jacket!" now "white!" while the blind fiddler perseveres with the old tune—"The Devil among the Tailors."

"Now they come to the brook!" exclaims Leather, who has been over the ground; and as he speaks, Lucy distinctly sees Mr. Sponge's gather and effort to clear it; and—oh, horror! the horse falls—he's down—no,

he's up!—and her lover's in his seat again; and she flatters herself it was the sherry that saved him. *Splash!*—a horse and rider duck under; three get over; two more go in; now another clears it, and the rest turn tail.

What splashing and screaming, and whipping and spurring, and how hopeless the chances of any of them to recover their lost ground. The race is now clearly between five. Now for the wall! It's five feet high, built of heavy blocks, and strong in the staked out part. As he nears it, Jack sits well back, gets Daddy Longlegs well by the head, and gives him a refresher with the whip. It is his last move! His horse comes, neck and croup, over upon him, rolling Jack up like a ball of worsted on the far side. At the same moment, Multum in Pavo goes at it full tilt, and, not rising an inch, sends Captain Boville flying one way, his saddle another, himself a third, and the stones all ways. Mr. Sponge then slips through, closely followed by Hangallows and a jockey in yellow, with a tail of three after them again. They then put on all the steam they can raise over the twenty-acre pasture that follows.

The white!—the red!—the yaller!—the red!—the white!—the yaller! and anybody's race! A sheet would cover them!—crack! whack! crack!—how they flog!

Many of the excited spectators begin halloaing and straddling and working their arms as if their gestures and vociferations would assist the race. Lord Scamperdale stands transfixed. He is staring through his great barnacles at the awkwardly lying ball that represents Jack Spraggon.

"*By God!*" says he, in an under tone to himself, "*I believe he's killed!*" And thereupon he swung down the stand stairs, rushed to his horse, and clapping spurs to his sides, struck across country to where he lay.

Long before he got there the increased uproar of the spectators announced the final struggle; and, looking over his shoulder, he saw white jacket hugging his horse home, closely followed by red, and shooting past the winning-post.

"D—n that Mr. Sponge!" growled he, as the cheers of the winners closed the scene.

CHAPTER LXXII.

HOW OTHER THINGS CAME OFF.

'TWERE hard to say whether Lucy's joy or Lord Scamperdale's grief was most overpowering. Each found relief in a copious flood of tears. Lucy sobbed and laughed, and sobbed and laughed again; and seemed as if her little heart would burst its bounds. The mob, ever open to sentiment—especially the sentiment of beauty—cheered and shouted as she rode with her lover from the winning to the weighing-post.

"A', she's a *bonny 'un!*" exclaimed a countryman, looking up in her face.

"That she is!" cried another, doing the same.

"Three cheers for the lady!" shouted a tall Shaggyford rough, taking off his woolly cap, and waving it.

"*Hoo-ray! hoo-ray! hoo-ray!*" shouted a group of flannel-clad navvies.

"Three for white jacket!" then roared a blue-coated butcher, who had won as many half-crowns.—Three were given for the winner.

"Throw us a trifle to drink the lady's health!" cried a navvy; an appeal that even Mr. Sponge could not resist. He absolutely chucked them a sovereign!

"Long life to yer 'oner!" cried a ragged Irishman, catching the sovereign as it fell, when the mob instantly downed him for it.

"Oh, my poor dear Jack!" exclaimed his lordship, throwing himself off his horse, and wringing his hands in despair, as a select party of thimble-riggers, who had gone to Jack's assistance, raised him up, and turned his ghastly face, with his eyes squinting inside out, and the foam still on his mouth, full upon him. "Oh, my poor dear Jack!" repeated his lordship, sinking on his knees beside him, and grasping his cold, stiff hand as he spoke. His lordship sunk overpowered upon the body.

The thimble-riggers availed themselves of the opportunity to ease his lordship and Jack of their watches and the few shillings they had about them.

When a lord is in distress, consolation is never long in coming; and his lordship had hardly got over the first paroxysms of grief, and gathered up Jack's cap and the fragments of his spectacles together, ere Jawleyford, who had noticed his abrupt departure from the stand, and scurry across country, arrived at the spot. His lordship was still in the full agony of woe; still grasping and bedewing Jack's cold hand with his tears.

"Oh, my dear Jack! Oh, my dear Jawleyford! Oh, my dear Jack!" sobbed he, as he mopped the fast-chasing tears from his grizly cheeks with a cheap pocket-handkerchief. "Oh, my dear Jack! Oh, my dear Jawleyford! Oh, my dear Jack!" repeated he, as a fresh flood spread o'er the rugged surface. "Oh, what a tr—tr—trump he was. Shall never get such another. Nobody could s—s—lang a fi—fi—field as he could;" and then his feelings wholly choked his utterance as he recollected how easily he was satisfied; how he could dine off tripe and cow-heel, mop up fat porridge for breakfast, and never grumbled at being put on a bad horse.

The news of a man being killed soon reached the hill, and drew the attention of the mob from our hero and heroine, causing such a spread of population over the farm as must have been highly gratifying to Slyfield, who stood watching the crashing of the fences and the demolition of the gates, thinking how he was paying his landlord off.

Seeing the rude, unmannerly character of the mob, Jawleyford got his lordship by the arm, and led him away towards the hill, his lordship reeling, rather than walking, and indulging in all sorts of wild, incoherent cries and lamentations.

"Sing out, Jack! sing out!" he would exclaim, as if in the agony of having his hounds ridden over; then, checking himself, he would shake his head and say, "Ah, poor Jack, poor Jack! shall never look upon his like again—shall never get such a man to read the riot act and keep all square." And then a fresh gush of tears flooded his grizly face.

His nerves were so dreadfully shattered that he stepped into Jawleyford's carriage and was driven to Jawleyford Court almost unconsciously, where he remained long enough for Mrs. Jawleyford to persuade him that he would be far better married, and that either of her amiable daughters would make him an excellent wife. His lordship, after mature consideration, and many most scrutinising stares at both of them through his formidable spectacles, and wondering which would be least likely to ruin him, decided upon taking the youngest; whereupon our old friend

Puff became so suddenly sensible, either of the merits of miss, or of the advantage of having a lord for a brother-in-law, that he immediately offered to the sister. So far, therefore, as promoting the interests of matrimony, the "Aristocratic" did not do amiss. We may here add, though we hope Sir Charles Wood will not touch us up for the advertisement duty, that Puff's hounds may be had for a trifle, and Bragg will be thrown into the bargain.

The minor casualties of those few butchering spasmodic moments may be briefly dismissed, though they were more numerous than most sportsmen see out hunting in a lifetime.

One horse broke his back, another was drowned, Multum in Pavo was cut all to pieces, his rider had two ribs and a thumb broken, while Farmer Slyfield's stack-yard was fired by some of the itinerant tribe, and all its uninsured contents destroyed—so that his landlord was not the only person who suffered by the grand occasion.

Nor was this all, for Mr. Numboy, the coroner, hearing of Jack's death, with the usual eye to business, insisted on holding an inquest on the body, and having empannelled a matter-of-fact jury—men who didn't see the advantage of steeple-chasing, either in a political, commercial, agricultural, or national point of view, and who, having surveyed the line and found every fence dangerous, and the wall and brook doubly so, returned a verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Viney for setting it out, who was forthwith committed to the county gaol of Limbo Castle for trial at the ensuing assizes, from whence, as the benevolent clerk of the arraigns will feelingly say, "God send him a good deliverance."

And now for a few words on the real object of these performances—the £ s. d.

After a great event—a Derby, Oaks, or Leger—indeed, now, after some of the smaller fry, the newspapers generally devote a neat paragraph or two to what is called "the settling." We wish we could, with any degree of propriety, introduce so agreeable a scene into our narrative, but truth compels us to state that the settling was almost purely hypothetical. Where all parties go to win, it is clear that none make arrangements to pay; and such was the case on the present occasion. Many of the hardy "tips" sounded the loud trumpet of victory, proclaiming that their innumerable friends had feathered their nests through their agency; but Peeping Tom, and Sneaking Joe, and Enoch Wriggle, the "Honest Man," &c., found it convenient to bolt from their respective establishments, carrying with them their large fire-screens, camp-stools, and boards for posting up their lists, and set up in new names in other quarters; while the "Hen Angel" was shortly afterwards closed, and the presentation tureen made into white soup.

And now we fancy we hear some impatient reader, seeing us gathering our ends for a close, exclaim, "Well, well, well, but where's the point—where's the point of all this rigmarole?"

Gentle reader, there is no point, unless, indeed, you will have the kindness to deduce for yourself as points that hack-hunters are not, in fashionable phraseology, the pleasantest "conveyances" in the world; that steeple-chases are generally got up by knaves to pigeon fools; that it is easier to win money than to get it paid, and that it is not every man who sports a red coat, even though he append a pair of brown bouts, that is worth the ladies' looking after. And with these very sensible remarks, we tender our most respectful ADIEUS!

“ DANDY NATS ” COURTSHIP.

BY ALFRED COLE.

“ DANDY NAT ” was the sobriquet facetiously and descriptively bestowed on Mr. Nathaniel Higgins of our village. Mr. Higgins was a barber—I beg his pardon, a hairdresser; for you could hardly offend the little man more seriously than by applying the former coarse term to his “ profession.” Imaginative tailors are said to have souls above buttons. Mr. Higgins had a soul above lather and shaving-cloths. It is true that his limited means and the smallness of the patronage to be obtained in so humble a place as “ our village,” forced him to handle the razor and the strop as well as the scissors and the curling-irons; but he always averred that, when lathering the visages of country bumpkins (at 1*d.* per visage), and rasping off their stubbly beards, his soul was not in his occupation—his thoughts were far away. I am inclined to believe him; for an unlucky ploughman once averred that the romantic tonsor, while in the act of shaving him, had suddenly squeezed his nose with such intense force as to make him sneeze violently, thereby bringing the injured feature into such forcible contact with the razor, as nearly to amputate his organ of smelling at one blow.

“ Pardon, pardon ! ” shouted the unhappy Higgins, in an agony of alarm at what he had done. “ Oh ! I was thinking of *her*.”

“ Thinking of *her* ! ” growled and sputtered the unfortunate ploughman, holding his nose so tight to his face that he appeared doubtful whether it would not tumble off if he let go his hold; “ thinking of *her* ! well, dang it if I’d loike to *be* *her*, if that’s the way you squeeedges *her* nose.”

Very different was the case when Miss Tadpole, the daughter of Squire Tadpole, sent for Mr. Higgins to come to Tadpole Hall, and “ do *her* hair ” for a race-ball or a dinner at the county member’s. Then, indeed, the hairdresser’s whole heart was in his task; he gave the reins to his imagination; but it was only to bring its workings to bear upon the subject of his duties; only that his genius might devise some new and artistic grouping of the side curls, some never-before-attempted fold of the top-knot of the “ bell chevreloor ” (as he termed it) of the carrot-headed Miss Wilhelmina Tadpole.

It will naturally be inferred from the sobriquet bestowed on our friend, that he was very careful of his personal appearance; and such was the case. Not only were his own hair and whiskers brushed, oiled, curled, and arranged with a precision and an eye to effect, that rendered them living and moving evidences of his professional skill, but in every portion of his dress he was no less particular. When, doffing the tonsorial apron, he prepared to sally forth for a walk in our village, he might be seen arrayed in brilliant nankeen “ unmentionables,” violet sprig-pattern waistcoat, and coat of bright bottle-green, with brass buttons; a white hat, Berlin gloves, variegated neckcloth (crimson the predominating colour), and shoes with the largest of ties of the broadest of riband. The hat was worn slightly on one side; and in his hand was flourished a cane of slender dimensions, surmounted by an “ albata ” top, representing the head of an animal, supposed, by charitable zoologists,

to be meant for a fox. His person was not by any means commanding, though Nat himself believed it to be graceful; neither was his face, judged by ordinary standards, handsome; indeed, it was so extremely puny-looking, that it seemed as though all the vital energy of his body had been exhausted on his hair.

In our village there also resided a young seamstress, who, by her own labour, supported herself and her bedridden mother. She was a remarkably pretty girl, with a merry voice, a laughing eye, and one of those brilliant complexions which defy the evil influences of hard work and close confinement in-doors. Many were the admirers and lovers of pretty Mary Jenkins. But either Mary was too fastidious in her taste, or too cold-hearted to care for the swains who said they were dying for her. At all events, not one among them could boast of any marks of her preference; and one or two who had been bold enough to "pop the question," had met with decided refusals; though they confessed, that it had been done with such consideration for their feelings by Mary, that they loved her better than ever after they had ceased to hope that she would smile on their suit.

Mr. Nathaniel Higgins was decidedly sentimental. Therefore, as a matter of course, he imagined himself very desperately in love with the fascinating Mary. Like sentimental young gentlemen of all classes, no sooner did the idea of his being the victim of the tender passion seize him, than he began to write poetry. It is a singular fact, that sentimental men always fancy that bad verses have a greater effect than good prose on the female mind; consequently Mr. Higgins, having finished off five or six "shavings" one morning, sat himself down with a steel pen, a penny bottle of ink, and a clean sheet of note-paper, and determined "to give vent to his feelings," as he said, in poetry. And here, we may remark, that it has always struck us that it must be exceedingly annoying to a gentleman of a romantic turn of mind seeking to express his "burning thoughts" in verse, to be eternally brought to a "pull-up" for want of a rhyme. Perhaps it is our own want of poetical inspiration that has put this very prosaic idea into our head. Certainly, we did once attempt to perpetrate an amatory effusion in verse, but when we sought for a rhyme to "Cupid," the only one we could hit on was "stupid." It looked ominous; so we refrained, and have stuck to prose ever since. But we are digressing.

After four hours' intense labour our friend Nat had produced the following offspring of his brain:

Lovely girl, you've won my heart:
Oh, if you only knew the smart
Which you've given to that part!
Dare I tell you all I feel?
Dare I on the hearth-rug kneel
At your feet, and tell you then
I'm the wretchedest of men
If you will not deign to bless
Him that is in such distress?

Beauteous Mary! hear me swear
By that lovely head of hair,
Which these fingers dress'd one day
For the ball on first of May,
How I love you, on the whole,
Better than my heart and soul.

If you'll only deign to give
 One small smile, I'll happy live.
 But, if you reject my prayer,
 Mary, not another hair
 Shall these wretched fingers dress—
 I'll die! but love you none the less!"

How many sheets of paper the poet spoilt in copying out this beautiful production of his genius is not recorded, but it is to be feared that their cost equalled the proceeds of several "shaves," "cuttings," "curlings," and "dressings." At length, however, the feat was accomplished; and, although one or two "h's" got blotted in the bows, and one or two "y's" kicked their neighbours in an unpleasant manner, Mr. Higgins was altogether proud of his calligraphy.

Folding the note carefully, and sticking it into the pocket of the sprig-pattern waistcoat, after an elaborate toilet "Dandy Nat" sallied forth to visit the fair milliner.

Bolder men than Nathaniel Higgins have felt something very like trepidation when approaching the habitation where "dwells the lady of their love"—at all events, before the delicate question has been asked and answered in the affirmative. It will readily be believed, therefore, that the hairdresser's legs shook under him in the most absurd style; and his hand trembled so violently as he laid hold of the little brass knocker of Mrs. Jenkins's door, that the rap he gave was almost involuntary, and sent forth a little quivering sound, as if the head of the knocker was having a quiet laugh at his agitated appearance.

Mary herself opened the door, and with a smiling and blushing countenance begged the visitor to enter. Nat stammered out something intended for a greeting, and followed her into the parlour, treading on the tail of a slumbering cat, which forthwith struck her claws into his nan-keens. Mara dragged off the cat and beat it; but it was evident that this little incident had by no means tended to strengthen the poor man's nerves.

"Nice day, miss," said Nat, bolting out the words.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Higgins? I'm afraid its raining a little."

Poor Nat had made a bad shot, so he was obliged to say he rather liked rain than otherwise.

There was a long pause, after which Mary inquired, "Are you going to the dance next Monday, Mr. Higgins?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Nat, very quickly; and then, suddenly checking himself, "that is—no—at least, I'm not certain. It depends on one thing——" Here he stammered, and looked so queer that Miss Jenkins inquired if he was ill.

"Oh, no! That is—yes—not exactly—but *here*, you see——" stut-tered the little man, laying his hand on his waistcoat.

"A pain in the chest?" said Mary, looking quite unconscious. "Colds are so very much about. Have you ever tried those new wafers that Mr. Drugs sells?"

"N-o-o-o," said poor Nat; "not exactly. You see it's not *that*; its not a *bodily* illness——" And here he put on such a diabolical leer that Mary could scarcely tell whether to laugh or scream. She certainly thought he was mad.

"Pray, Mr. Higgins, excuse me," she said, "but I really must go to poor mamma." And she rose to depart.

"Oh, yes—exactly so—good-by—stay, Miss Jenkins." He fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, thrust a piece of paper into her hands, saying, "*Read that,*" with a half despairing look, and rushed out of the house, nearly breaking his neck over the sleepy cat, who, however, had no time to stick her claws against his nankeens before he escaped.

In an agony of mind "Dandy Nat" rushed back to his own shop. He was dreadfully afraid that he had not made a favourable impression. He began to wonder why he had not said half a hundred fine things that seemed to come so naturally into his head now. He tried to recollect what he *had* said; but he could recollect nothing, except that his leg was still sore from the indentation of the cat's claws.

"Confound the cat!" he muttered. "It was she that put everything out of my head. Well, never mind; if that girl has a heart, I don't think she'll resist those verses."

With this gratifying reflection he consoled himself, and fell into a fit of musing, which lasted half an hour. He was then aroused by a boy knocking at his door, and, on opening it, a letter was thrust into his hand. "From Miss Jenkins," the urchin said, "and no answer."

With trembling hands he seized the sweet missive, and, bolting his door, broke the seal and opened it. An inclosure fell to the ground; but before stooping to pick it up, he read the note, which was in *her* handwriting, as follows:

"Miss Jenkins's compliments to Mr. Higgins, and returns him the paper he left with Miss J. She cannot understand what Mr. Higgins could mean in giving the note to her, as it cannot possibly be any affair of hers. If Mr. Higgins means that he is in want of a small loan, no doubt her mamma will be happy to supply Mr. Higgins; but he really should apply in a less extraordinary manner."

A horrid doubt seized poor Higgins as he read this letter. He thrust his hand into his waistcoat-pocket. The *verses were still there!* He picked up the inclosure which had fallen from Mary's note. Alas! it was a dunning epistle from the laundress that washed and *did* for him.

"Mr. higgins

"sir—i doante konsidur yor condick bekummin of a jentelman not too menshun an aredressur not to pay me the 2 and 9 has you o me so long a poore loan widdur and shal summins you too Cownte Korte if not pade at wunce
"mare jones."

The unhappy Nat never moved for half an hour after this horrid catastrophe. His first sane action was to rush off to the nearest railway station and book himself for London. He has never visited "our village" since that day; but to his honour be it said, though he always vows that "mare jones" blighted the hopes of his heart, he *did* settle accounts with his laundress.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

It is an unusual thing in the annals of European diplomacy, and in the vicissitudes of international affairs, to see the foreign policy of Russia unsuccessful. No other power has ever acquired so undisputed a reputation for depth of conception in its designs, and for skill in their execution, as she has established during the lapse of little more than a century. Past events undoubtedly warrant this conclusion to a certain extent, for few acquisitions of territory have been obtained by the Czars through military superiority; and predominant influence in foreign states has in more than one instance been founded and maintained by them, without an open cessation of amicable relations with their competitors. Negotiation has even, occasionally, secured to Russia advantages which the force of arms had failed in achieving, and so thoroughly versed is she in the art of turning defeat into victory, that she has sometimes gained more at the point of the pen than at that of the sword. Courland and Livonia, Bothnia, Finland, the greater part of Poland, the Crimea, and the Ukraine, were all successively annexed to the growing empire with the most consummate address; even the peace of Tilsit conferred on it an accession of territory, although produced by the disasters of Austerlitz and Friedland; and in 1812, when the Russian army was driven across the Danube by the Turkish troops of the celebrated Ahmed Aga, and when their own country was threatened by the most gigantic invasion of modern times, under a leader such as Napoleon Bonaparte, a treaty was concluded by which their frontier was pushed from the Niester to the Pruth. It is true, however, that in this latter capitulation, which deprived the Sultan of the half of one of his provinces, he was betrayed by Mourousi, a Greek, who paid for his treachery with his head, but the Russians have never shown themselves over-scrupulous about the means, provided their end be attained, and this circumstance may more justly be considered as an example of their clever diplomacy than as an exception to their general system.

Nous avons changé tout cela, like Molière's *Medecin malgré lui*, when he was detected feeling for his patient's heart on the right side; *tempora mutantur*, &c., and in the very town where Bessarabia was separated by treaty from the Moldavian territory of the Ottoman Empire and incorporated with Russia, the policy of the Czar has suffered continual discomfiture by that of the Sultan.

General Duhamel, the political agent attached to the Russian army of occupation in the Danubian Provinces, has met with more than his match at Bucharest in the person of Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, the Turkish commissioner. Not only has each thrust been parried, and all attacks have been foiled, but every inch of ground disputed has been won by the champion of Islam.

An attempt to foment an insurrection, or at least to represent the semblance of one, which was made last summer for the purpose of proving the necessity of the Russian military occupation, resulted in total failure through the vigilance and firmness of the Sultan's delegate.

A scheme to obtain a public admission by the hospodar or bey of Wallachia, commonly miscalled the prince, that the security of the country was in danger, partially succeeded in consequence of the lament-

able submission of that functionary to the influence of Russia; but an able advantage was taken of the proclamation by forcing the governor of the province to realise on his own Russianised office-bearers the menaces which he had been induced to level at the heads of imaginary agitators; and the principal public servants, who were attached to the interests of the court of St. Petersburg, and warmly supported by General Duhamel, were summarily dismissed by the opportune insistence of Vefyk Effendi.

The next challenge of the Russian commissioner was flung at the head of his Ottoman colleague by the most open endeavours to dictate the election of the metropolitan bishop. The voters were packed, secretly gained, and finally bound by the most solemn oath to support the Russian candidate. The representative of the sovereign of these provinces, styled by a pleasant fiction of the natives Principalities, could not look on in silence when an unfounded right of meddling in their affairs was thus assumed by a foreign power, which asserts an unjustifiable claim to a protectorate over them. He remonstrated with the electors so strenuously that Russian influence and Wallachian oaths were alike forgotten, and the candidate whom General Duhamel and his confederates, the subordinate agents of Russia, most especially opposed, was duly raised to the highest ecclesiastical dignity of the provincial church.

A Russian officer of high military rank had meanwhile been diverting himself by making various excursions from his post in one of the southern provinces of the empire; and, by a singular coincidence, on every such occasion, both going and coming, his way seemed always to lie through Wallachia. The notoriously detestable town of Bucharest appeared to have the most irresistible charms for him alone. With exultation he arrived, and in sorrow he tore himself away. Constantinople and Naples, these vaunted beauties of the world, were not more lovely in his sight; London and Paris, those vast temples of varied enjoyment, were less rich in resources for his amusement. It was remarkable, however, that, singularly enough, during each sojourn of this Muscovite errant, the fickle minds of the boyards were more than usually wavering; and, after his departure, it always took some time to bring them back to their normal state of nullity. The visits suddenly ceased; though announced, they remained unrealised; and at last it became generally understood that some impediment had been thrown in the way of these little diversions. The Turkish commissioner said nothing; but it was evidently a sore subject with the Russian agents, and their indiscreet mortification soon betrayed the fact that he had made such representations as effectually curtailed the migratory propensities of this great political bird of passage or of prey.

Rumours were also rife on the topic of a full exposure of all the iniquitous practices of the Russians, for the purpose of obstructing Danubian trade at the Sulina mouth of that river, and, the special convention with Austria having lately expired, serious apprehensions were entertained lest the uncompromising investigations of the Ottoman commissioner might lead to the adoption of measures for the facilitation of the navigation by other powers invested with the right of control over that important position which Russia has surreptitiously occupied. The mere mention of the Sulina was sufficient to bring on a shivering fit of ague; coupled with the name of Vefyk Effendi, it invariably threw the Russian commissioner into a fever.

A panic seemed likewise to have spread along the whole line of the sanitary cordon on the left bank of the Danube, from the Black Sea to the frontier of Hungary. Lazarettoes tottered to their very foundations; Russian police spies, decked in borrowed plumage of health officers, applied to be transferred to other departments, as rats are said to abandon falling houses; shipmasters arriving in the Danube had the assurance to inquire whether or not they would still be obliged to perform quarantine; and, in short, Russia felt that this powerful political instrument was slipping through her fingers. Who was the daring reformer that ventured to drag it from her grasp?

“Vefyk Effendi—it could be no one but Vefyk Effendi,” said the emperor’s agents in Wallachia. “Who shall deliver us from the hands of this Philistine?”

And nothing was spared by the scalpel of so bold a dissector; nothing was held sacred by him; no abuse of power, however plausible; no unwarrantable assumption of authority, be it ever so friendly; and no encroachment on the Sultan’s rights, though sanctioned by time; nothing could elude his inquisitorial glance, or escape his critical analysis. Even the military occupation, that mighty engine of usurpation, found itself at last thrown headlong into the balance; and so weighty was the hand which fell on the other scale, that generals and corporals, Cossacks and Calmucks, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, arms and baggage, were evidently all about to kick the beam. This prospect soon became known; indeed, the Russians themselves allowed the alarming probability to transpire through various arrangements, such as making contracts for provisions under a condition that they might be rescinded without loss if provisions should no longer be required, and other indications.

The Ottoman commissioner, however, seemed to be indifferent to all these foreshadowings of great events, which passed apparently unnoticed by him; he was so calm and imperturbable, that he should have been the last person who could be suspected of having accomplished such overwhelming results. Yet the Russian agents in the Danubian Provinces of Turkey, both accredited and occult, were so unjust as to imagine that he was at the bottom of it all; and they reported to head-quarters that nothing could be done as long as Vefyk Effendi should occupy his present post, and that much of what had been done in former years would probably be undone by him.

This was too bad. The most vigorous efforts must be made to get rid of the troublesome Turk. Virulent remonstrances at Constantinople, elaborate despatches of deprecation, and even sundry dark insinuations of a somewhat warlike character, were all tried in vain, for the Ottoman Porte was fully informed of the real bearings of the case. At length a bright thought dawned on the benighted and baffled cabinet of the Czar. Celebrated precedents were quoted to support it. Had not Peter the Great been extricated from a still more serious jeopardy on the Pruth? and had not his Empress Catherine done it by sending her jewel-case to the grand vizier? In historical accuracy they shone no more than in skilful diplomacy. But what did that matter? they would try it.

At gossip-loving Bucharest few secrets remain long such; and little negotiations of this nature are too much every-day occurrences to be carefully enveloped in mystery. There is always some immaculate citizen to attract attention to the heinous sins of others—perhaps to divert it

from his own—and it is quite astonishing how thoroughly acquainted every one is with the affairs, both official and private, of every one else. Some even inform against themselves ; for there is an instance on record of the corruptor himself, a high functionary, complaining bitterly and loudly of having had his bribe refused by a British consul-general, and he complained, not of the latter having declined committing a dishonest action and a breach of public trust, nor of his having ordered his servants to turn him out of the house, but of his having had the arrogance to expect a larger sum for the favour required. In such a community, where no social stigma exists, it cannot be wondered at that it should soon have become a topic of public conversation, and that it should have been considered as a proof of able policy that the Russians had destined a certain amount to obtain the removal of the present Ottoman commissioner from the Moldo-Wallachian Provinces. At Constantinople they failed. But the Effendi might resign voluntarily for a consideration, and the consideration was accordingly reduced to figures in the shape of so many thousand ducats of gold.

“Very good,” said the Turk, on hearing it. “My price is Bessarabia. Let that province be given back to the Sultan, and I will resign at once.”

It was perfectly obvious that the witty young diplomatist of the East was making game of those of the North. Such a humiliation was as yet unheard of. Tell it not in London, and whisper it not in the streets of Paris—at least, until a remedy be found. General Duhamel was unwell ; in fact, he was very seriously indisposed. His fever and ague had become chronic, and the same remedy might be applied to his malady and to his inefficiency—to wit, change of air. As Russian commissioner in the Danubian Provinces, he, the veteran hero of a hundred diplomatic fights, had allowed the unparalleled audacity of an antagonist not half his age, and comparatively a tyro in the profession, to banter him, to outwit him, to browbeat him, to upset him, to demolish him. He had suffered the Osmanli to bait the Russian bear, to pipe for him to dance, and then, worst of all, to laugh at him. The commissioner must be recalled, and—— In short, he was recalled. As a respected invalid, whose shattered frame was sinking under unremitting exertions in his country's cause, he announced the gracious permission vouchsafed him by his august sovereign to recruit his failing strength in the retirement of his home and family circle ; and he accordingly left Bucharest for Russia—in very indifferent health, it is true—on the 28th of January, 1851.

Like the dying gladiator who raised his nerveless arm to strike one last and feeble blow, the routed general got up a very nice little arrangement, however, a day or two before his departure. It was intimated to the corporations of merchants and tradesmen that the Russian commissioner would be glad to receive a visit from them, on the occasion of his leaving Wallachia. Some of them went—neither many nor remarkable for their respectability—and, after a few commonplaces had been exchanged on the appropriate themes of thanks for the attention, regret for the loss, and good wishes for the journey, the astonished burgesses of Bucharest were shown into a private room by a secretary, and requested to sign an address illustrative of the sentiments which they had verbally expressed. Most of them affixed their signatures without attempting to read the document ; but two or three, who could read it, and had the curiosity to

do so, related that its purport comprehended a great deal more than was announced. It was, in fact, a vote of thanks for the preservation of public tranquillity, through the medium of the Russian army of occupation, during a period of undoubted danger; and it concluded by a declaration of the grateful satisfaction felt by the Wallachian people on seeing that they still enjoyed the indispensable protection of the emperor's troops; besides various personal compliments to the commissioner. Thus did the faction hope to establish the fact of the necessity of continuing the military occupation; and, doubtless, the document will be made much of. But it was merely the grasping of the drowning man at a straw, for truth is truth, and it must eventually prevail over fictitious and artfully-contrived appearances; that truth being, that no one who has had the opportunity of judging of the present state of the Danubian Provinces can for a moment suppose that there is the slightest shadow of a chance of the public peace being disturbed, or can otherwise conclude than by admitting that the presence of a foreign army is altogether unnecessary, and intolerably burdensome to the population.

It is said that a similar project was mooted in a higher quarter, and that the divan, or assembly, was summoned to meet, nominally for the examination of the budget, but really with a view to obtain signatures adulatory of an usurped protectorate, and prejudicial to the best interests of the country. Prelates arrived from their sees to take their seats, and act as traitors; and boyards flocked, to testify their abject servility. The wires of all these puppets were set in motion by a person who in himself comprises a small epitome of the Wallachian public functionaries; his tactics are combined of two elements,—blind obedience to Russia, and keen-sighted self-interest; his avocations are made up of whipping-in the Russian adherents for his employers, and of peculating on a most extensive scale; and his career offers a not uncommon example of elevation from a menial situation, in which he received the visitors' cloaks at a boyard's door, to an official post, which places almost the whole administration of public affairs in his hands; while his rank is now that of a boyard of the first class, and his honours include several orders of knighthood, for the Russians follow an inverse principle from that of the ancient Jews, who placed their thieves on the cross, and not their crosses on the thief. This is just the sort of man that Russia requires, and she allows him to enrich himself by personal dishonesty in consideration of his usefulness as an agent of her designs. In the case of the projected addresses, however, his usual dexterity failed him, and whether or not it was that the same salutary influence, which had already done so much to maintain the dignity of the Sultan in two of the provinces of which he is the exclusive sovereign, had again interposed, the facts are certain that the corporations showed little zeal and enthusiasm on the occasion of their visit to the Russian commissioner, and the result of the assemblage of magnates was in reality a sterile discussion on financial subjects.

The state of this branch of the administration is far from being satisfactory, and the causes of the evil are in a great measure attributable to that same obnoxious Russian occupation; for the army, which the Emperor Nicholas, of his own good pleasure and for his own especial purposes, sent into a neighbouring empire in time of peace, is supported by the subjects of the potentate reigning there, who is ostensibly his ally. This is, indeed, a phenomenon in the system of international

relations; for where else does there exist a population suffering neither from foreign invasion nor civil war, which has ever borne the burden of maintaining a foreign army, forced upon it, unasked, under the pretext of doing it a service which is neither required nor realised, and when that population belongs to an empire possessing, now, one of the finest regular armies in Europe? But Turkey has not yet raised her voice on the subject of the expenses of the Russian troops; and, when she does, her present attitude will enable her to speak loudly. That voice must raise an echo in every state of Europe where justice is appreciated.

Upwards of 7,000,000 of piastres, at about sixty-five to the pound sterling, have already been expended by the province of Wallachia for the billeting and provisioning of the Russian troops; 2,000,000 of that sum have been levied by a special tax for the purpose of meeting this outlay, while the remainder augments the debt of the *vistiari*, or local treasury; and Russia constitutes herself a creditor for 30,000,000 more to cover the pay of her officers and soldiers quartered in Wallachia. If so enormous a debt is acknowledged, in addition to the deficit now existing, there will not be any possibility of facing the current expenses of the province, and it is probably the wish of the Emperor Nicholas to bring matters to this pass, in the hope of being able to follow the Israelitish practice of possessing himself irrevocably of the property held in pawn by him. The native functionaries serve his interests well, if such be his desire.

In Wallachia the external signs and symbols of office are thought more of than the manner of holding it, and the *vistiare*, who calls himself a minister, and arrogates for his branch of the public service the grandiloquent title of the Finance Department, through the same mistranslation which assigns to the bey, hospodar, or voyvode, the dignity of a reigning prince, as if a province could have either a local sovereign or a minister, thinks more of his embroidered coat than his balance-sheet. The *vistiarie* is a whited sepulchre, gaudy in outward show, but containing only corruption and rottenness.

On the 1st of January, 1848, a deficit existed of about 1,150,000 piastres—it is now 18,000,000—and the annual outlay exceeds the revenue by nearly 6,000,000, the former being about 24,000,000, and the latter 18,000,000, more or less. The sources from which this income is derived, and the manner in which it is expended, furnish a curious subject of study for political economists.

The capitation, or head-tax, yields nearly 9,000,000 piasters, for all who are not noble pay for the breath of life; produce from the gipsies belonging to the government—in other words, from the slaves—upwards of 200,000; head-tax on some of them who have been freed, 350,000; licenses granted to tradesmen, about 800,000, as no one has the faculty of earning a livelihood without a special permission to do so; customs, 2,300,000, for the protection of industry which does not exist; export duties nearly 700,000, to keep Wallachian produce out of foreign markets; the salt-works, 500,000, which might be quadrupled if exportation were not prohibited; Transylvanian flocks, about 100,000, those of Wallachia being in a state of starvation, and the pasture necessary for them being thus let out to strangers; government lands, 800,000, or as much as it suits the government to admit; law-taxes, 600,000, litigation being a source of revenue; and extraordinary receipts generally about 150,000,

which are indeed extraordinary, the remainder being made up of fees for patents of nobility, passports, and other little enlightened institutions.

The annual outlay, also in round numbers, consists chiefly in 1,260,000 piasters paid to the crown; 1,600,000, the civil list, disposed of by the head of the local government, without control; 5,800,000, public salaries, a most preposterous amount for the administration of a province; 1,500,000, pensions for public servants after retirement on making their fortunes by malversation; 3,600,000, pay of the provincial militia, Turkey having a powerful army, and Wallachia having no enemies who are not hers; 200,000, pay of gendarmes, many of them acting as private servants to the officers of different branches of the public service; 150,000, rent of houses for the use of the government—and its favourites; 100,000, firewood burnt in them, or in other dwellings; 600,000, the Russian sanitary cordon, to keep the plague, which has not existed for many years in any part of Turkey, out of Wallachia, and foreign espionage in it; 700,000, post establishment—a great number of clerks are naturally required where all letters are opened, and travellers watched; 300,000, post expenses of the government, private individuals who cannot obtain an order for post-horses being little esteemed, and public servants being in the habit of taking an order for a greater number than they require, for the purpose of receiving the price of the surplus in money from the contractor; about 340,000, for the repairing of roads and bridges, although one may travel almost all over the province without seeing a road, and, as for the bridges, a few logs of wood thrown over the streams represent them for the most part; 140,000, for the paving of the streets in the towns of Bucharest and Crajova, which streets are paved with the apparent intention of rendering them unserviceable as means of communication, and that object is fully attained; 250,000, maintenance of prisoners, of whom there are so few, crime being rare in Wallachia, that, if that sum is really expended, the prisoners must live like boyards; 400,000, for the gradual enfranchisement of slaves, in humble imitation of our thirty millions sterling, and to prove an advanced state of civilisation, which, by the way, is less advanced than in the remainder of the Turkish Empire; 150,000, for improving the salt-works, which are as primitive as ever, and furnish a plausible field for speculation; 300,000, for fountains, water being at the same time abundant; 600,000, extra expenses, a convenient item when thus defined; and the residue of the expenditure is filled up by sums for the purchase of houses, the charges of the assembly, and other minor outlays of equal utility.

Such is the outline of the principal features of the Wallachian financial system. It would require a clever physiognomist to discover any character about the *ensemble*, and a skilful portrait-painter to make the component parts harmonise together without sacrificing the resemblance. The fact is this, that if the two ends ever meet at all, it will not be at Bucharest, but at St. Petersburg, and a sorry meeting it will be for the Wallachians if the Porte should relax in her spirited endeavours to rescue them from the chasm that is yawning at their feet.

The present policy of the Sultan in his Danubian Provinces, cannot fail in affording hitherto the most cordial satisfaction to all who take an interest in the prosperity of Turkey, and feel hostile to the predominance of Russia in the East. The latter power had gained a footing within the northern frontiers of the Ottoman Empire, through a long

series of combinations, patiently and skilfully concentrated to establish an imaginary right; under the plea of protecting the religion of the Christian Moldo-Wallachians, a subtle clause or two had been inserted in every treaty passed between the two potentates, in order to accustom Europe to the idea of a real connexion between the Czar and two of the Sultan's provinces: the servility and venality of the boyards furnished ample means of furthering the scheme by admitting to, and profiting personally by, the Russian influence, which soon imposed a new administrative system, new laws, and a new state of political existence, on the country during an unjustifiable military occupation; and the passive conduct of the Porte had suffered this enemy in the camp to strengthen his hold over the Moldo-Wallachians, by repeated acts of unwarrantable interference, with impunity. But the evil had at last become intolerable; and a resolute determination seems to have been made to oppose it vigorously.

The relative positions of the two empires are now such as to enable the Sultan to vindicate his rights more freely than he could in the year 1834, when Russia consolidated her usurpation by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, for the Treaty of Unkiar Skalessi was then in force. It has now expired, and there no longer exists that obligation on the Porte "to come to an *unreserved* understanding with Russia upon all matters which concerned their respective tranquillity and safety;" which understanding becomes impracticable, if the starting-point of the Turkish question in the two provinces be the re-establishment of the legitimate prerogatives of each. The project of expulsing Russian influence from Moldo-Wallachia could not be stated *unreservedly* without producing an immediate rupture, and an opposite course would have been construed as an infraction of the treaty and a ground of hostility. The existence of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi may, therefore, be considered as justifying the forbearance of the Sultan at that time, but it has ceased to exist, and he can, and does, now act as the dignity of an independent sovereign requires.

In her relations with other European powers, Turkey is at present as favourably situated as she then was the contrary, and she may now claim a degree of sympathy which she could not expect to enjoy in 1834, when the Western cabinets were somewhat estranged from her by the passing of that exclusive treaty with Russia—especially as regarded the secret article which closed the Dardanelles against their ships of war. We had no right to take offence, however, for we had refused assistance to our ally in her hour of need, whereas she was actively aided by Russia. That help may not have been disinterested, and, when the emperor proposed that the Sultan should apply to England and France for co-operation to subdue his rebellious vassal, the late Pasha of Egypt, who menaced even Constantinople, he well knew that the siege of Antwerp would prevent them from interfering immediately in the affairs of the East; on the realisation of this acute prevision, succour was offered by Russia, apparently unconditionally, and for a time the conduct of the emperor was extolled for its generosity; but the ultimate result was the complete appropriation of the Black Sea, which enabled him to prosecute his hostile views on Mount Caucasus without further risk of assistance in warlike stores or levies being obtained by the Circassians from its western shores or from the Mediterranean.

These facts were soon understood; but instead of taking umbrage when the treaty was concluded, and began to react against Turkey, we might have foreseen the influence which it must exercise on her free agency, and we should have endeavoured to counteract the pernicious effects of our own refusal by encouraging the Porte to maintain her own wherever Russia encroached on her. On the contrary, we have kept aloof during the systematic advance of that aggressive power towards the full usurpation of supreme authority in the Danubian Provinces; and, beyond the barren mention of the fact from time to time in parliament, we have done nothing to oppose it, or to indicate a kindly feeling for the Moldo-Wallachians, or for their sovereign in respect to them. The expiration of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, however, has made all this a mere matter of history; and the Sened of Balta Liman is now the bond by which the northern Shylock claims his pound of human flesh, in the shape of four millions of the Sultan's subjects. Great Britain is avowedly united by the ties of mutual esteem and appreciation with the Ottoman Empire, and the able efforts which are being made to free it from the unwelcome presence of a less friendly power in its Danubian Provinces, and to eradicate from them every vestige of undue influence on his part, cannot but be viewed by us with approval and admiration.

The stipulations contracted two years ago with regard to the Moldo-Wallachians by the Russian General Grabbe, which are known under the title of the Sened of Balta Liman, and which are not recognised as a treaty, form the basis of the present state of affairs. In consequence of a revolutionary movement, the whole body politic of the Danubian Provinces was placed in an abnormal condition by the simple *fiat* of the Czar, who dreaded the too near approach of liberal principles to his own frontiers. But there were duties assumed as well as privileges claimed; and those duties are not fulfilled. The military occupation, and the suspension of the representation, such as it was, are the exercise of arrogated rights; but where is the performance of promises—the realisation of engagements? A divan *ad hoc* was to have reorganised the political condition of the country;—where is the divan? Echo answers, “Where?” In the absence of a former Ottoman commissioner, a show of forming it was made by the Russian commissioner and the governor of the province. Their views could not be misunderstood; their means of carrying them out were unlimited. Being chiefly composed of boyards, whose titles are founded on the official posts they hold, it was naturally a matter of no difficulty to admit or exclude the members of this divan according as their opinions (if they ever have any) might happen to suit the purpose. Their acts were few and insignificant,—not being representatives elected by the different classes of the population—having a direct and personal interest in the maintenance of malversation—and being incapable of inspiring confidence or respect, it is evident that no assembly could have been better calculated to ensure the continuance of intrigues among the boyards, and of discontent among the people, which are the most powerful instruments for the machinations of Russia to make use of. Nothing was done—as might be expected—towards the attainment of the ostensible end; and more than a year ago, when the idea had become stale, it was allowed to drop.

The army of occupation, according to the Sened of Balta Liman, was

sent for the purpose of keeping the country quiet whilst a constitution was being drawn up, and a new order of affairs established. The army is there, the country is quiet enough in all conscience; and, with regard to the constitution agreed to by Russia, the less that is said on the subject the better it will be for her reputation for honesty and good faith. But the Ottoman commissioner is there too; and on him now hinges the solving of the questions, whether the Danubian Provinces will continue or not to be within the frontiers of the Turkish Empire, and whether or not the other European powers will suffer the evils of a further aggrandisement there on the part of Russia. His intention of doing his utmost to save them is manifest; and his success hitherto inspires confidence for the future.

But however praiseworthy may be the policy of the Sultan's government, and however dexterous its execution by his representative at Bucharest, a certain degree of encouragement and support is necessary for their full development. And from whom can this moral aid be derived or expected?

From France?—No, because she is not a rival holder in the East, and so little is she aware of the real tendency of Oriental affairs, that she fancies that she has only to choose between seeing England or Russia the sovereign mistress of Asia. Of the two, she rather prefers Russia; and this view of matters is not confined to the *parti de l'ordre*, as the enemies of liberty call themselves in almost all countries; but even the sentimental republican, Lamartine, has avowed that bias. He spent his first night at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères* in the private study of the fallen Guizot, meditating on the future policy of the French Republic towards other states; and he records in his history of the revolution of 1848, that he came to the conclusion that the natural course of events indicated the expediency of ceding to Russia the Black Sea, Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and the Adriatic, with the territory bounded by the latter; the Rhine would become the frontier of France, according to the traditional dream, with the accession of Belgium on the north, and Italy and Spain to the south; while Austria and Prussia would be crushed between the only two great empires of Europe, France and Russia. As for Great Britain, to use the imaginative minister's own words, it would be cast off as a mere satellite in the ocean. "The Russian alliance," he said, "is the cry of nature; it is the revelation of geography; it is the alliance of war, in the eventualities of the future, in favour of the two great races." His injunctions to his diplomatic agents were to treat England with dignified reserve, to conciliate Prussia, to caress Germany, to avoid Austria, to smile upon Italy, to re-assure Turkey (before handing her over to the Czar), to abandon Spain to herself, and to watch Russia. For the truth of this, exists the transcendental politician's own published testimony, and if his opinions represent those of many of his fellow-countrymen, it will readily be admitted that it is not to France that Turkey can look for support, while the fact of no refutation of such views put forward by so remarkable a man having been attempted, justifies the inference that they are generally coincided in.

Can Germany stand by the Sultan in his struggle with the Czar?—Certainly not; for her policy is exclusively internal, and she is unfit to enter the lists of foreign competition even as an ally. She wishes to

stay at home, as she well knows that she can gain nothing by ambition of this kind. Besides these general considerations, Germany is not at present in a condition to bestow her attention on the East, whilst she has fallen a prey to the exaggerated visions of demagogues who have taken possession of the healthful aspirations of the people in favour of prudent and rational progress, and diverted it from its salutary channel to plunge the country into a state of occasional anarchy and probable disorganisation.

Italy, Spain, Sweden ?—None of them are now in the rank of great powers ; and the first of the three, the only one directly interested as being separated from a part of the Turkish Empire only by a narrow channel, is wholly absorbed in the formation of new schemes and the fostering of secret societies for the violent attainment of her own independence, which chimeras can but retard the natural and necessary march of improvement, for the history of almost every age, and of no small number of countries, has sufficiently demonstrated that such events are always accompanied by disorder and crime, and the more rigorously the springs have been compressed, the more furiously will they rebound.

Great Britain, therefore, alone remains to cope with Russia in behalf of the Sultan, and the main interest of that potentate is centred in a cordial intelligence with us. The dissimilarity in the form of government of the Turkish and British Empires cannot prevent it ; for the ultimate object of both is identical, although the stage at which they have respectively arrived be different. Turkey, as well as England, desires peace, at home and abroad ; the dissemination of knowledge ; the increase of production ; the extension of commerce ; and that wholesome progress which follows in the train of rising prosperity and enlightenment, and which is the consequence, and, at the same time, the cause and means of the gradual perfecting of political institutions ; while they are both equally inimical to the sudden convulsions of revolutionary democracy, which never fail to impede the course of national improvement, and eventually to produce the decay and downfall of empires. Russia is, in spirit and principle, essentially uncongenial with Turkey as with England, and, in her struggle for aggrandisement, it is but natural that she should find us ready and willing to enlist in the good cause. She is playing a high game, and tries for the whole stake ; but, even if she finds that a compromise is necessary, she will still be a gainer ; and recent disclosures have thrown some light on her views. It appears that she would fain oblige us to withdraw from the Turkish interests by giving us reasons to be alarmed for our Indian dependencies, and, however visionary may be the idea, it might still find advocates among ourselves who would endeavour to deter us from committing ourselves to Turkey. Though old and worn out, that threat may still find statesmen to tremble at it, and, in the mean time, some great step in advance might be accomplished by Russia, such as the permanent establishment of garrisons in the Danubian Provinces. In this respect England is the only power to be feared by Russia, for in her enterprises against Turkey she could find means of silencing others ; a sop might be thrown to France—for instance, by allowing her to extend her African dominions in the direction of the Nile ; and Germany might be silenced by a slice of Poland ; but Great Britain is not to be gained, and, if she would but know her own strength

and the dread she inspires, her alliance would be of greater value to Turkey than it is at present.

But those who say, "Russia threatens Turkey, who is weak : let us help her !" are not the best friends of Turkey, as, in politics, state reasons sanction selfishness, and cabinets are apt to abandon the weak and make alliances with the strong,—in short, to forestal probable events, and to derive their own advantage from them by giving a favourable turn to what is in itself inevitable. And it is not the truth. Turkey is not weak. Her alliance is valuable—especially to a commercial country like England—and assisting her is profitable.

Those who say, "Russia is a colossus, powerful and overwhelming," serve her cause for the same reasons, notwithstanding that all their sympathies may perhaps be in favour of Turkey. And this is also not true. Russia cannot extend her European empire by conquest, and scarcely her Asiatic dominions,—witness Circassia. All she can do is by diplomacy and intrigue, and she is not so skilful even in these arts as some suppose—witness the Danubian Provinces since Turkey has asserted her sovereignty. When Russia is boldly faced, she yields, as she did in the question of the extradition of the Polish and Hungarian refugees, and as she is doing in the questions of the Danubian quarantines and the Moldo-Wallachian military occupation. Her influence in these provinces will necessarily fall in consequence ; for the boyards, who fear her more than they esteem her, will throw off the ascendancy possessed by Russia—which is not cemented by national attachment or powerful interests—as soon as they see that she is no longer so formidable as she was in the days of Turkish indifference or embarrassment by treaties. It may be said that it is false policy to provoke war ; but by resisting Russia peace will be secured ; and war is no more necessary now to check her progress than it was in the year 1791. William Pitt then asked from the Houses of Parliament the means for the equipment of a fleet against Russia. He was refused ; and the parliament had greater foresight than the minister, for more than half a century has elapsed, we have never gone to war with the Czar, and no harm has come of it. After the Treaty of Adrianople, England was energetically called upon to guarantee to Russia the payment of the indemnity by the Turks, and to force the emperor to evacuate Silistria, of which he had retained possession, by occupying the Chersovesas and stationing a fleet in the Bosphorus. England was wise enough to do nothing of the kind ; and all the written prognostications, all the ominous forebodings, and all the declaimed predictions of evil fell to the ground, for Silistria was quietly restored to Turkey, and the full payment of the money was not even required. These accomplished facts, to use the fashionable jargon of diplomacy, may certainly speak for themselves ; if not, many more such might be added. Indeed, it is undeniable that Russia is but a bully—quick to threaten, slow to fight. Let England but break silence on the subject of the Danubian Provinces, and she will find that her voice can be heard without the braying of trumpets and the roaring of cannon to strengthen it.

That these provinces are really the most important point of Eastern politics is self-evident. They are the pivot on which the Turco-Russian question turns ; they are the open sore which drains the life-blood of Turkey. If it were closed and healed, the Sultan would be unattackable.

By it Russia retains a chance of success; without it she is harmless. Peter the Great would never have attempted his memorable and disastrous campaign against Turkey, had he not established first the most favourable relations in the provinces; and the circumstances have not changed. Before commencing that expedition he took care to secure the assistance of the two hospodars, Cautemir of Moldavia, and Brancovano of Wallachia, the latter of whom promised to supply him with provisions for his whole army, and to support him with 30,000 men of his own. The Russian policy is still the same; but it is to be hoped that the relative positions of Turkey and Russia, and their respective rights, will now be definitively marked out in the Danubian Provinces; and, if Great Britain understands her real interests, she will take care to secure to herself the credit and the advantage of aiding a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

The great changes which have taken place in Turkey within the last few years render it less difficult for her to realise this intention than it might formerly have been; for the reforms effectuated are not, as some persons allege, subversive of the sound principles existing in her ancient institutions, but they rather tend to purge them of the abuses, generated during a long period of inactivity, which had crept into her system of administration. The spirit of centralisation now acted on can in nowise deteriorate the beneficial results of her traditional manner of local government by municipalities. On the contrary, it serves to perfect what was good, and to shield it from much injury, arising from the previous irresponsible agency of provincial rulers. Under the operation of such innovations it becomes more feasible for the Sultan to resume his normal position in his Danubian Provinces; and, without breaking faith towards them, he can exercise his exclusive right of sovereignty over them, for his general policy prompts no domineering over the local administration of affairs, either there or elsewhere, and his object would be gained if that spirit, on the part of another and a foreign potentate, were suppressed.

To do so, it was necessary that a delegate should represent him on the spot, to whom the fulfilment of such a task should be rendered possible; first, by his being possessed of the requisite abilities and resolution, and next, by his being deeply impressed and penetrated with the real importance and true character of his mission. That such an one is now at Bucharest must be evident to all who are aware of what has passed and is passing there. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to anticipate the ultimate result,—that Wallachia and Moldavia will be totally wrested, ere long, from the grasping talon of the Northern Eagle, and that the Crescent will soon shine unobscured in this portion, also, of its empire.

NOTES OF THE OPERA.

WHAT Philidor did for chess, Mr. Lumley has done for the Opera. The great strategist, tired of contending with a single adversary, invited a second combatant into the arena ; and the successful *impresario*, finding that one metropolitan Opera was insufficient for his energies, resolved to double the labours, which very few have the courage singly to encounter. But, "Fortune favours the bold," and no one has more completely verified the adage than the director of her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Lumley's campaign in Paris during the last winter has been as brilliant as the enterprise itself was perilous; it has, moreover, rendered an immense service to Art and its cultivators, not only by the union which it has effected between two theatres whose interests were formerly in direct opposition to each other, but by the opportunity now offered to artists to conclude engagements for the whole year—an advantage which they never possessed before. The combination of the resources of the two opera-houses of London and Paris, has been a favourite project with French *entrepreneurs* for the last twenty years, but the difficulties which arose always proved insurmountable. It was a darling scheme of the rich banker Aguado, but even his wealth and influence were insufficient to accomplish the desired end. In like manner, Severini, the celebrated director of the "Italiens," attempted the fusion of the two establishments ; and carried his negotiations so far as actually to send over a confidential agent to this country, with a sum of £12,000 to pay the first year's rent in advance to the then proprietors of Her Majesty's Theatre. But he, too, failed, and the project was looked upon as hopeless, till Mr. Lumley seriously addressed himself to the task, and by dint of an energy that admits of no obstacle to its progress, succeeded in the difficult endeavour. The union which he has thus achieved is no fleeting arrangement, but offers the guarantee of permanence, Mr. Lumley being the actual proprietor of one theatre, and the proprietor of the exclusive privilege of the other, a power which was never before possessed by any theatrical director.

With means of such magnitude at his command, the importance of his position cannot be overrated, and of its beneficial results to Art we entertain no doubt ; neither do we consider the fact of this union as amongst the least of the causes which tend towards a political *entente cordiale* between two such great countries as France and England, and we look upon it as an omen of happy augury, that the meeting of all nations in 1851 should be preceded by the combination of the two vast establishments, at the head of which Mr. Lumley is placed.

The fortunate result of his hardy adventure has already declared itself in Paris. During the winter that has just passed the "Italiens" became once more the fashion, and good reason there was for such being the case, since, in addition to the restoration of old favourites, novelty—which succeeds nowhere so well as in the French capital—was superadded. Twenty years had gone by since the Parisian *public* had listened to the melody of the young and beautiful German songstress, and even their incredulity was compelled to admit that the age of miracles was revived ; for, at the expiration of those twenty years, Henrietta Sontag returned, with her beauty untouched by Time, her voice unaltered in its sweetness and compass, and no other change apparent than that which arose from matured study and enlarged experience. The memory of the past, in its most agreeable shape, was thus associated with the charm of somethir

entirely new, and the *repertoire* of Madame Sontag satisfied the French critics, that whether she represented the heroines of Mozart, or Bellini, of Rossini, Donizetti, or their own Halevy, she was equally mistress of her art. To this the operas of "La Sonnambula," "La Figlia del Reggimento" (which was new to Paris), "Il Barbiere," "Linda di Chamouni," and "Don Pasquale," bore triumphant attestation. But Mr. Lumley did not stop here; he introduced that charming singer, Madame Florentini, in "Norma" and "Lucrezia Borgia," in both of which the success obtained was unequivocal; and he crowned his efforts and gratified the Parisians beyond measure by bringing out their beautiful countrywoman, Caroline Duprez, the youthful daughter of the finest tenor that France has ever produced. Of her success we shall presently speak at greater length in treating of Her Majesty's Theatre.

But the most remarkable event of the season at Paris was the production of the "Tempesta," with Mademoiselle Rosati and an army of second *danseuses*, to the dismay of the director of the Academie de Musique, who thought himself entitled to the exclusive privilege of exhibiting the choregraphic art. Numerous were the meetings of the Commission des Théâtres, both in conclave and at the Italiens, to witness the rehearsals of the opera, and their decision was eagerly looked for; at one moment it was favourable, in the next completely adverse; but at last the star of Mr. Lumley rose in the ascendant, and he succeeded in giving the opera intact, with *Ariel* and her attendant sylphs. We may observe, *en passant*, that the "Tempesta" has produced the largest receipts of the season: whether this will be the case or not when Alari's new opera buffa of "I tre Matrimonij" has appeared, we will not venture to say. Of other operas and other singers in Paris, we have not space at present to speak, but must pass rapidly on to what concerns us more nearly.

The London season of 1851 is destined to be a memorable one; and the influence exercised by the approaching Exhibition will nowhere be more strongly manifest than within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. Whatever scepticism existed on this subject, must have at once been removed by the magnificent display of Saturday evening, the 22nd of March, when such an audience as, perhaps, never met before on an opening night, assembled to witness the *début* in London of the fairest and youngest of the children of song, in the person of Caroline Duprez. She had passed through one great ordeal, the severe criticism of her countrymen, and, heralded by their applause, tremblingly came to complete her difficult task; for she felt that the fame of a *prima donna* is only half achieved until the *premier succès* of one capital is confirmed by the approval of the other.

There is one thing which eminently distinguishes an English audience, and, in this respect, contrasts very favourably with a Parisian one—it is, the nature of the reception accorded to a *débutant*. In the Salle Favart, the nature of the French public appears to undergo a total change. Cold and implacable as the judges in their own criminal courts, they sit, with stern brows and rigid features, watching for the first false note or ill-accentuated phrase to pronounce their fatal sentence. Generosity is alien to their bosoms, and, guided solely by the merits of the case, they are impassive to the pleadings of youth and inexperience.

In the Haymarket the question assumes a totally different aspect. To gladden the new comer by greetings of encouragement, to hold out

the hand of friendship, and cheer the timid with the voice of welcome, are the first impulses of the audience there. Which method is the most advantageous for a *débutant* we will not pretend to say; all we know is, which we should prefer were *we* in the position of one. The reception accorded to Mademoiselle Duprez, on her entrance as *Lucia*, was neither given to the name she bore, nor paid as the mere tribute due to custom; but was the genuine expression of a desire to dispel her fears, and put her at once at ease. It was eminently successful; for though her voice was slightly tremulous at the commencement of the opening *cavatina*, it soon steadied, as she glanced around and saw nothing but kindness in the sea of faces that were turned towards her, and heard only the half-subdued "brava" which rewarded her earliest efforts. That gentle "brava" deepened into full-voiced acclamation as she proceeded, and when the *cavatina* ended, applause, both loud and long, assured the young *prima donna* that her place was gained and her triumph achieved. How she improved her position, riveting the regard of her listeners, every fresh opportunity confirmed, from the first duet with her lover to the last solitary outpouring of her touching sorrows. In her acting, too, there was more of the real Lucy Ashton than we ever remember to have witnessed. Much of this was owing to her extreme youth and exceeding loveliness, but more to the truth of her conception and the earnest simplicity of her execution. A more experienced actress might have developed greater resources of art; none could have adhered more closely to nature. The very fact, too, that Mademoiselle Duprez had not yet attained her full powers, proved an advantage instead of a drawback; for, besides the charm of the present, there was the promise of future excellence in every note and every gesture. That pure *soprano* voice, delicious as it now is, may yet increase in volume and improve in tone; those passions, springing from the heart, may yet attain a loftier height, and thrill with deeper energy.

A great actor is always original, and chooses his own path to fame, and Mademoiselle Duprez gave proof of this in discarding all observances that were merely traditional; witness the wedding scene in the second act, when, overwhelmed beneath her lover's malediction, she crouches at his feet in the agony of her despair. Her impersonation of *Lucia* afforded, in truth, unalloyed gratification from the beginning to the end; and that her success was not the evanescence of a first night's performance was shown in the steady attendance of her admirers on the following Tuesday, when an audience as numerous and no less enthusiastic than that which first welcomed her repeated the original fiat.

For our own parts, we entertain but one fear. Not that Mademoiselle Duprez (who has added another Caroline to the list of the divinities whom we worship under that name) will become intoxicated by her success, but that her wondrous beauty and rare talent may gain for her more than professional conquests, and cause her to be snatched from the admiring eyes of the public by some desperate duke or passionate prince to add fresh lustre to his rank by sharing it with the lovely *prima donna*. We ourselves, unless we are greatly mistaken, noted at least nine rival claimants for her hand out of the fashionable crowd who filled Lady A——'s box on the opening night. We cannot say that any of them have our good wishes. It will be time enough for Mademoiselle Duprez to enact the rôle of a princess in real life when she has wearied us of its mimic resemblance; and to judge by what we have already seen or

heard, we cannot, in the course of nature, expect to be alive when that consummation is reached.

But the beautiful *débutante* was not the only novelty in the representation of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Calzolari appeared as *Edgar*, and Lorenzo as *Enrico*,—established favourites both, though new to us in their respective parts. In the sweetness of Calzolari's tones we were consoled for the absence of Gardoni, and the fervour and grace of Lorenzo went far to supply the manly vigour and masterly execution of Colletti. As the season advances, the original actors will have resumed their rôles; meantime we might look in vain elsewhere for more efficient substitutes than those we have got. Blanchi as *Bidebent*, and Romagnoli as *Arturo*, were first appearances, and very satisfactory ones: the former sang steadily and correctly; and the latter, who has considerable personal advantages, acquitted himself well of the little he had to do. The *mise en scène* was, as usual, remarkably good; the choruses excellent; and let us not omit to record that the careful and conscientious tuition of Mr. Balfe has rendered the orchestra a feature perfect in itself.

When the ovations due to the principal *artistes* had been made, the curtain rose to the National Anthem, as is customary on the first night. There was novelty here, too; first, in the appearance of Madame Fiorentini, who had a verse to herself, as well as Mademoiselle Duprez; and, secondly, in the manner in which the anthem was sung. With the two ladies we were charmed; their tones were exquisite, and their English words perfect. But what language the rest of the anthem was conveyed in, and what sentiment the male singers endeavoured to express, are things of which we have not the faintest idea. Whatever shape loyalty may wear in Italy, one thing is certain, it does not now express itself in song.

The next transition was pleasanter, and left no doubt upon anybody's mind that the purpose it aimed at was accomplished. This was the *ballet*; and a prettier *ballet* than the "Ile des Amours," one more absurdly fantastic, more ridiculously delightful, it is not possible to imagine. In this island of love, love itself is forbidden, the sexes are separated, tyranny wears a wig and ruffles, and rebellion dancing the polka revolutionises the *menuet de la cour*. These tremendous truths are set forth in four *tableaux*, in which the personages represented, and the scenes they haunt, are portrayed with all the exquisite finish and delicate colouring that distinguished the courtly pencil of the accomplished Anthony Watteau. The *simulacre* of the age of Louis the Fourteenth has been rendered familiar to us on his canvas—the reality is now before us in the persons of Amelia Ferraris and Petit Stephan, Tedeschi and Aussandon, of M. Charles, M. Ehrick, and M. Gosselin. Did Watteau ever paint a shepherdess more charming than *Fleurette*? Was there ever *berger* more captivating than her *fiancé*, *Colin*? Could the *Grand Monarque* wear a statelier air than the Governor of the Isle of Love, or Madame Scarron herself look primmer than Mademoiselle de Follanges? *Non, non, mille fois, non!*

We have not left ourselves room to say all we thought to have said of this lively *ballet*, nor can we give even a line to the pleasure we anticipate in welcoming the graceful Carlotta in the *bal masqué* of "Gustave." These sheets will have passed from our control before that opera is produced; but we wish it a hearty "God speed," and predict for it an amazing run. With the talent concentrated in it, no other result is possible.

THE "KEANS."

WE have in our library a big book, in ten big volumes, bound in cloth of a red so glaring that it almost pains the eyes to look at it. Said big book professes on its title-page to give "Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830;" and we hit upon the modesty of the word "some" as particularly admirable. To him who really wants a mass of accurate information, whence he may pluck, as occasion shall serve, a valuable fact or so, this book is beyond all praise. If A bets B whether John Palmer played this or that part on any given night, this book at once will decide who wins and who loses. As far as critical opinion goes, no production can be more effete and worthless; but as a treasury of facts, we know not its parallel.

The book in question, after disposing of the obsolete "Theatre Royal," "Lincolns Inn-Fields," "Dorset Gardens," and so forth, cleaves, as far as London is concerned, to Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket. Other theatres, to be sure, were in existence; but the broad line between "legitimate" and "minor" could easily be drawn, and the first of these categories was completely exhausted by the three theatres just named. Consequently our useful instructor had not such very hard work after all, when once he had collected the earlier portion of his information. Doubtless his playbills came down by the post to Bath (where the book was published) every morning, and he looked, and he extracted, and he filed. Move in a mill-track, and there is no limit to your precision.

But in theatrical matters, the interval between the present day and 1830, is, if we measure the change of events rather than the number of years, much greater than that which elapsed between 1830 and 1660. The whole system that supported the old distribution of the drama has been abolished, the patents, as far as the public is concerned, have become—nothing. Everybody can produce just what he likes, and all attempts to set limits to anybody's fancy must prove abortive. Under the present no-system, what could our author have done—what set of playbills could he have ordered? No sooner would he have drawn his line round some half-dozen establishments, than a seventh would have appeared as legitimate as all the rest, vaunting forth its revival of "Macbeth," or its new five-act tragedy in blank verse. There would have been no retreat to his old position for our poor historian, or he would have found Covent Garden no longer an English theatre, and Drury Lane no longer a fair representative of the present state of the British drama. There would have been no advance, for how could he possibly have taken in every bill of every establishment? What room in his house, what house in his row, would have held them all during a period of ten years? Had he attempted to publish them or their contents, however condensed, how many volumes would he have filled, even at this short march from 1830? If endowed with the spirit of an ancient philosopher, he would have burned himself on a blazing pyre of playbills, just as Empedocles sought death in the crater of Etna.

There is no legal protection now-a-days. Whether for good or evil, this is the case. Every one must take care of himself, relying on his own talent, or his own patrons, or his own something: there is no law to prop him up. If he cannot get on by his own exertion, he cannot get on at all; and there's an end of him.

And now for the "KEANS," who form the title to this little article. They are just the people who, at a crisis when individual exertion is required, have come boldly forward and endeavoured to establish a centre of dramatic attraction where nothing of the kind previously existed. The theatre they have chosen for their exertions is the Princess's; a house which had been kept open by a loose kind of starring system, profitable to the manager, but giving no definite character to the establishment. There they have settled a home for the legitimate drama, in a broad sense of the word; not limiting the term legitimate to a certain number of acts, but prepared to meet the public taste with an article always superior of its kind.

One strong demand of the present public is for elaborate and careful deco-

ration. This has been admirably supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Kean. Every piece they have produced, or revived, has been put on the stage in a style which has left nothing to desire. They have not aimed at the merely showy, but antiquarian research and consummate taste have been employed; and the spectacle, while it astonishes the vulgar, satisfies the intellectual. "Henry IV.," and the new drama of "The Templar," are as fine specimens of *mise en scène* as can be cited in the history of the modern stage.

In extending their hands to the authors of the present day, the "Keans," during the short period of their management, which only commenced last October, have been most liberal. One of their most recent productions has been a sparkling comedy by Mr. Bourcicault, which deserves to be ranked with the best works of the day, and which owes much of its success with the public to the admirable manner in which it has been performed. There is no slovenly style of bringing out at the Princess's Theatre. When once it is resolved that a piece is to be done, it is sure to be done well. There are Mr. Kean and Mr. Keeley (who is associated with him in the management), and there are Mrs. Kean and Mrs. Keeley, and Mr. Harley, and Mrs. Winstanley (a splendid woman!), and a host of good persons besides, who can fill a piece to the greatest possible complement of strength which present days will afford; and there are an excellent scene painter, and a super-excellent *costumier*: in short, every possible accessory: and if with corks like these a piece cannot float, it has sinking qualities indeed.

And equally sedulous are the "Keans" in the getting-up of pieces to which many will refuse the title of "legitimate." The talent of commanding stage effect, which is commonly called "melodramatic," has been of late but imperfectly cultivated. The supposed necessity of introducing comic personages into a serious drama, whether they can be connected with the plot or not, has been fatal to the construction of pieces in which a certain definite idea shall be distinctly carried out. In "Pauline," a drama which Mr. John Oxenford has adapted from the French, we have a melodrama of a new school. Here, indeed, the object is simply to inspire a continuous feeling of terror; but the same principle—that of carrying out a leading thought without interruption—might be applied, with equal efficiency, to the production of any emotion. The critics who sneer at this drama should first ask themselves whether terror is not an emotion proper to be excited by a dramatic representation? If this question be once answered in the affirmative, the short-breathings and the anxious faces of the audience who contemplate the cool villainies of Mr. Kean and the intense anguish of Mrs. Kean, during this same melodrama, will solve all further objection. By their exquisite acting, the "Keans" elevate this class of drama, and render it no longer inaccessible to men of literature.

Gentle reader! you have often heard the "fast men" spoken of in contempt; but depend upon it these fast men have hit upon one great truth—namely, that in every work of art there must be some consideration for the time and circumstances of the spectators. If you work only from some abstract theory of your own, and do not ask yourself what will interest such spectators as the present day affords you, be not surprised if those spectators are not interested about you. In the mean while, let us hope that the "high art" folks and the "fast men" may shake hands at the Princess's Theatre.

We should do injustice to another manager, if, *à propos* of perfect production, we did not mention the style in which Molière's "Tartuffe," newly Englished by Mr. J. Oxenford, has been brought out at the Haymarket Theatre. Every accessory is complete, and the audience may fancy they are contemplating one grand living picture by Tony Johannot.

END OF VOL. XCI.

1. **Style**
 2. **Number**
 3. **ed:**
 4. **ed:**
 5. **ed:**

...
...
...
...
...

THE

**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

Please return promptly.

JAN - 15 1934